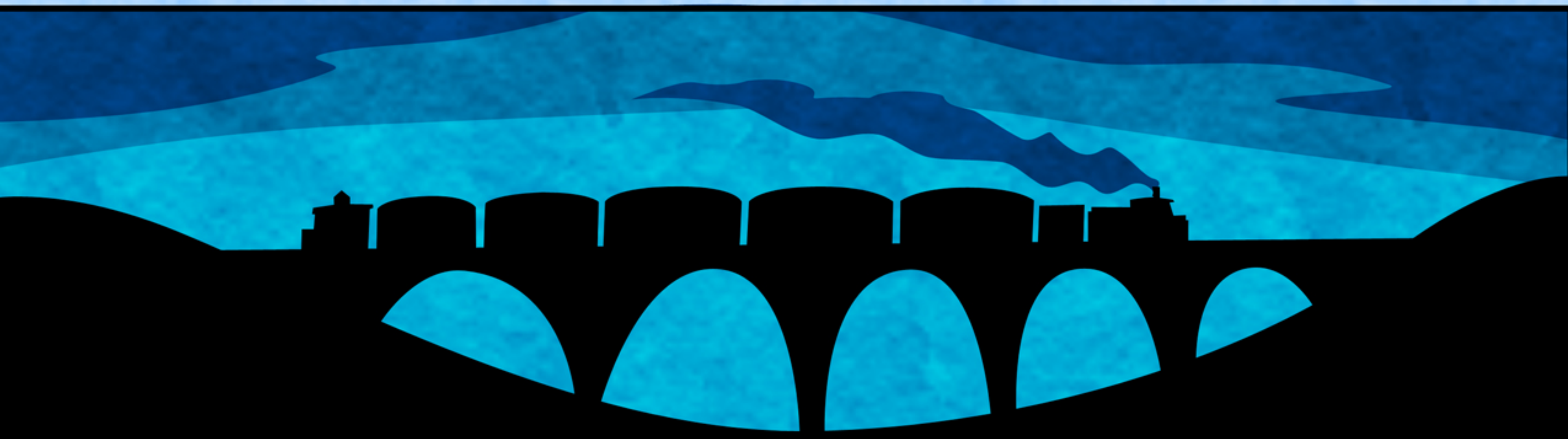


# Cuanta Vida









*It was raining the night I arrived.*



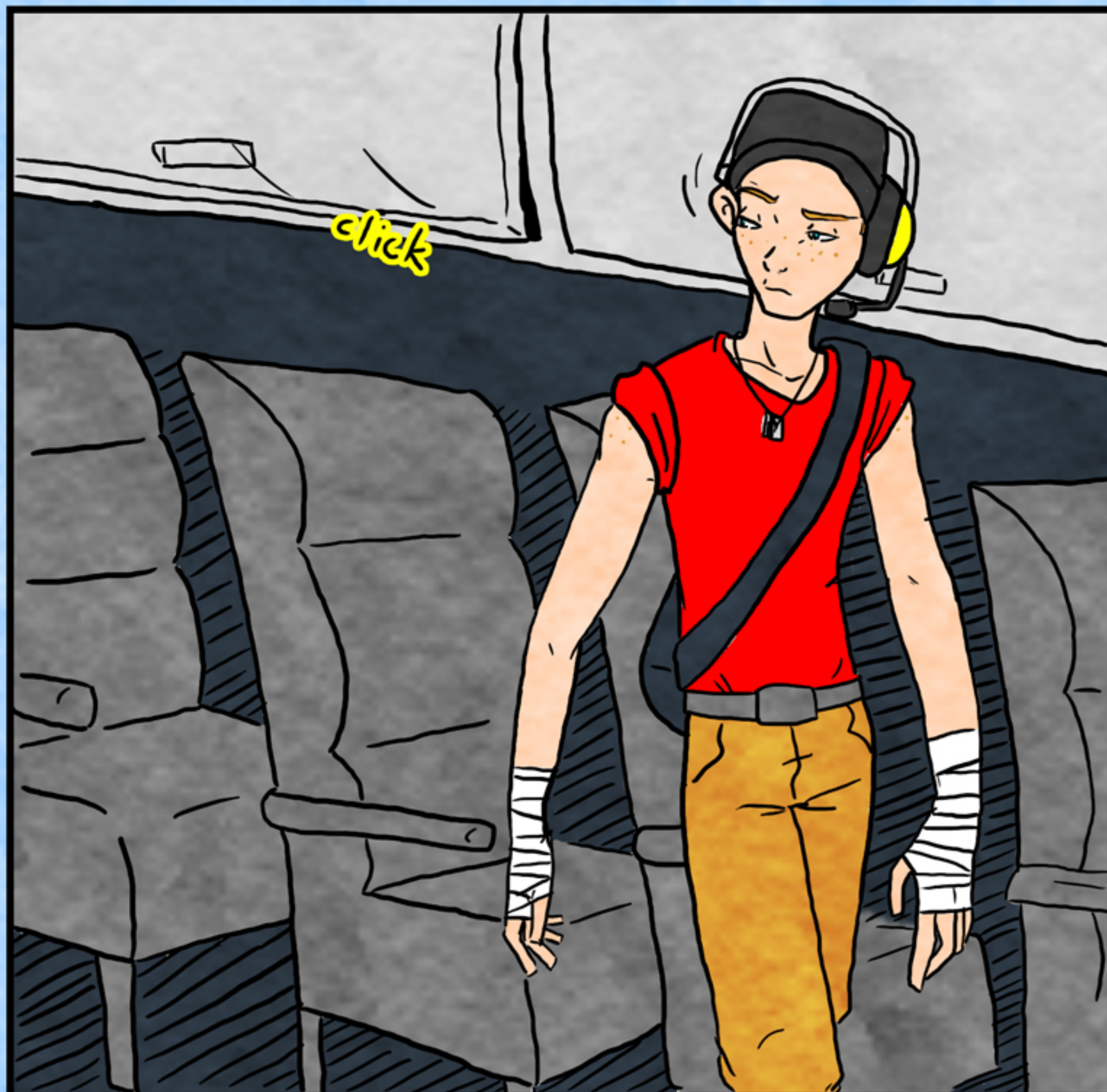
*I didn't really know what I was getting myself into.*



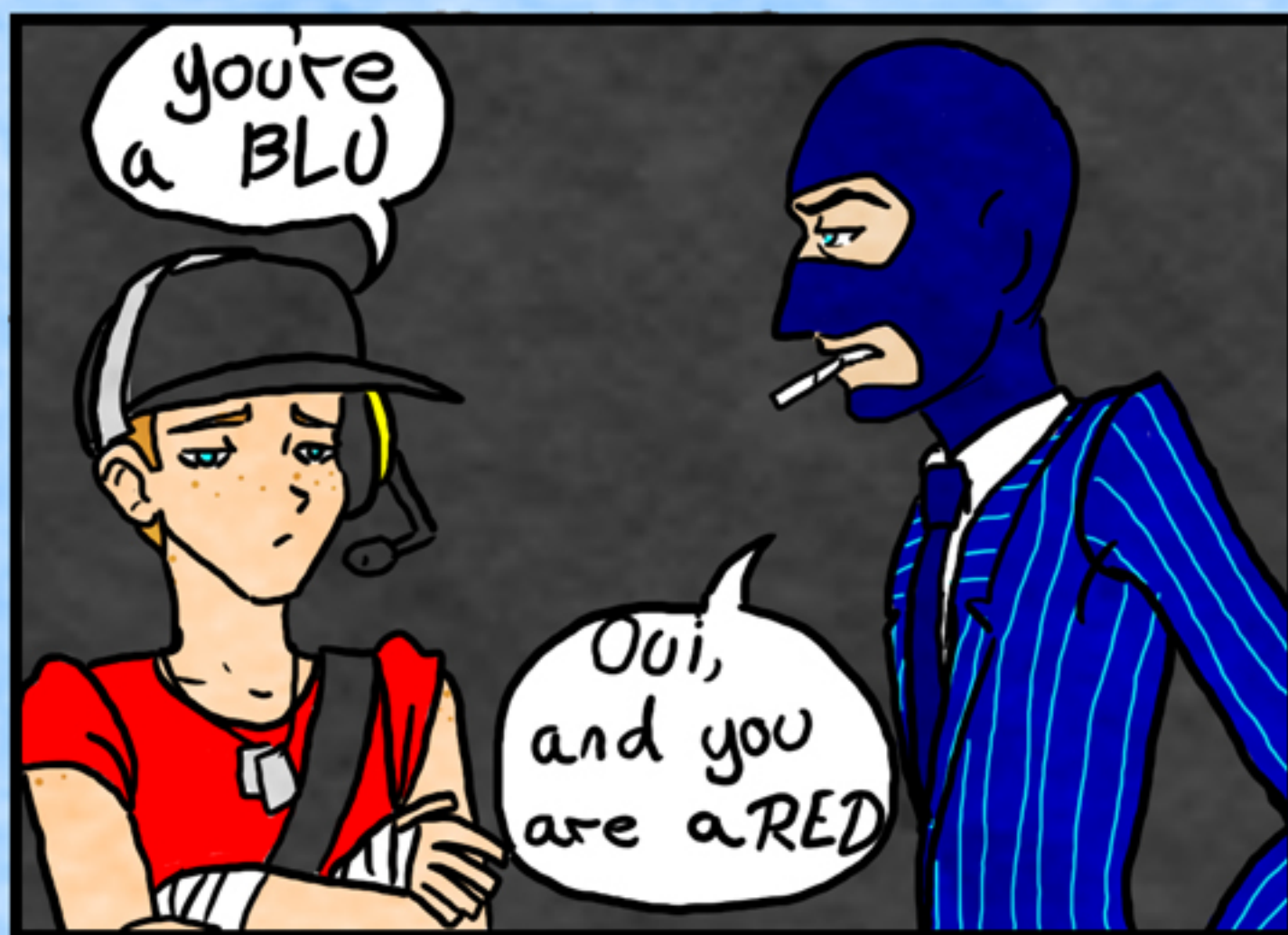
*Not that I had much of a choice in the matter.*

*An out of work spy takes what jobs he can get.*

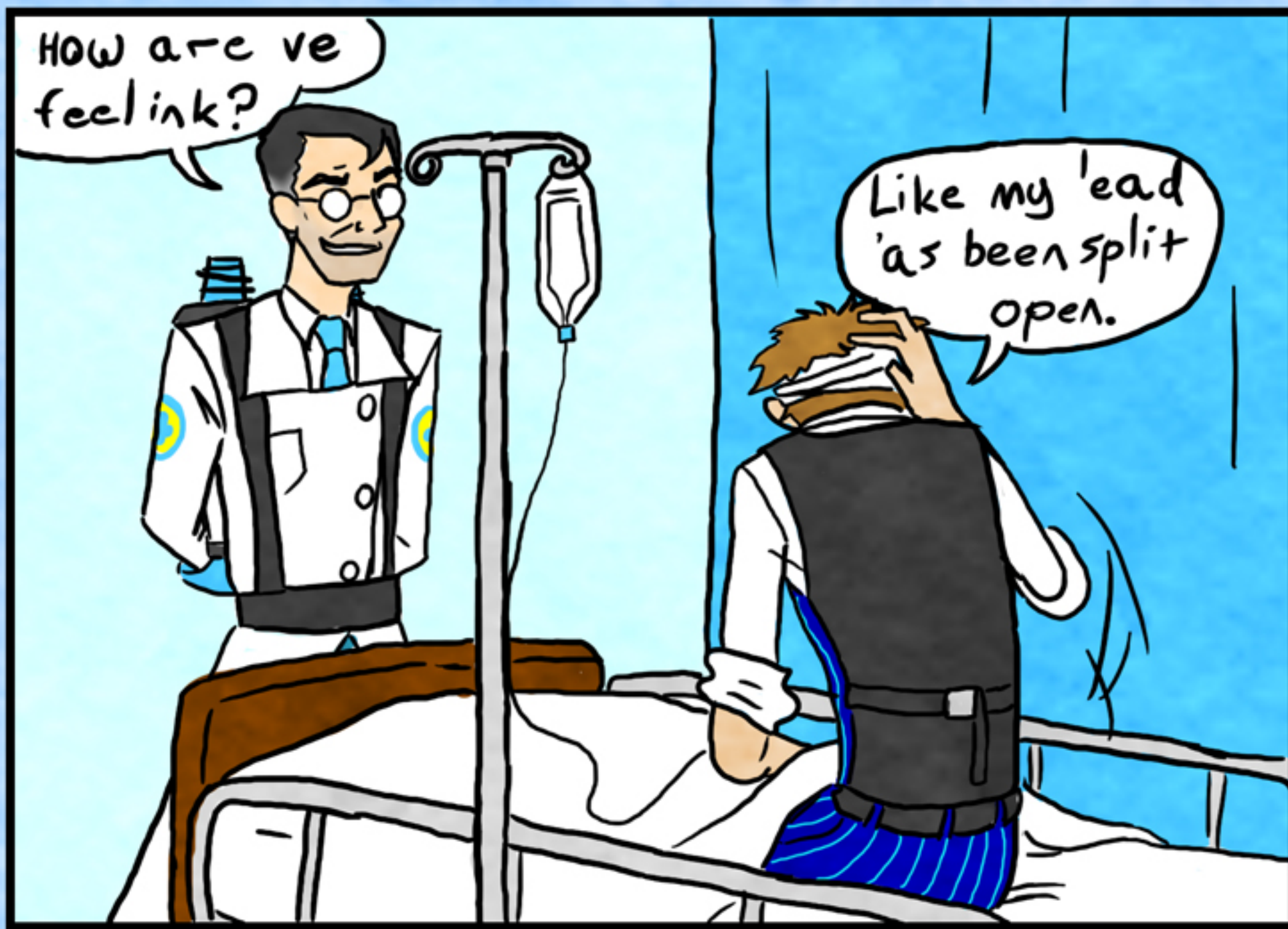
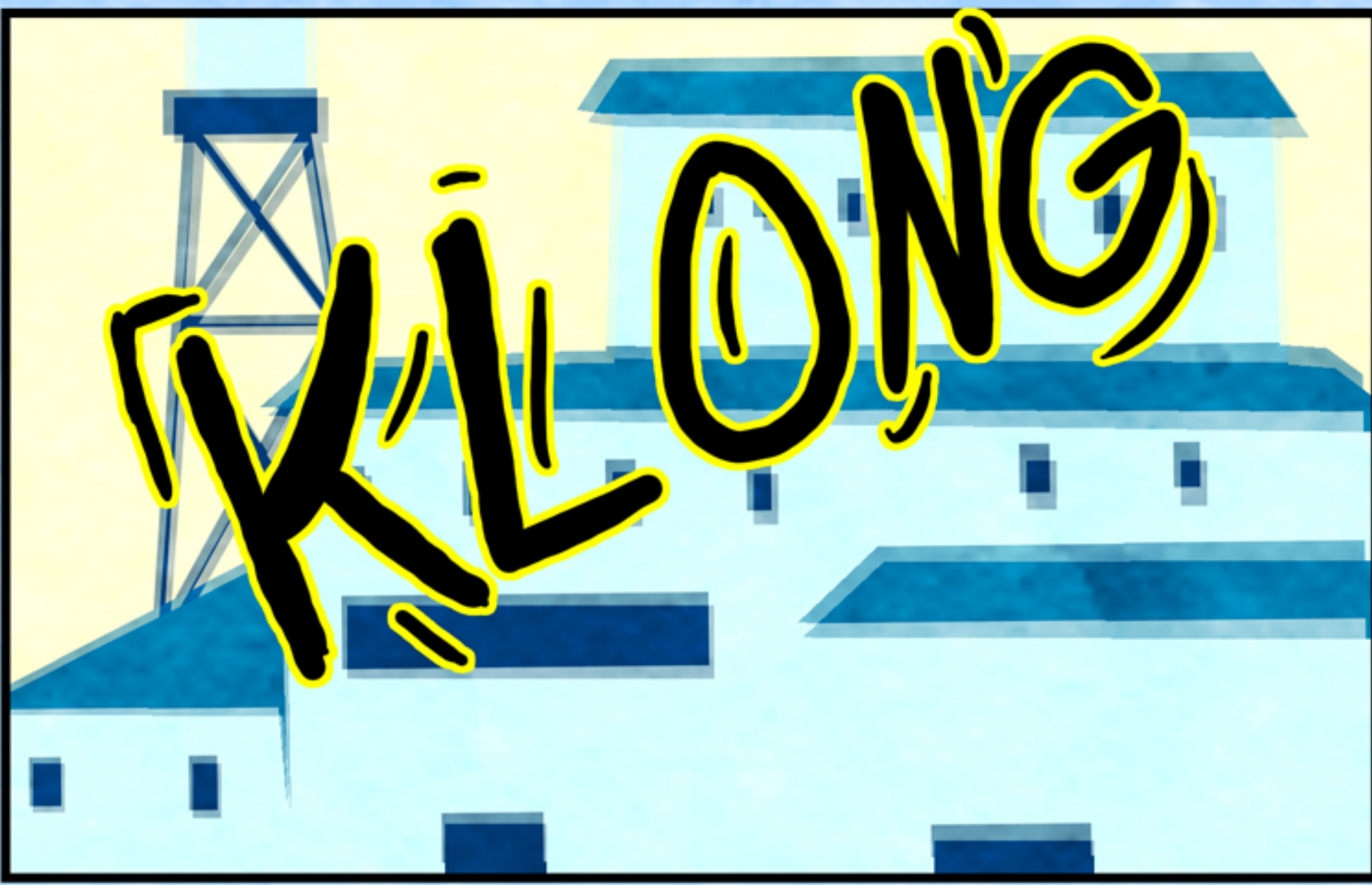
*You understand.*



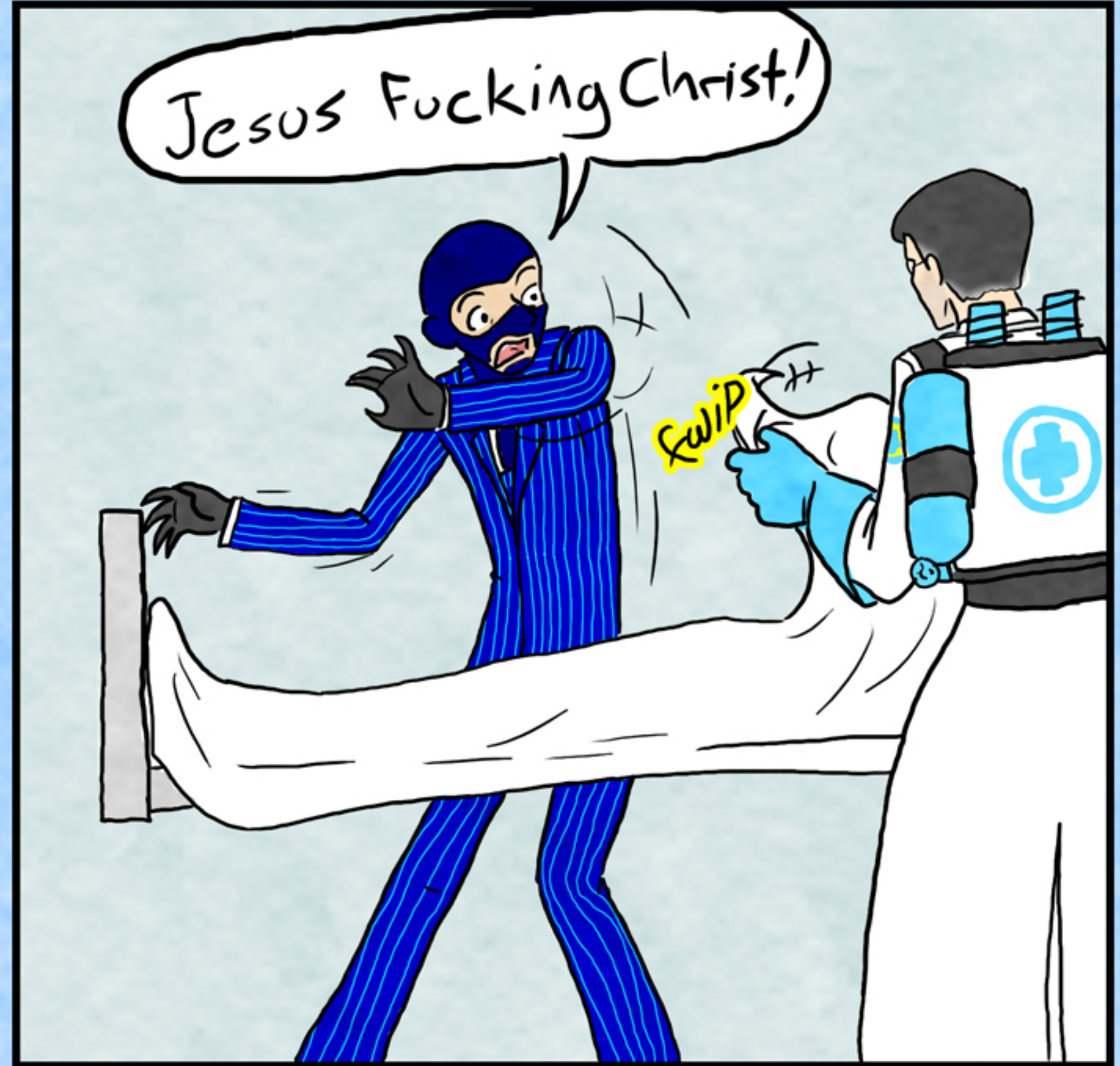
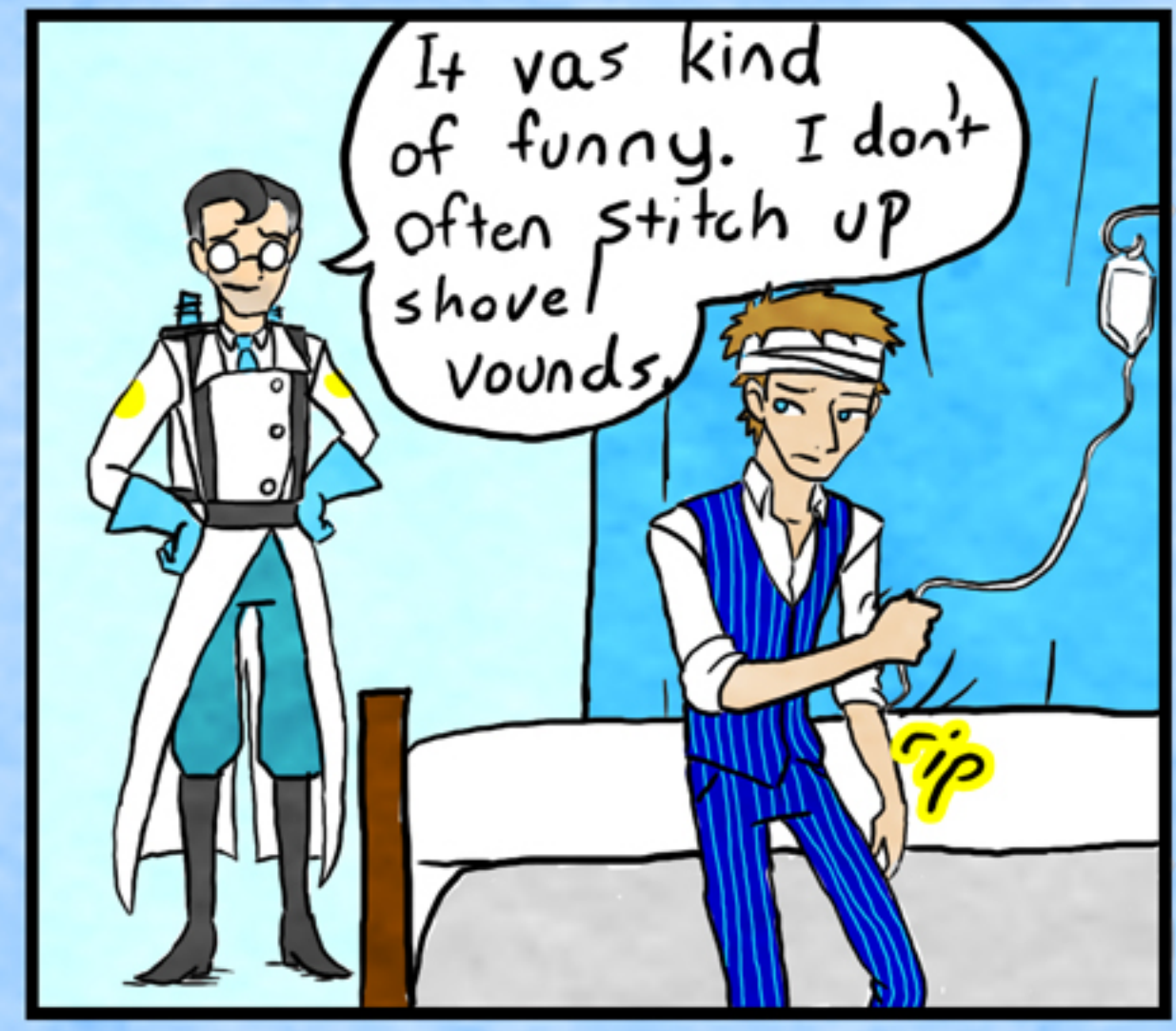




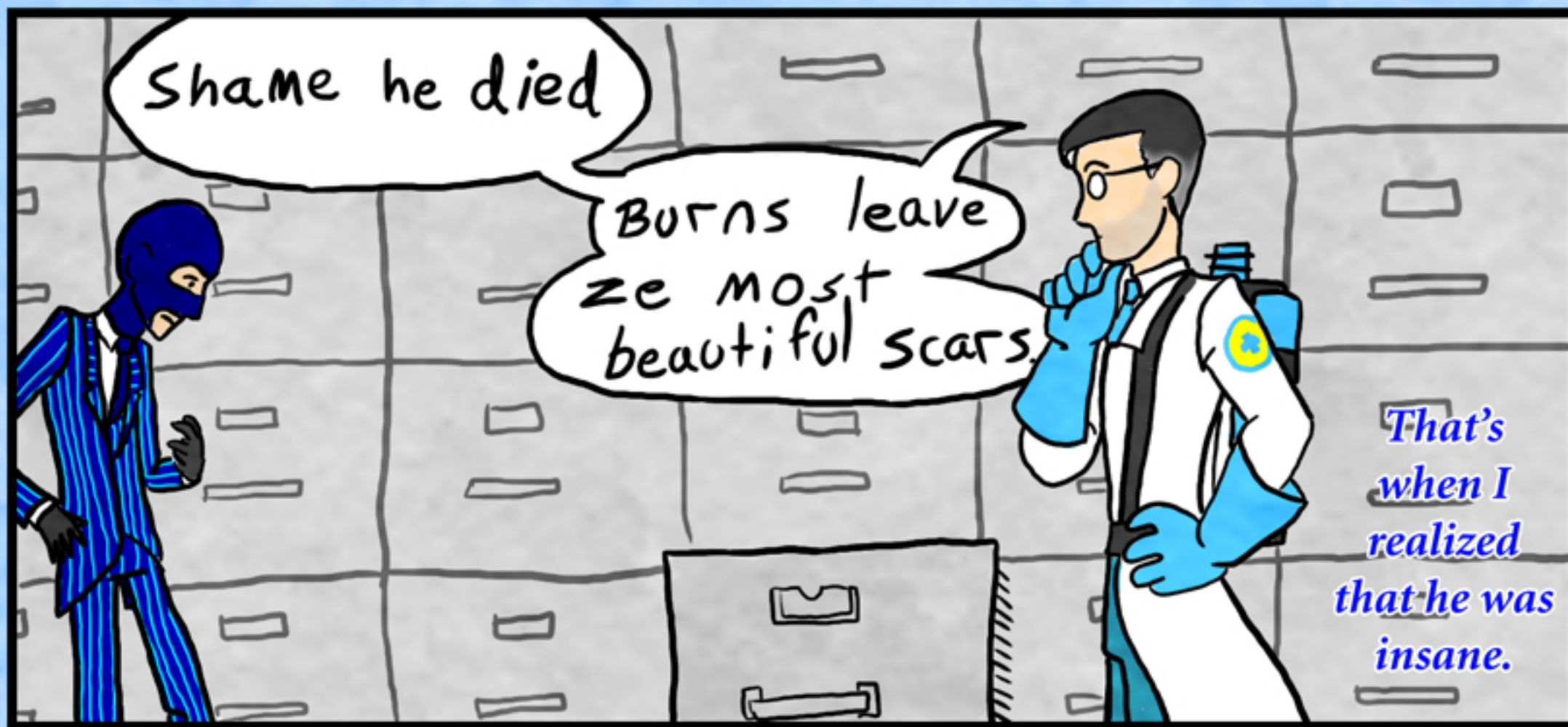












Shame he died

Burns leave  
ze most  
beautiful scars.

That's  
when I  
realized  
that he was  
insane.



Um, can  
I go, now?

Oh, Ja.

Of course I didn't tell Medic,

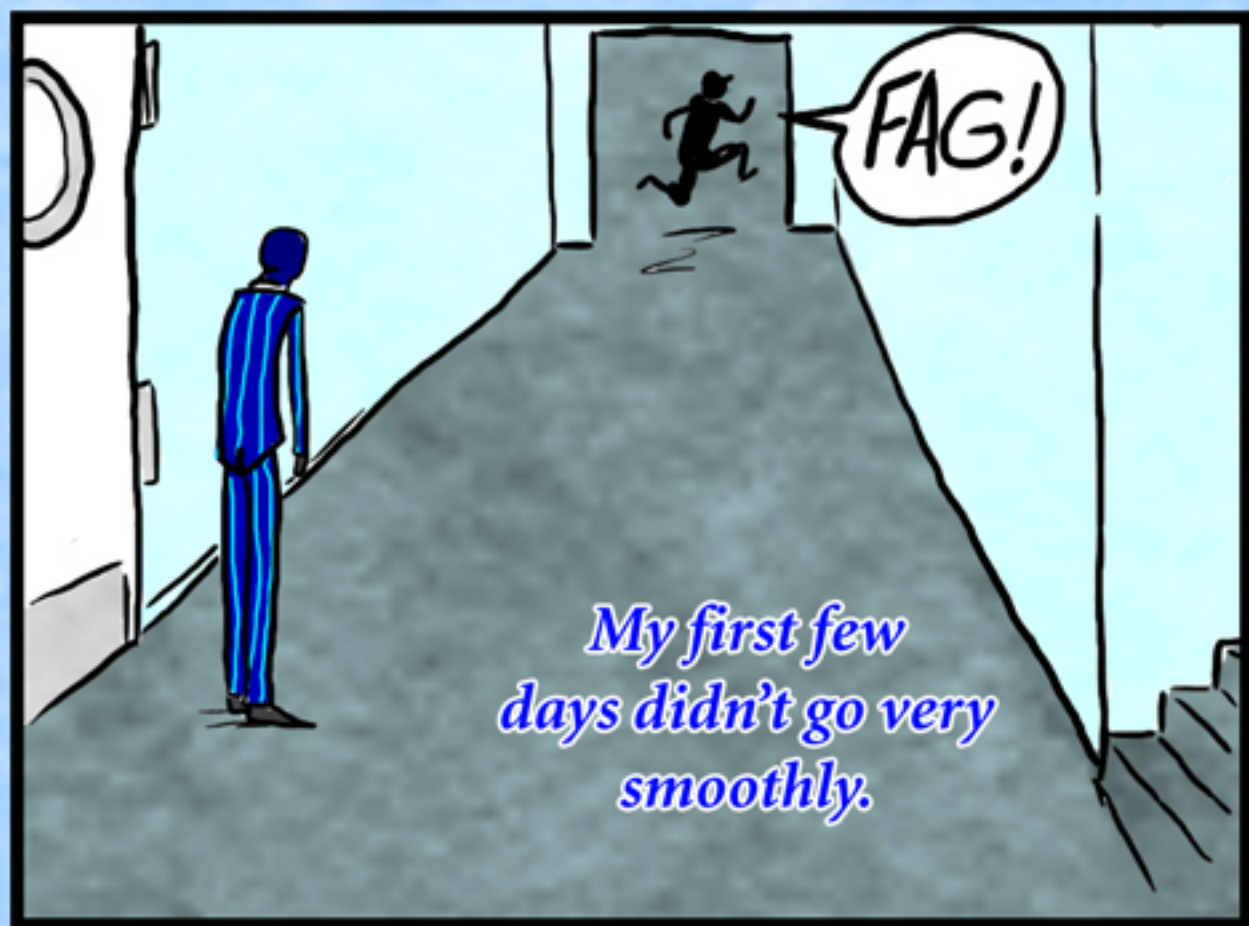


But I've been afraid of fire  
since I was a child.



Watch where you're  
goin' asshole!

SHOVE



My first few  
days didn't go very  
smoothly.

I inherited most of my  
equipment from the  
charred corpse I'd seen  
in the morgue.

The knife needed to be  
sharpened, the revolver  
badly needed cleaning  
and the cloaking device  
malfunctioned more often  
than not.

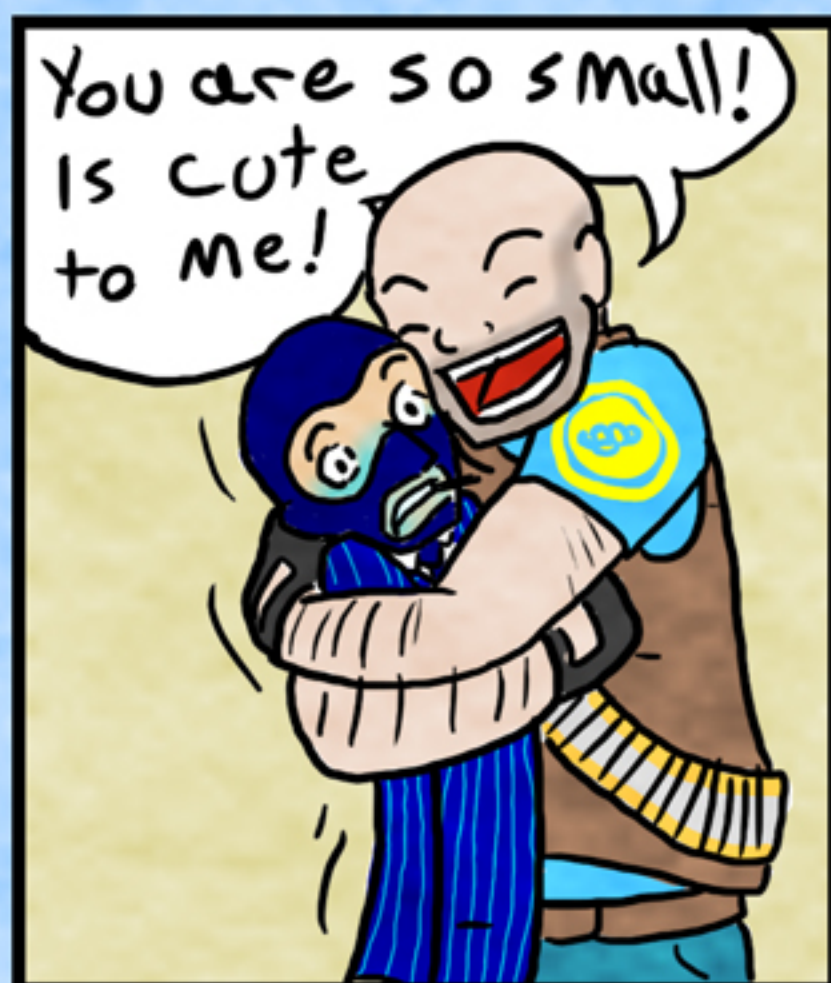


This made me  
somewhat  
ineffective  
in battle.

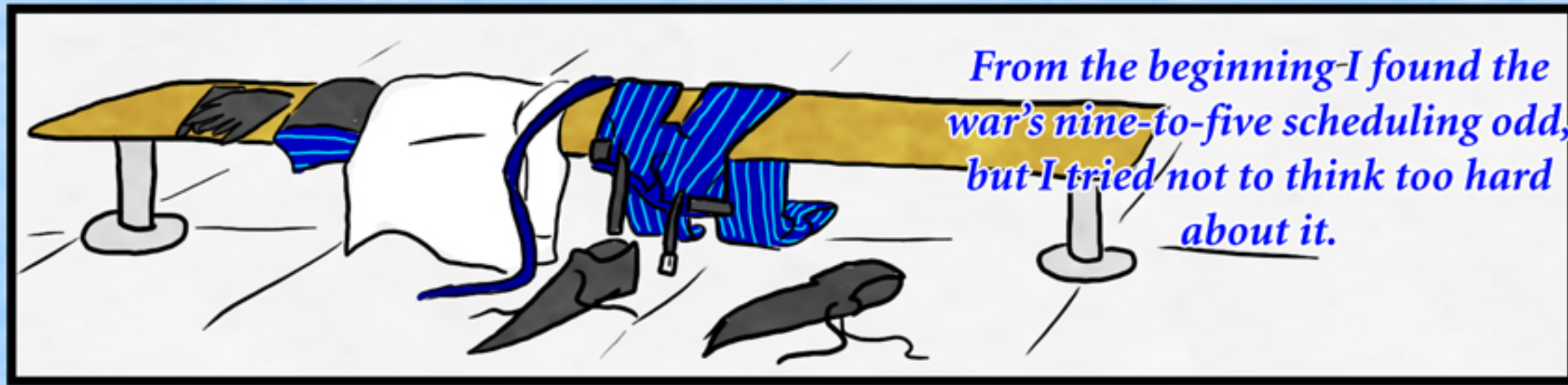
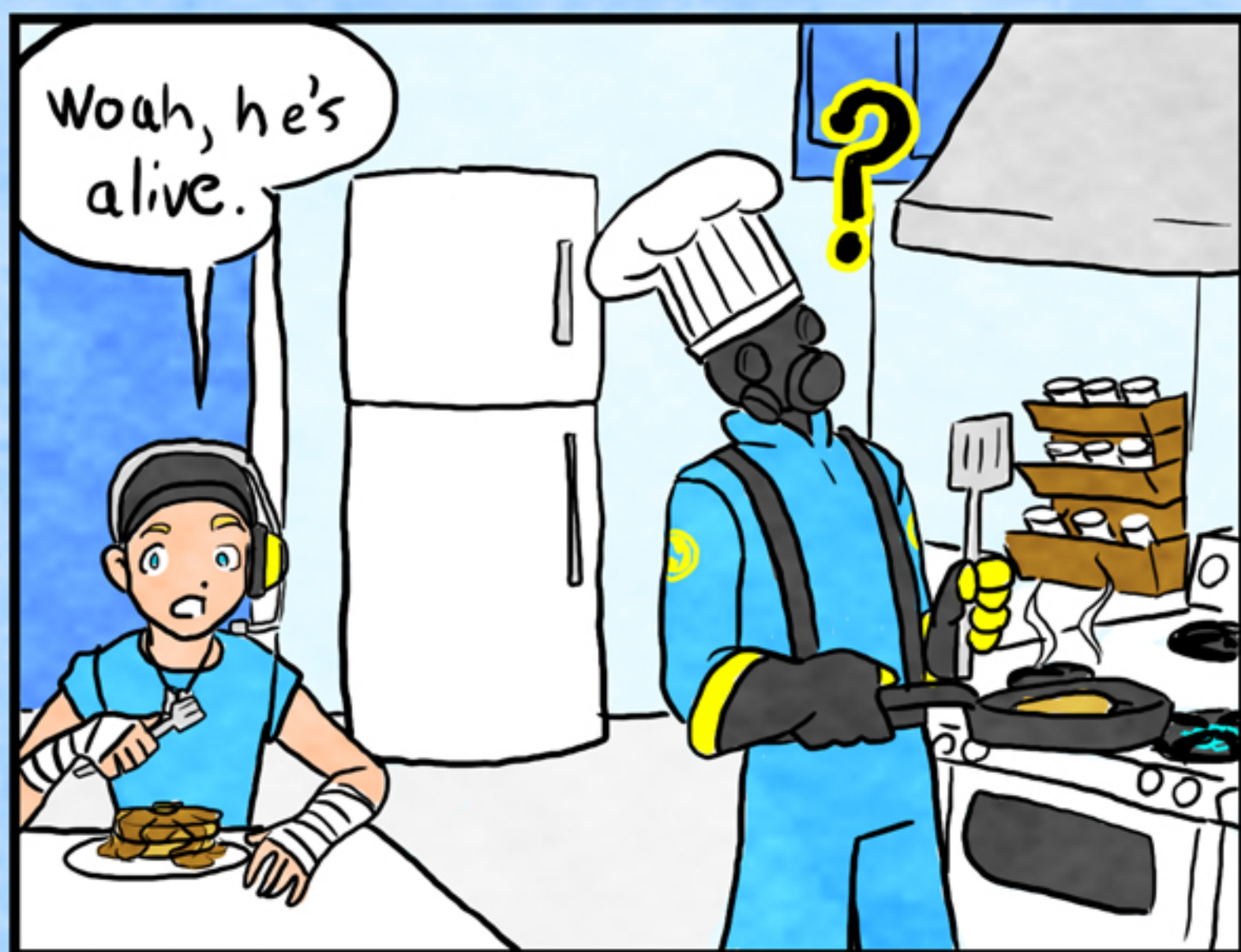
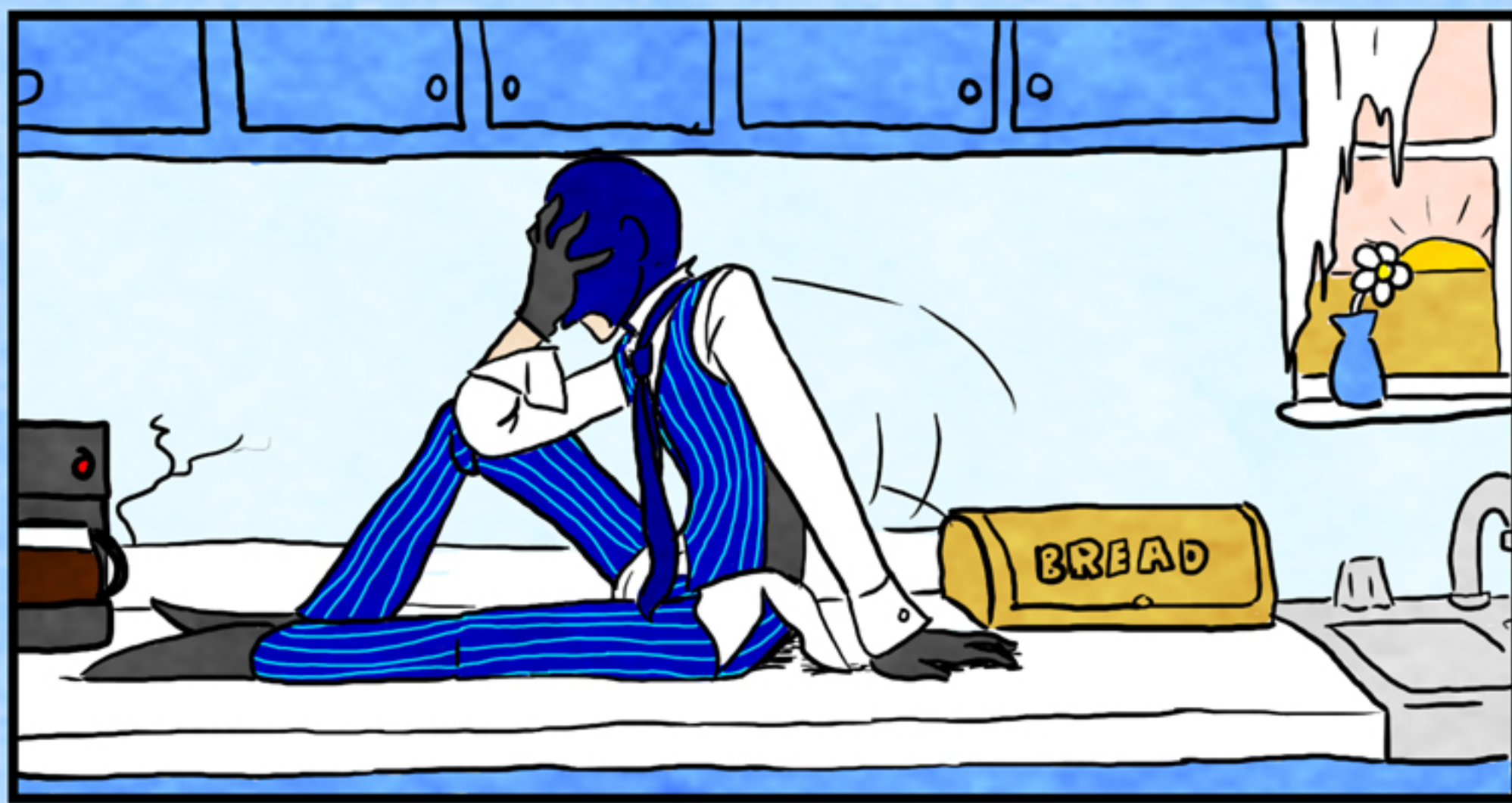
Ka-  
BOOM!

Additionally,  
my teammates  
weren't as  
welcoming as hoped,

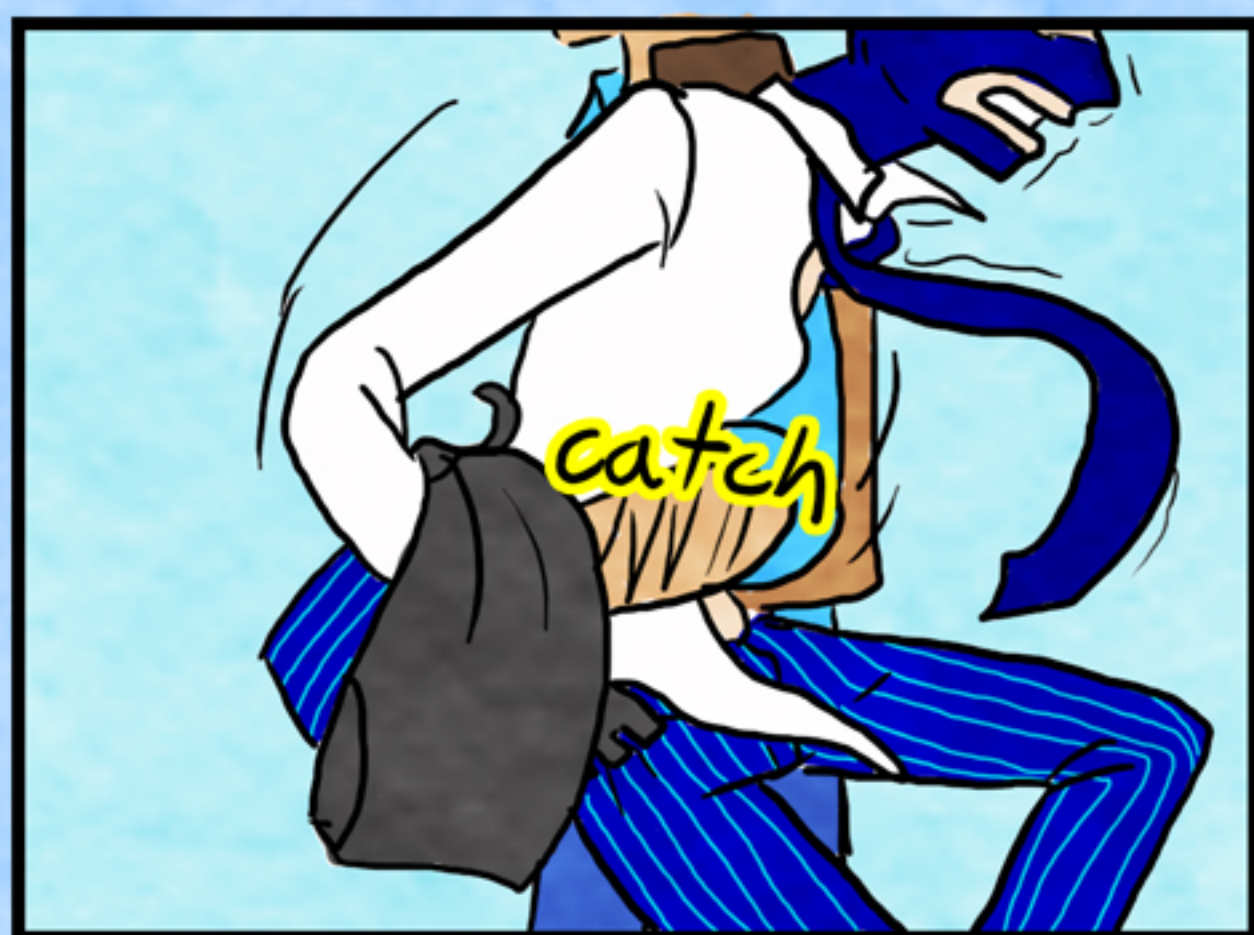
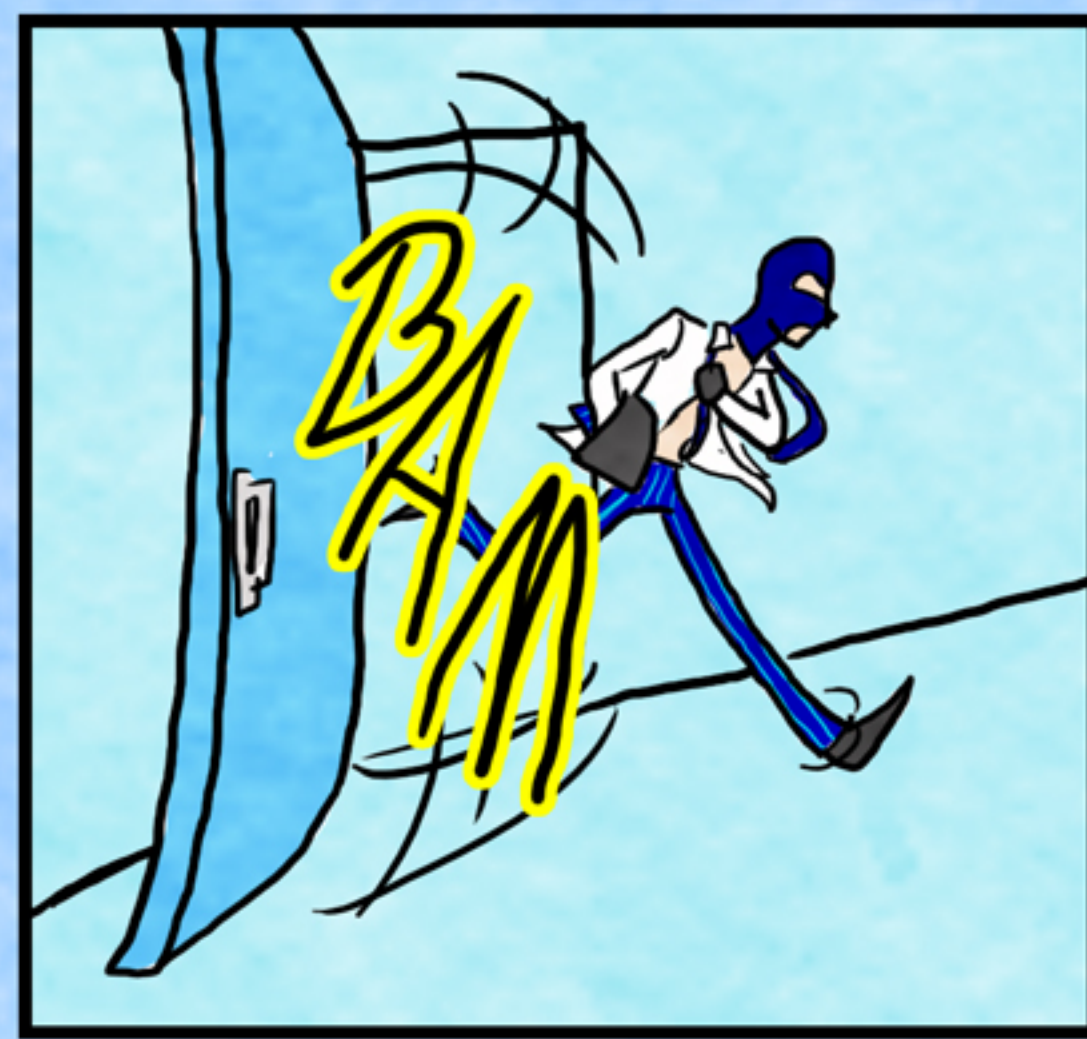
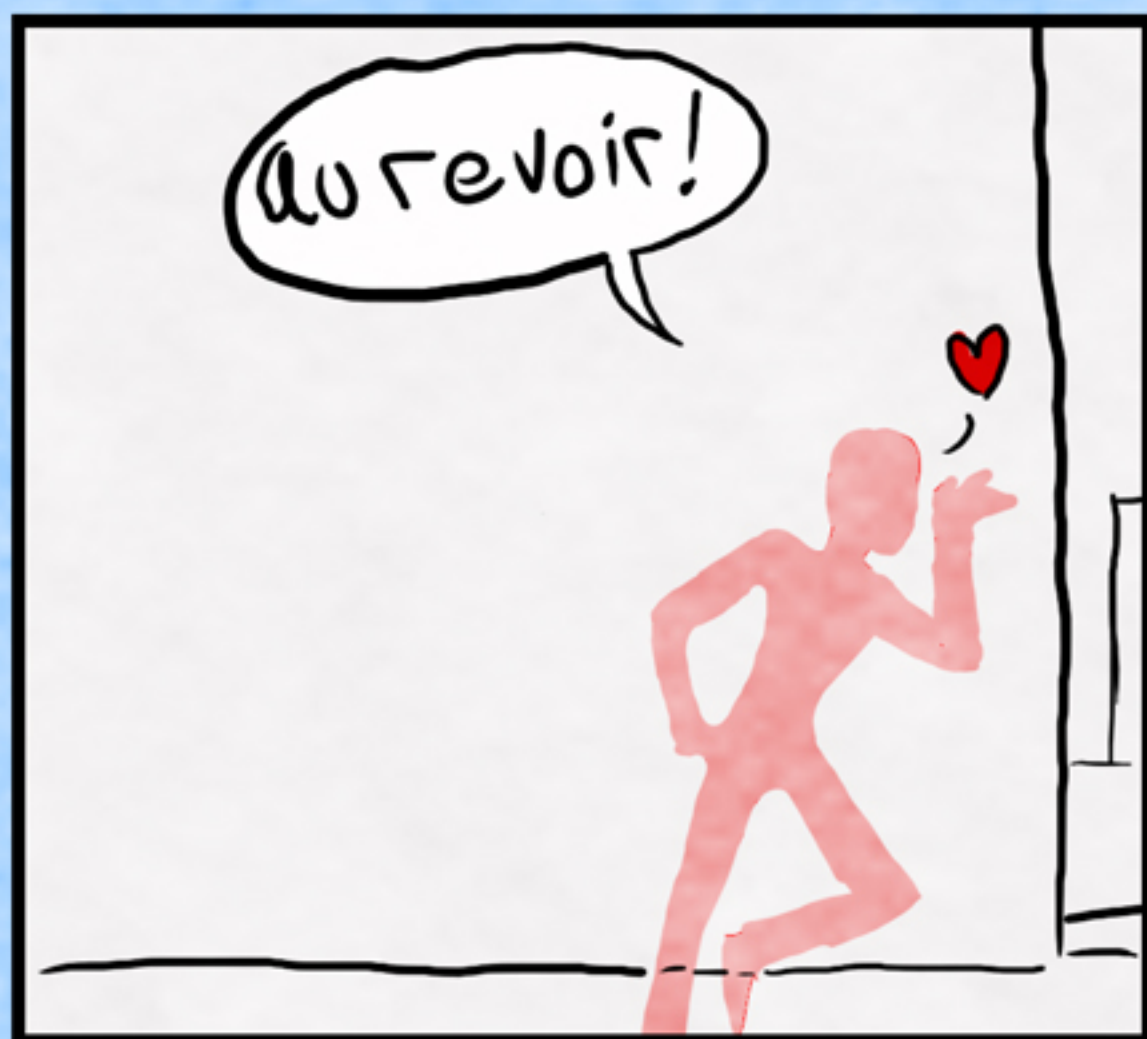
















It occurred to me later that Sniper may have been the Spy, but I took his advice and went to bed.  
At least it was a lot more comfortable than a kitchen counter and no one killed me in my sleep.

I awoke around five when the sirens announced the end of the day's fighting.



Originally I intended to sneak into the Red base during the cease-fire.

Hey, if the Red Spy could do it, so could I.



I just needed to find a good way in without anyone on either team seeing me.

What were you thinkin' this morning? Yer lucky I covered for ya.



I was just having some fun.



By raping our new spy?

Please, I wasn't going to rape him

Just... test his reaction.



He seemed pretty intent on-

Scak



Needless to say my plan got postponed.



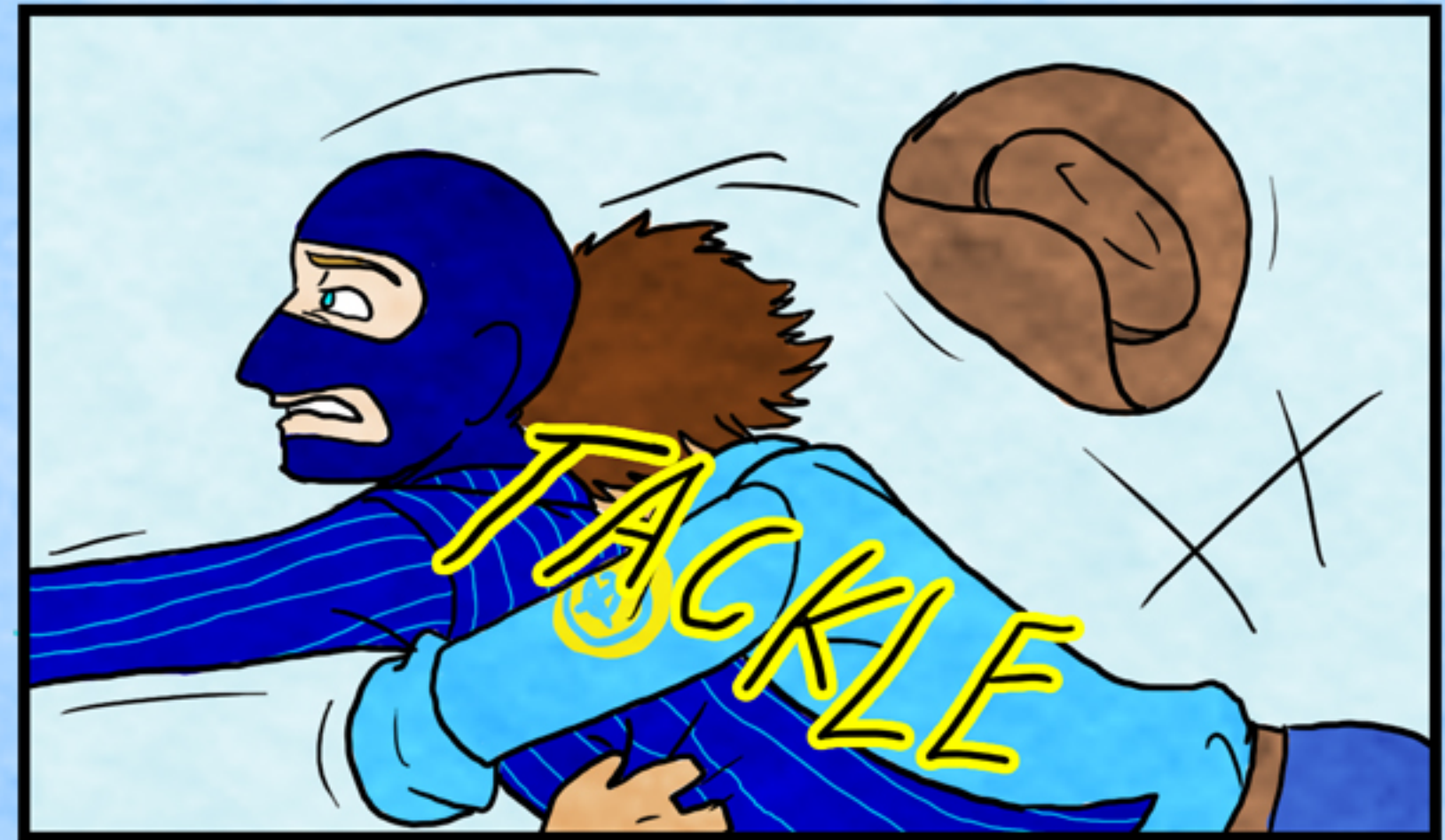
*I speak four languages fluently and couldn't think of a thing to say in any of them.*



Well, I knew we'd be found out eventually.



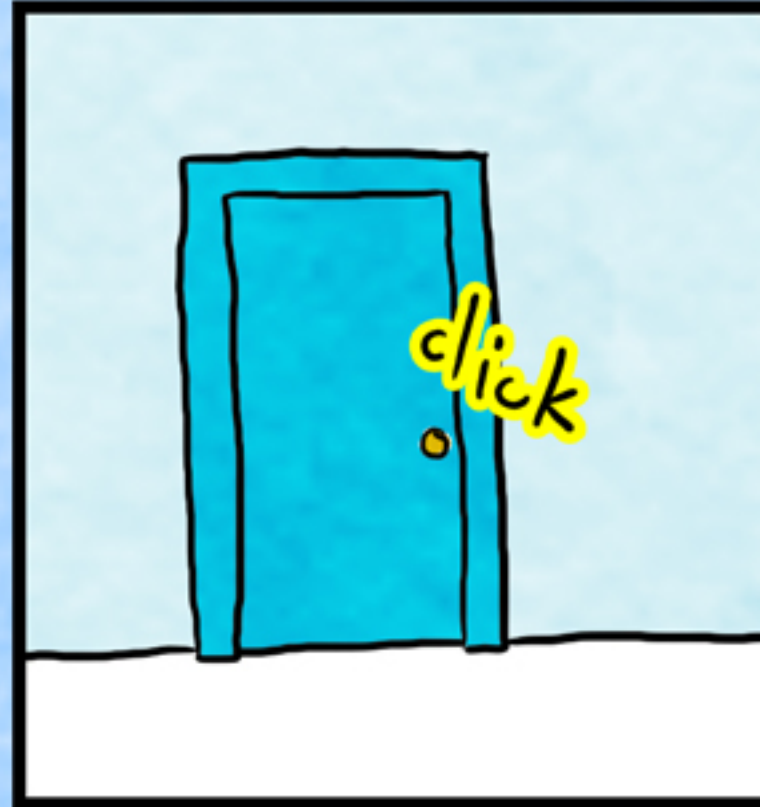
Hey, don't do anything stupid now.



Fils de pute! Release me!



click



I like it when you're rough with other men.

Shut up.



*What happened next is difficult for me to put into words. They made me promise not to tell anyone about their relationship. (Which Red described in great detail.)*

*He also apologised for our earlier encounter, sort of...*

Hey, sorry about the thing this morning.

I wasn't lying when I said you were good looking though.

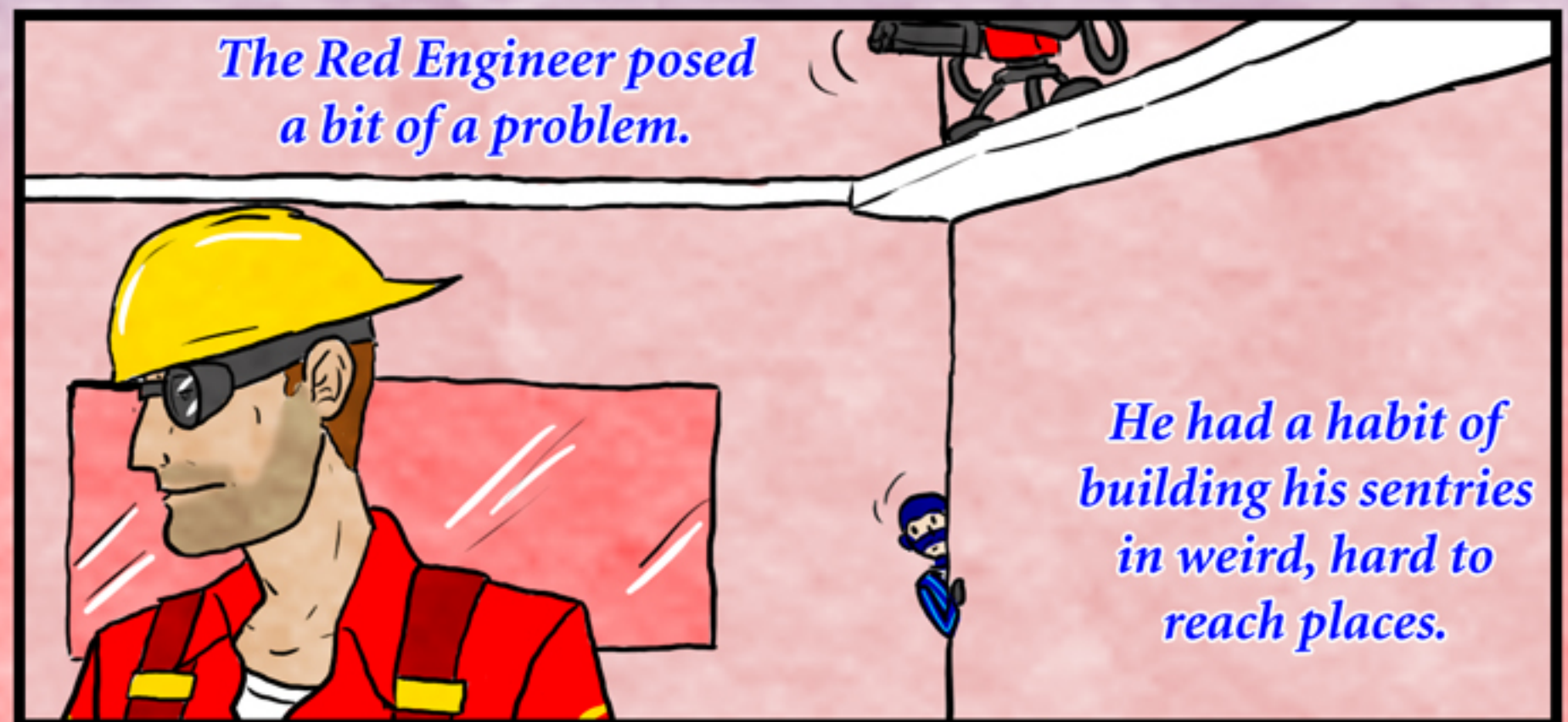
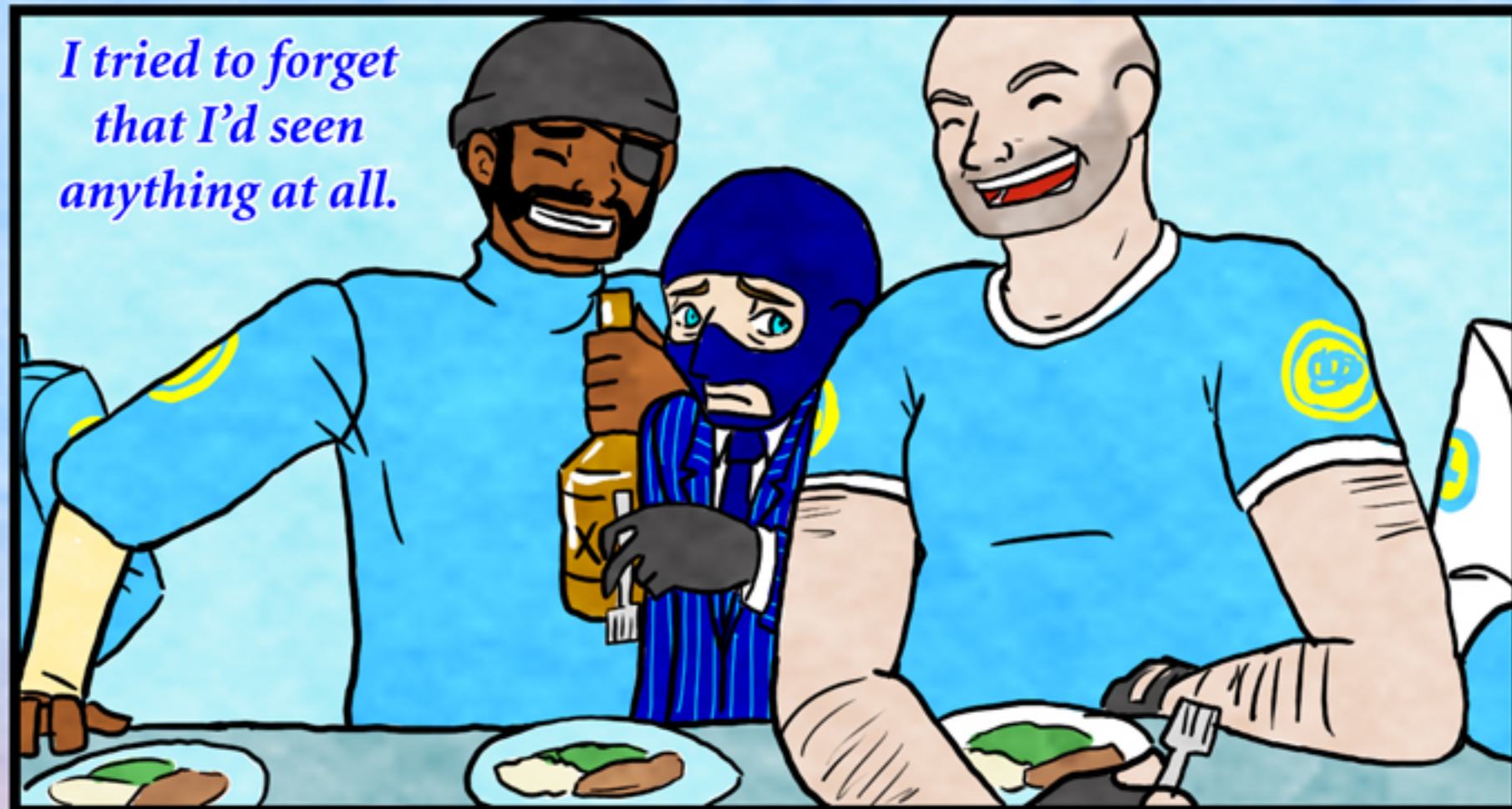
Let me light that for you.

Why so tense?

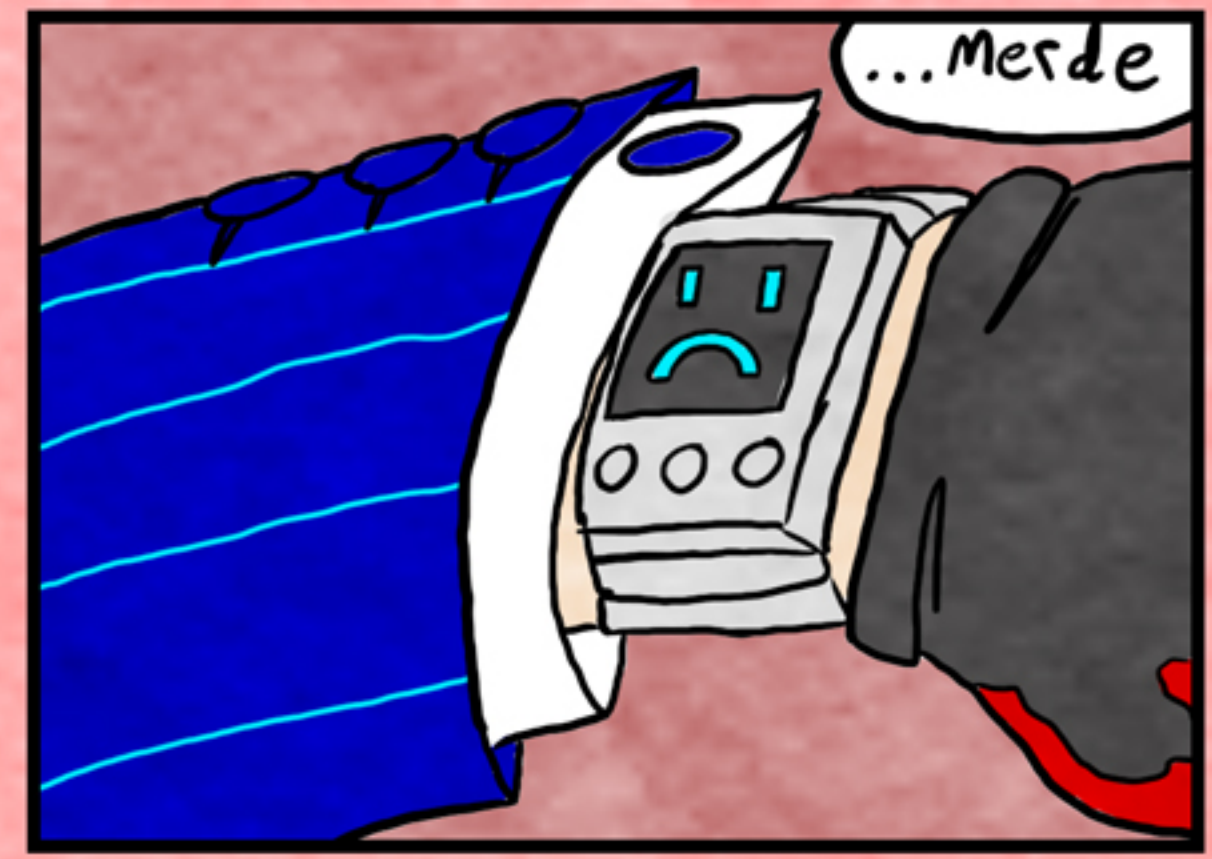
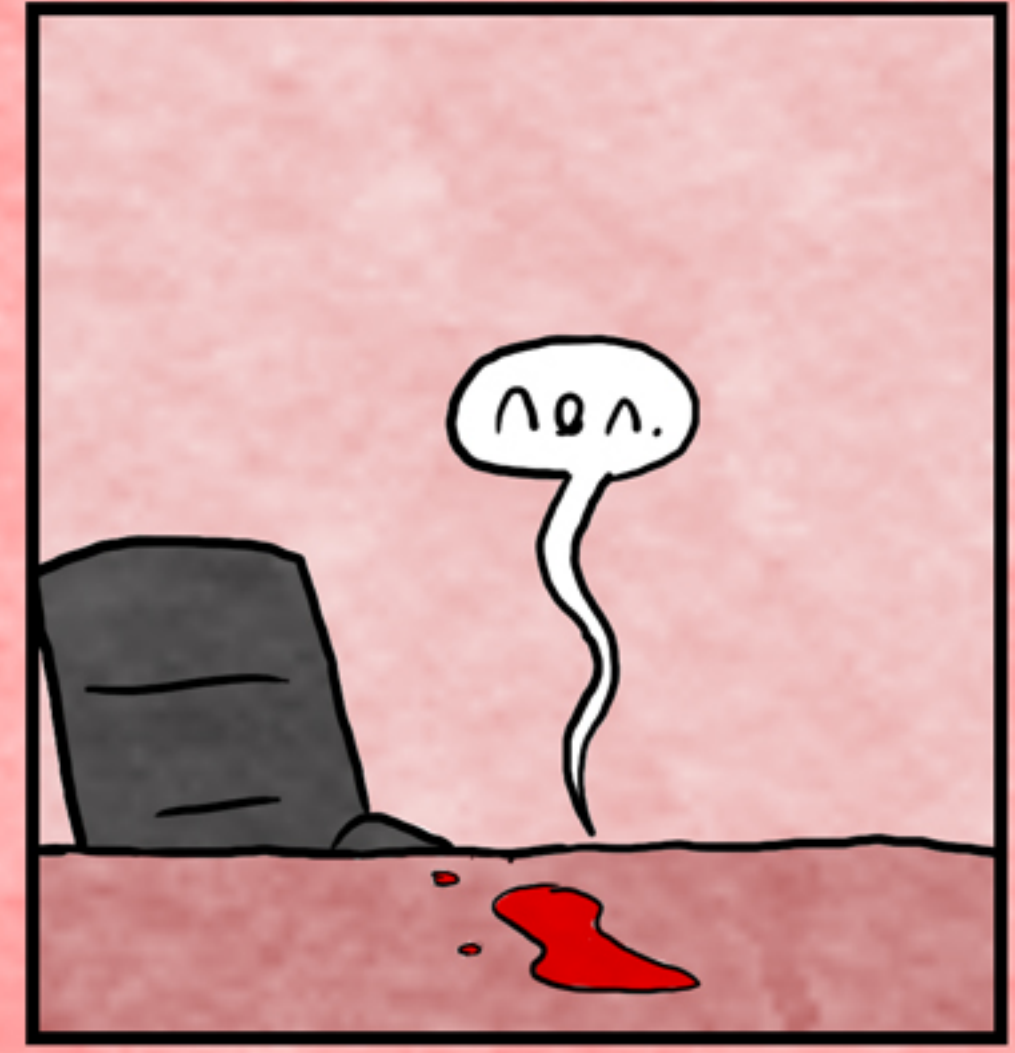
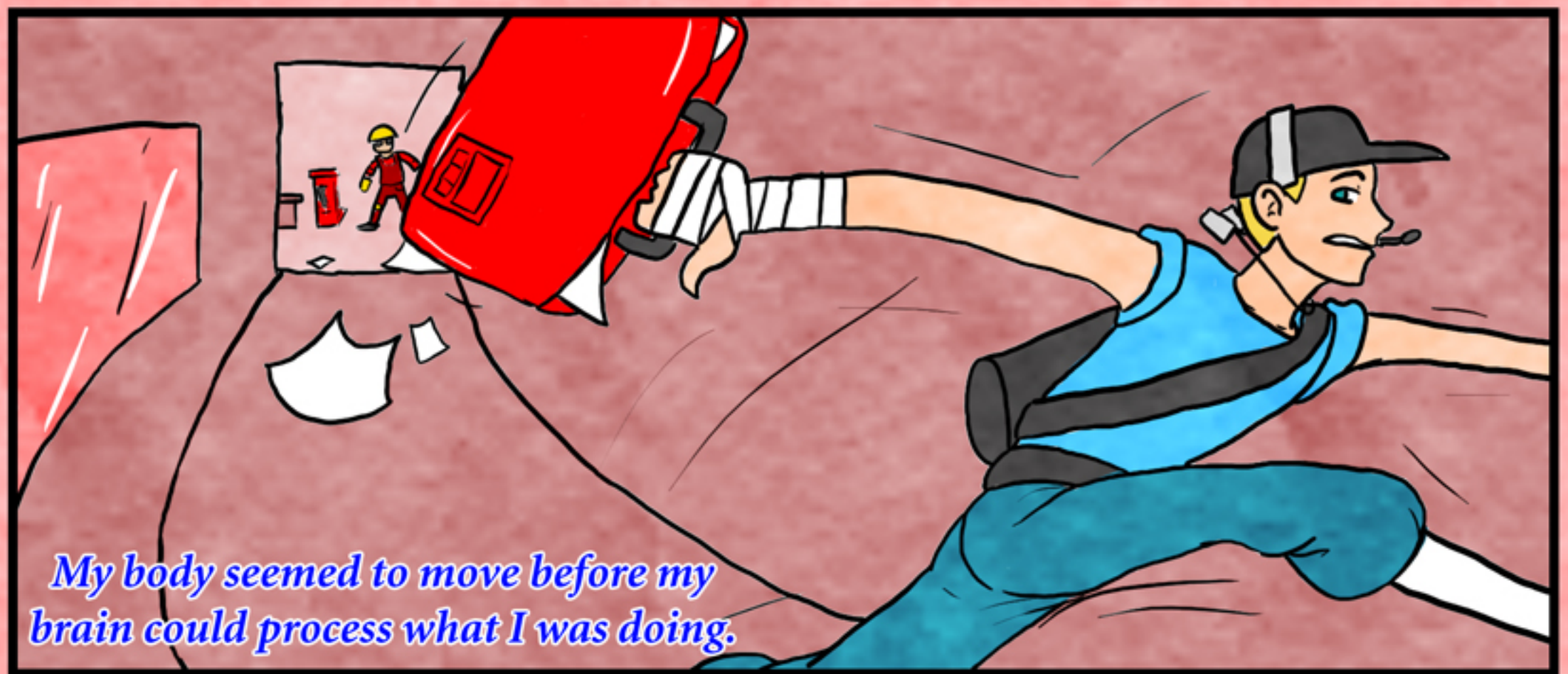
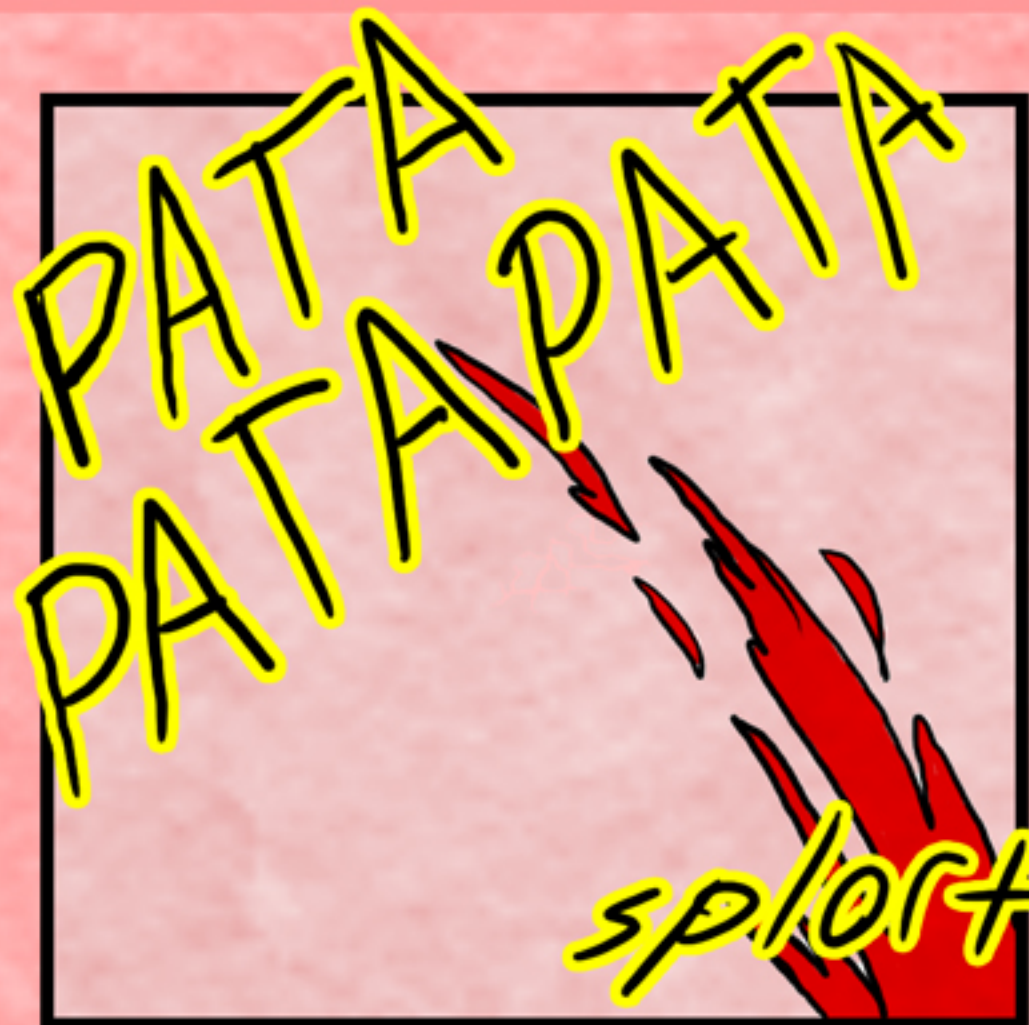
*It was ... educational.*













*I've never felt pain very strongly.*

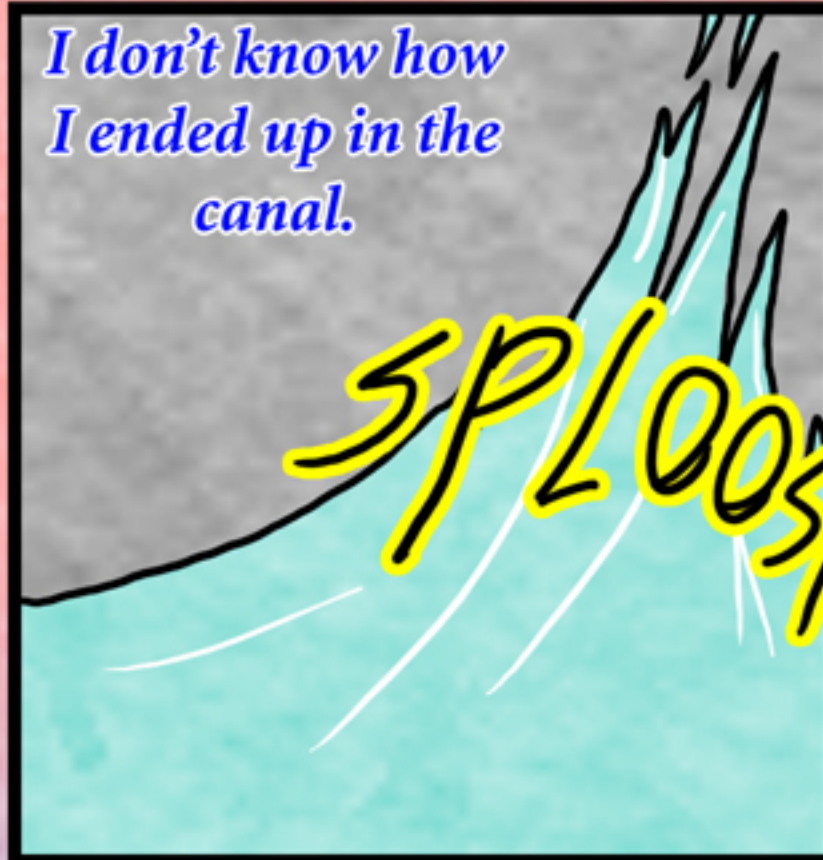


*But in that moment  
I forgot that I had  
just been shot and  
ran with little  
consideration as to  
where I was going.*

*Nothing mattered  
except escaping  
from the Pyro.*



*I don't know how  
I ended up in the  
canal.*



*nor do I remember being pulled out.*



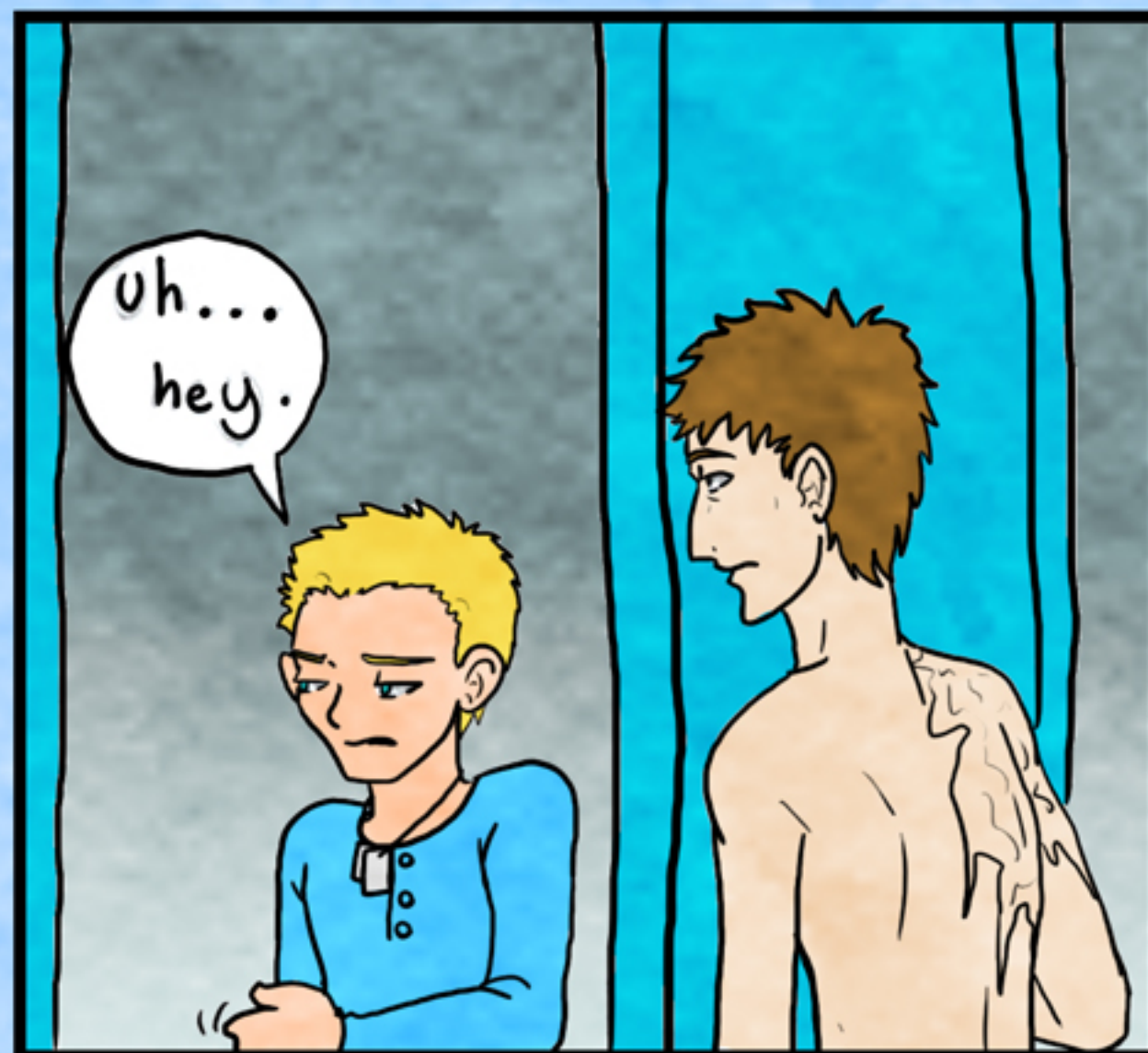
*But I awoke in my own base  
with little more than a few  
burn and bullet scars.*

*Scout made it back safely with the enemy intel so my teammates spent the evening celebrating.  
I found myself too tired to really participate.  
I'm unsure if it was the blood loss or some medigun side effect.*



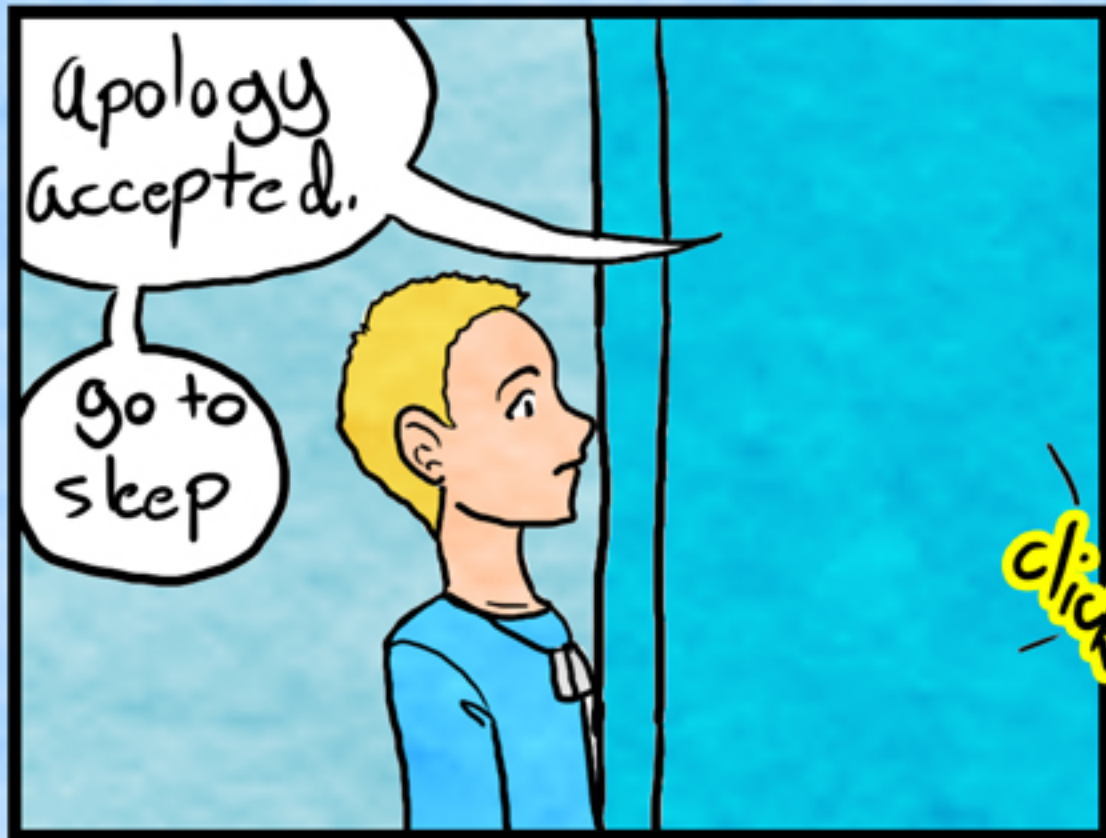
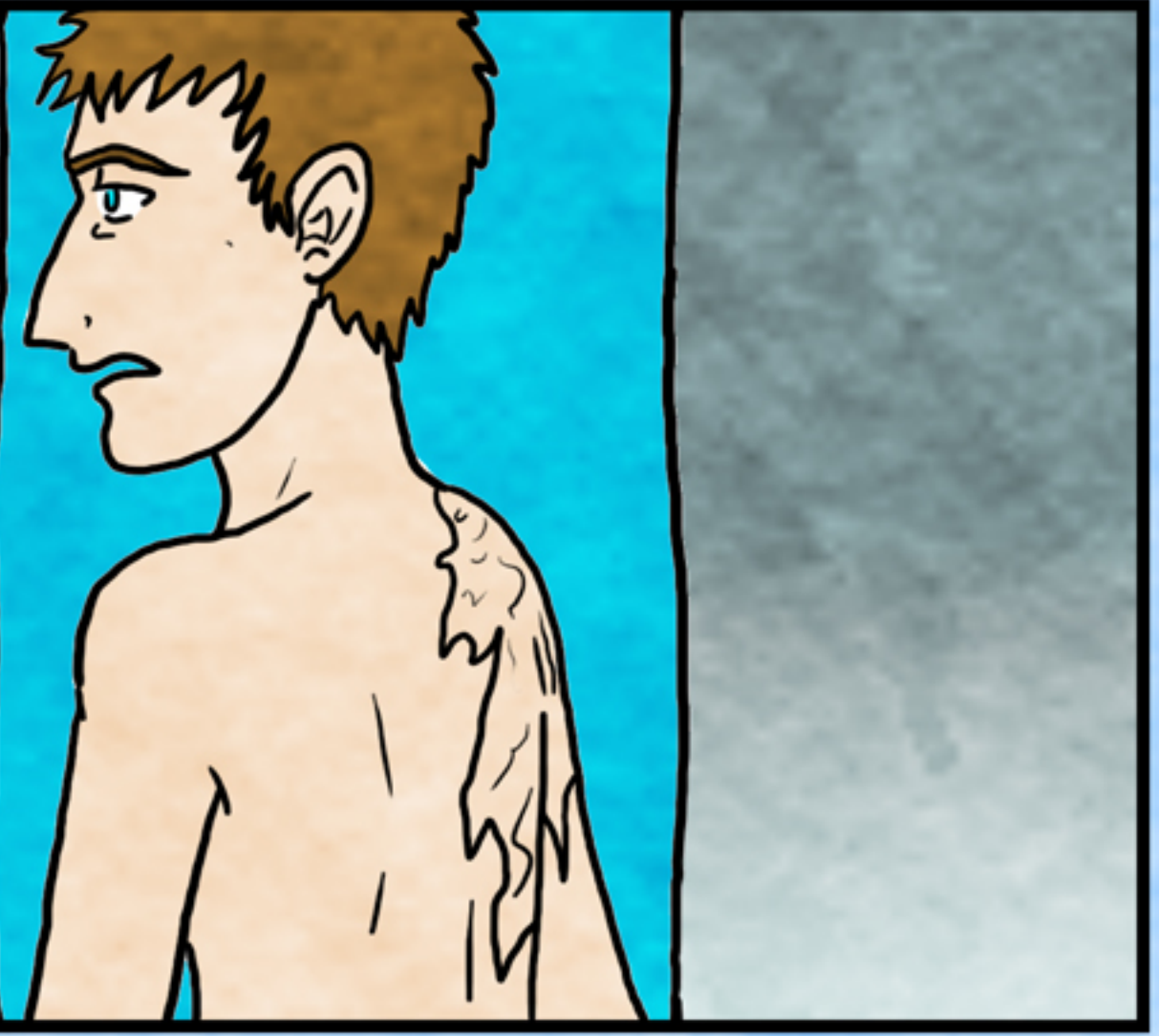
*I didn't bother mentioning how I'd been injured.*

*I didn't sleep well that night,  
and when I did I had nightmares  
featuring faceless, Lovecraftian  
beasts built of flame and  
gasmask filters.*



*Uh...  
hey.*











*My meeting with the team Engineer didn't go exactly as planned but I considered it successful.*



*I'd just have to be extra careful until I got the watch back.*

Hey, are you sneakin' in this way?



Quiet! You'll give my position away.



Man, you worry too fuckin' much.



If you're going to follow me try not to attract any attention to us.

Okay!



*I had hoped to get back at the RED Engineer for the day before, but it seemed reckless with Scout there.*



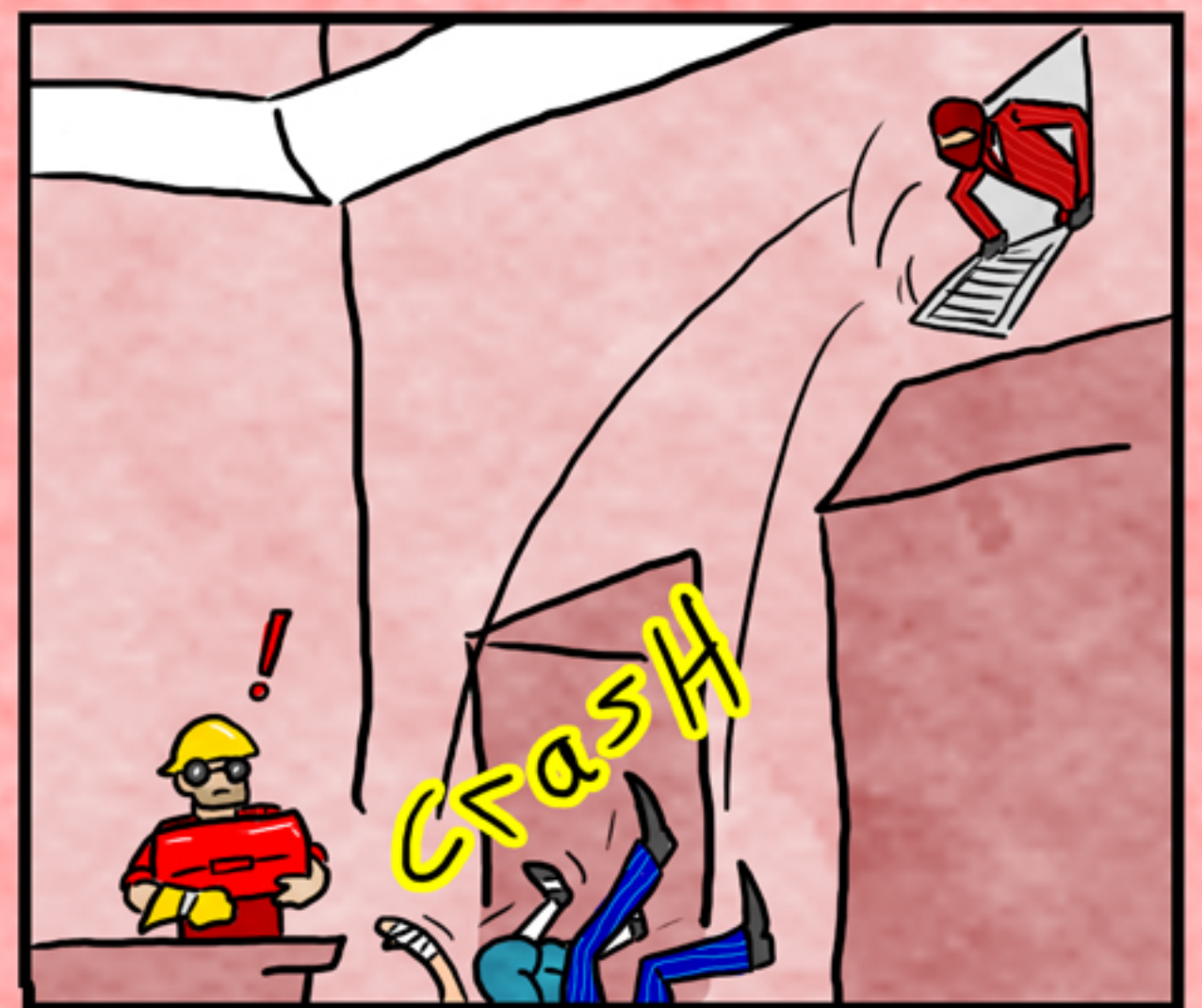
Man, this is boring. you always do this?

Shh...

Don't shush me, ass Monkey.



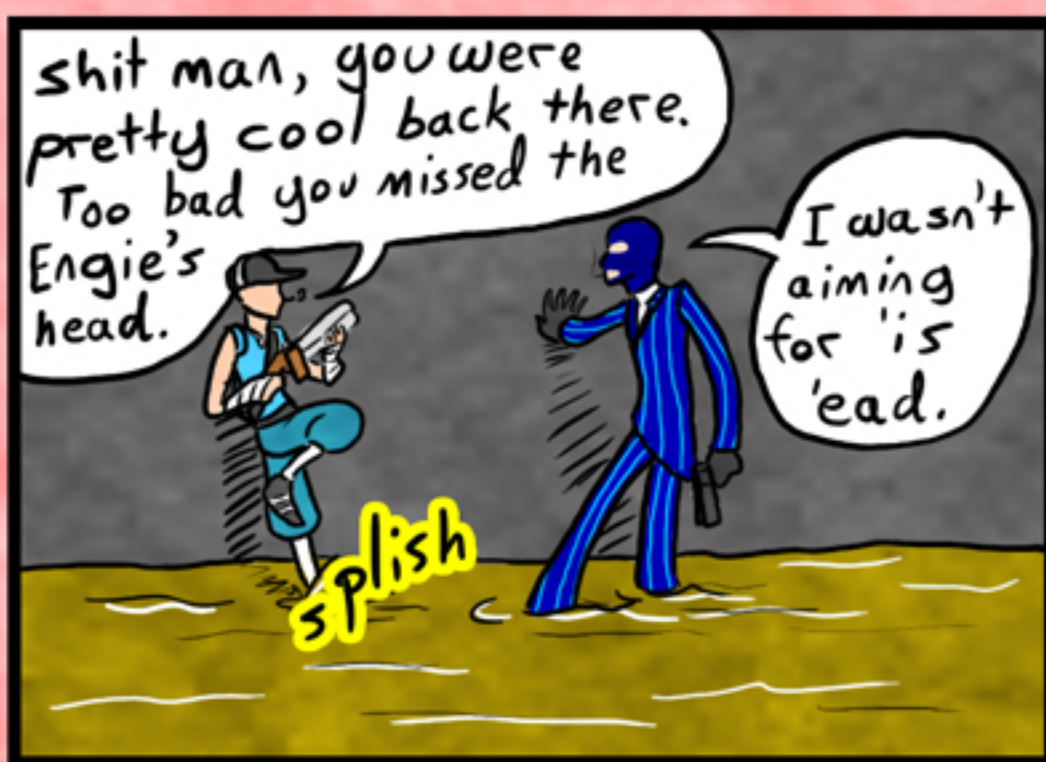
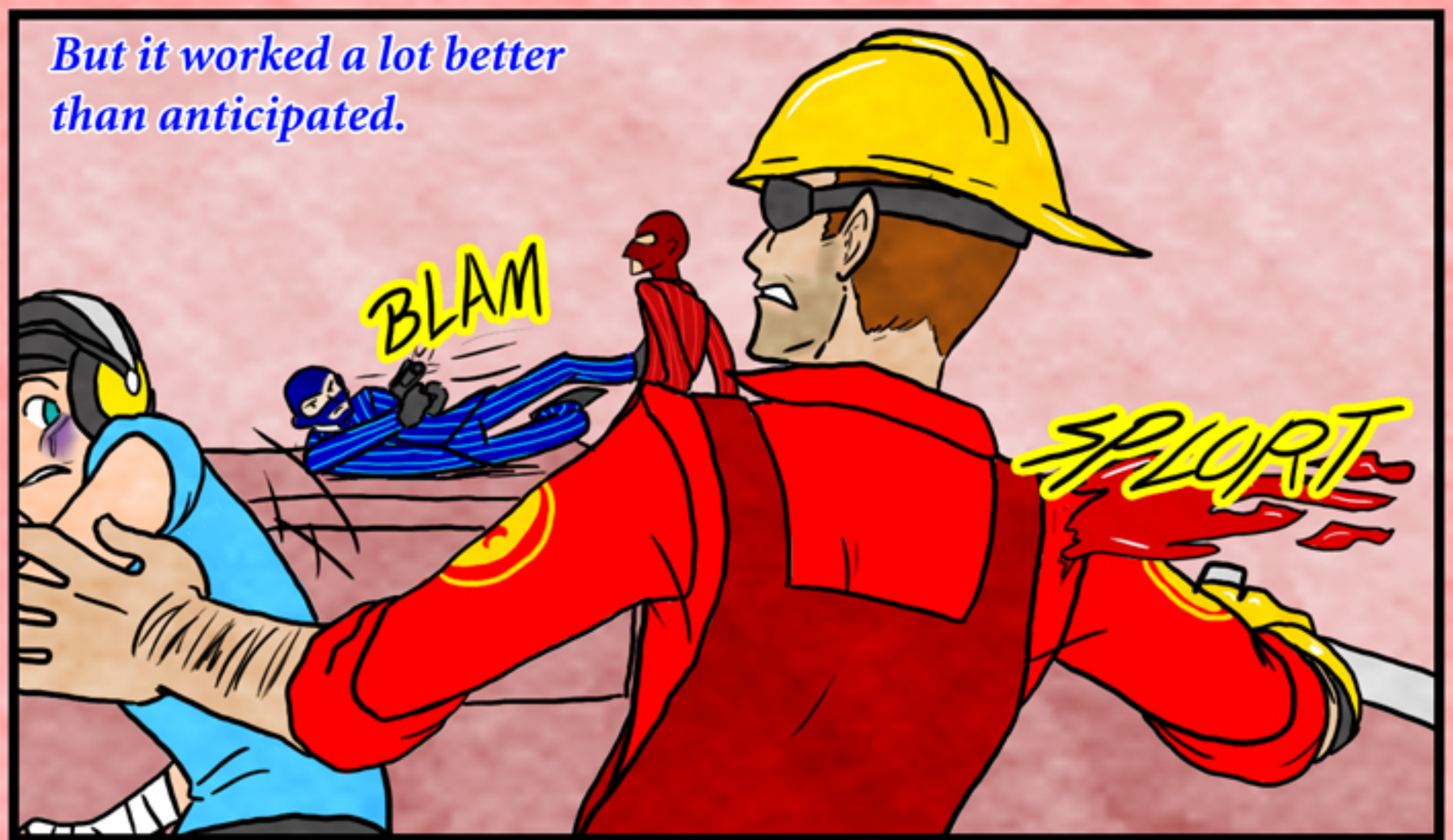
Heh, "ass Monkey" That's a new one. I like it.









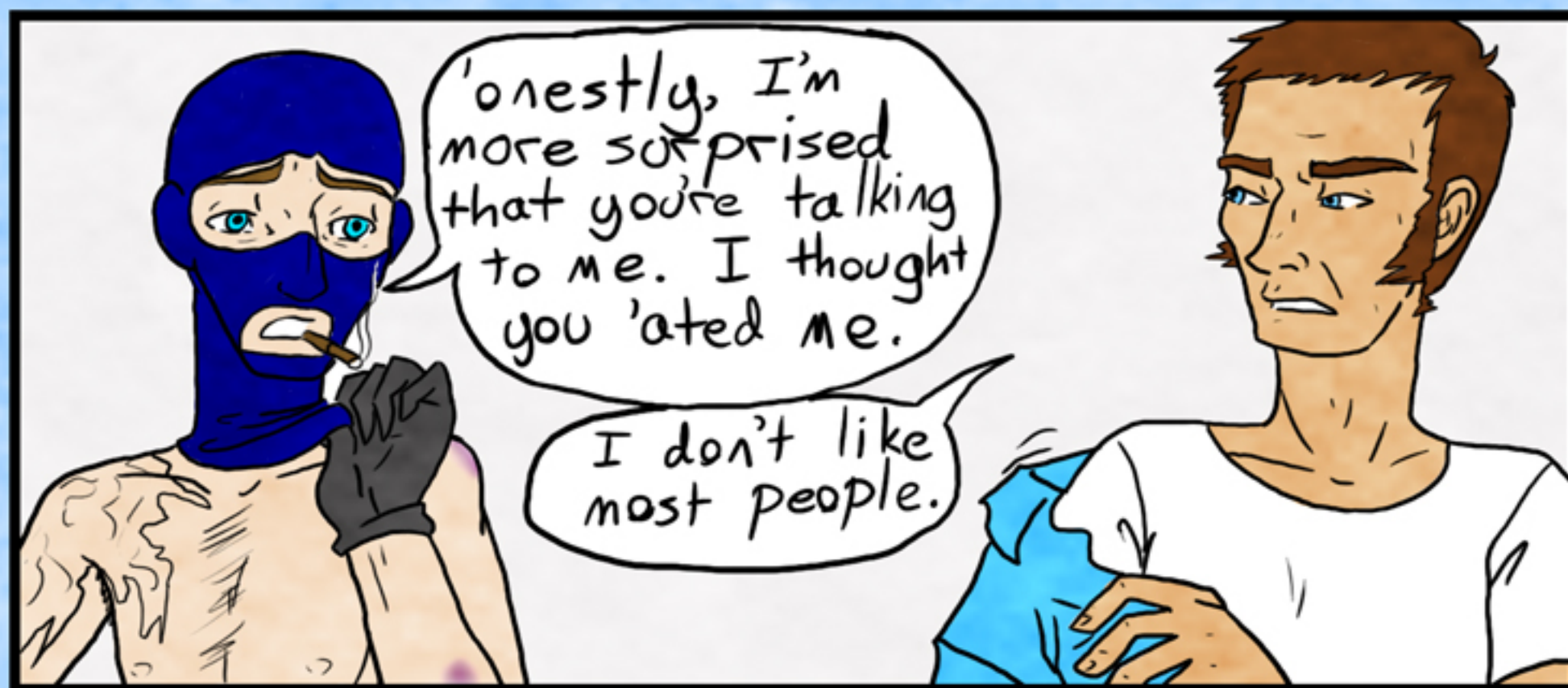
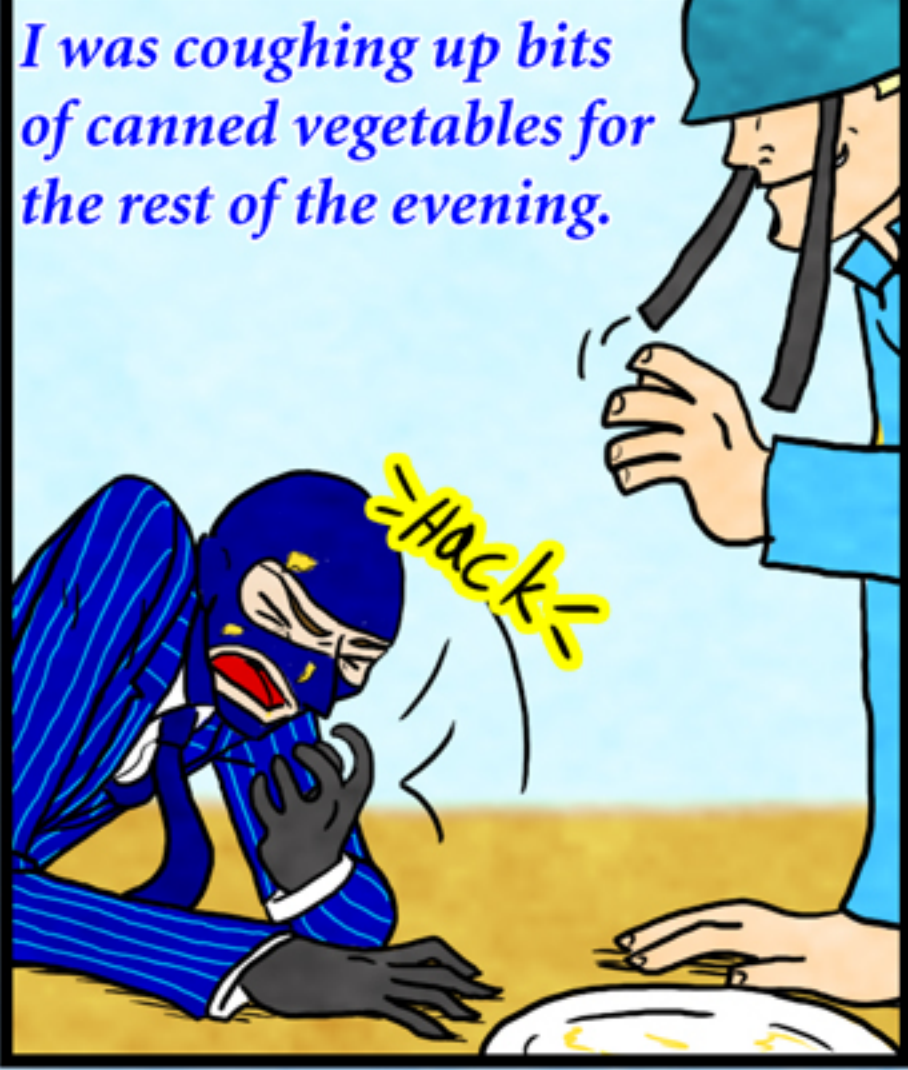




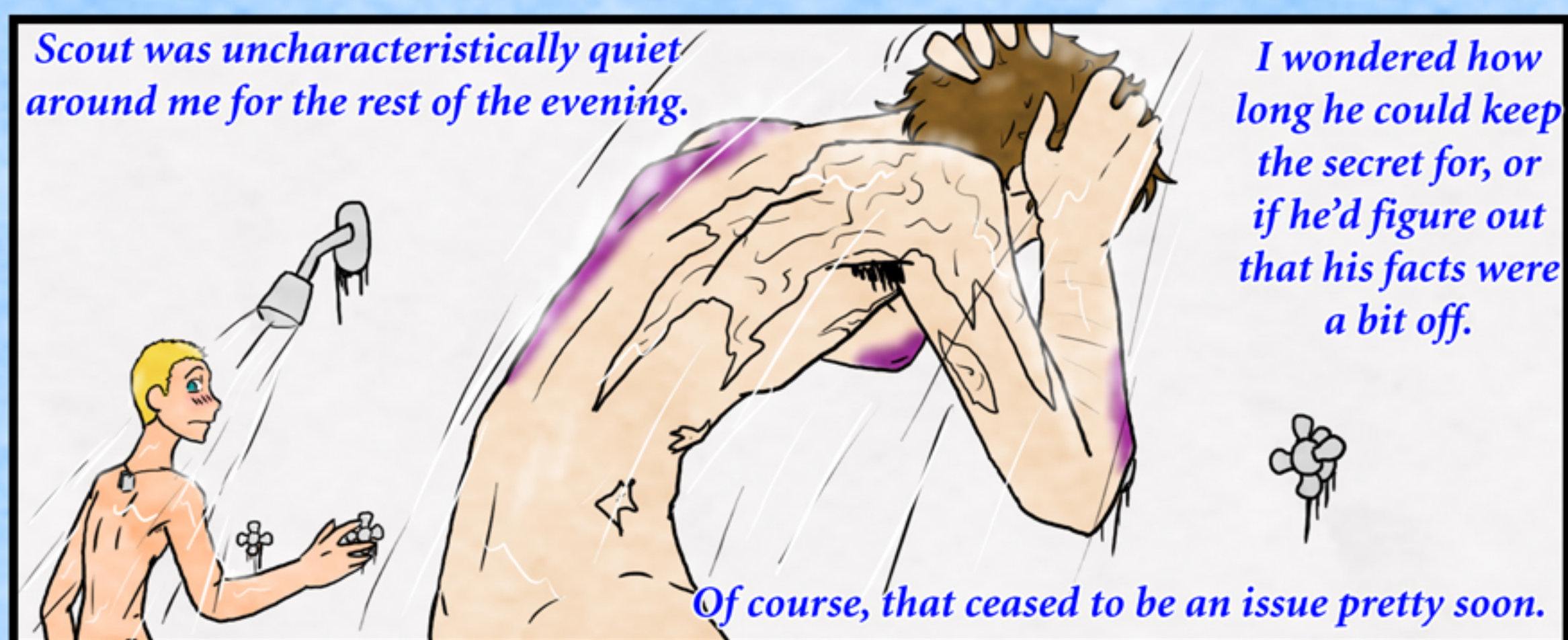
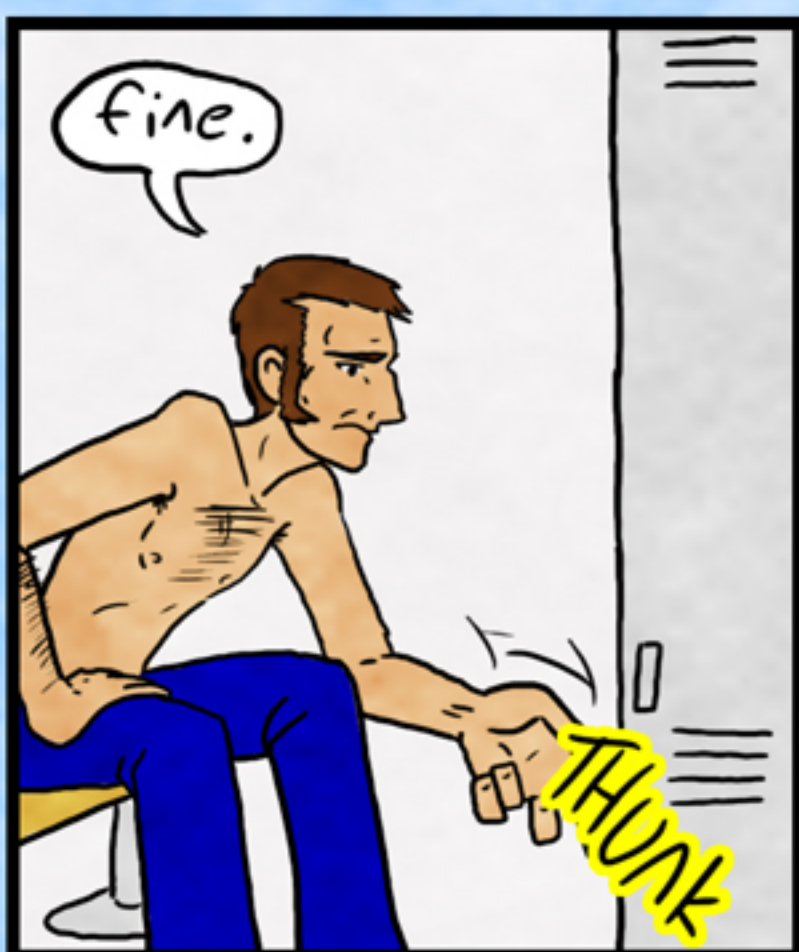
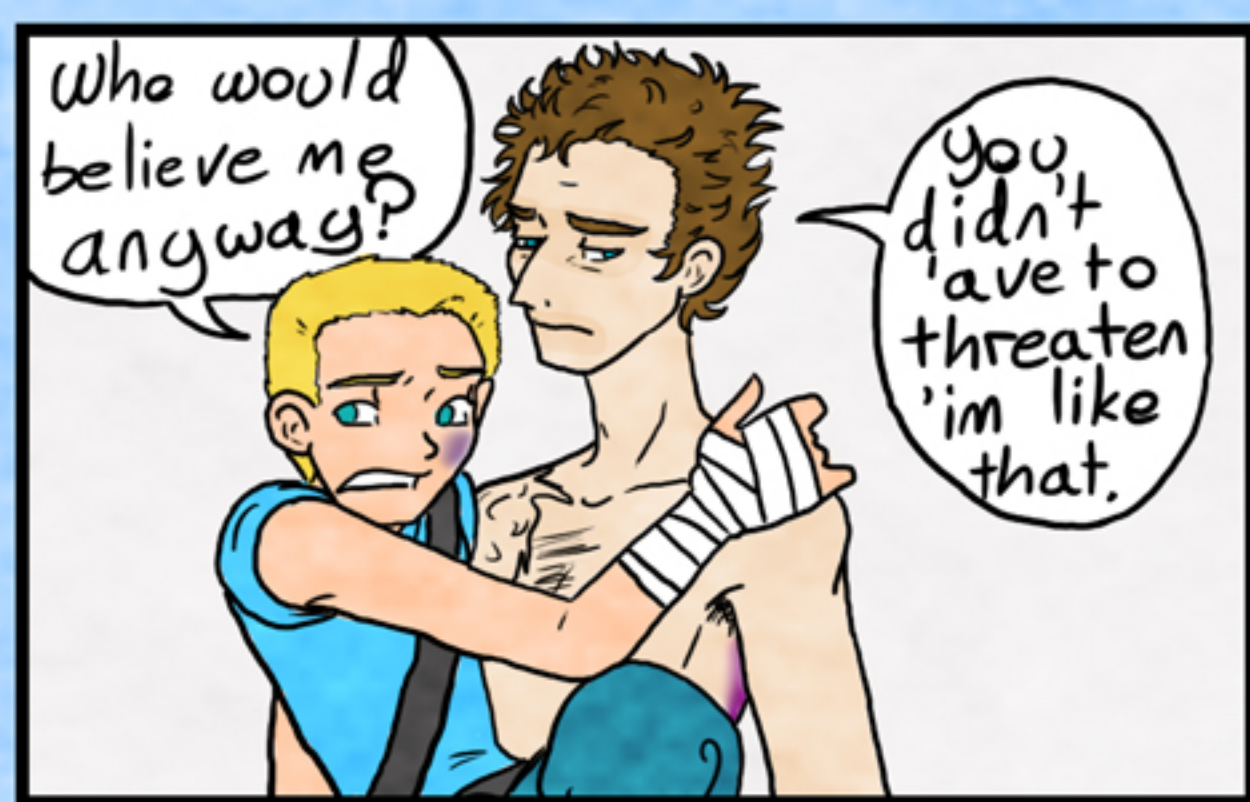
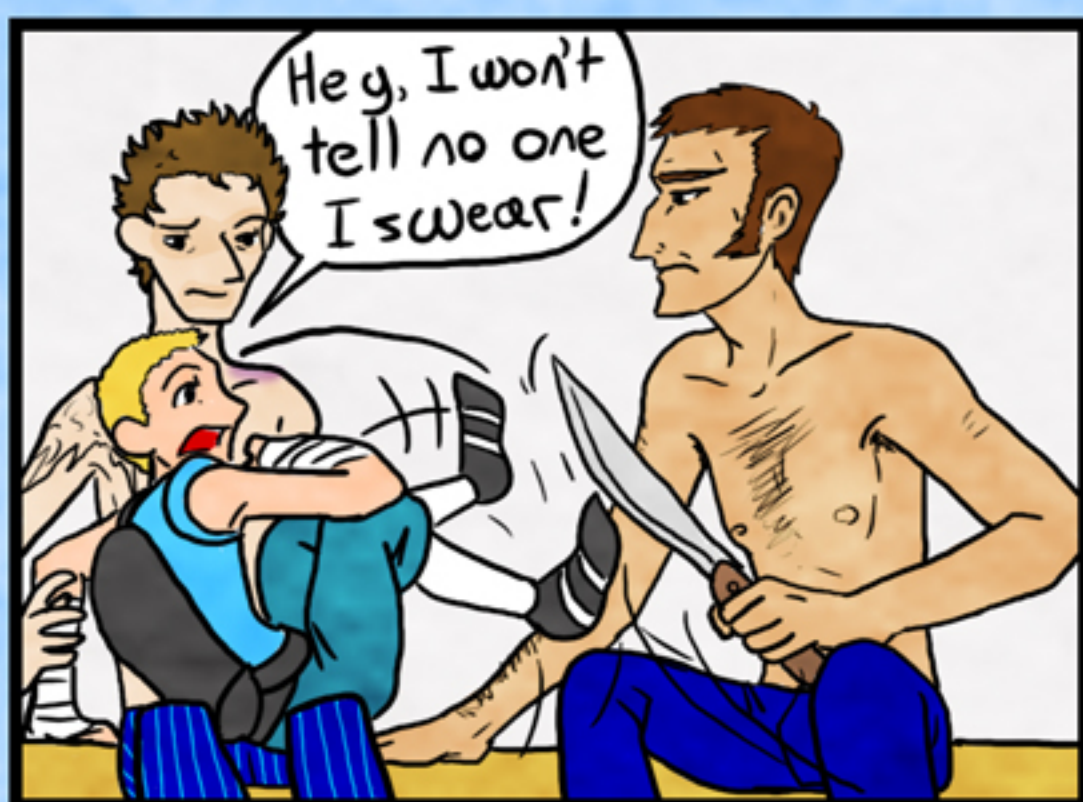
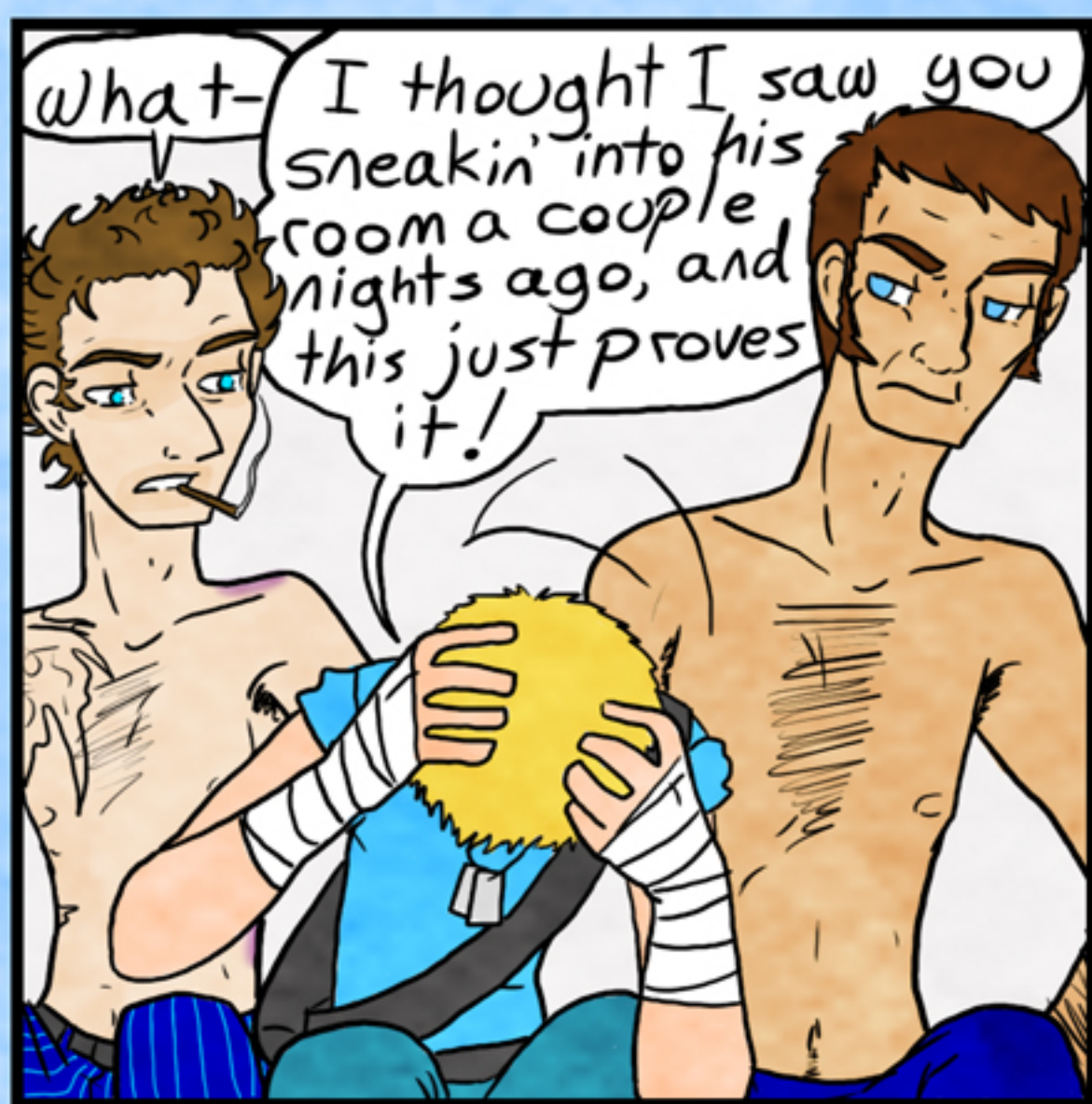
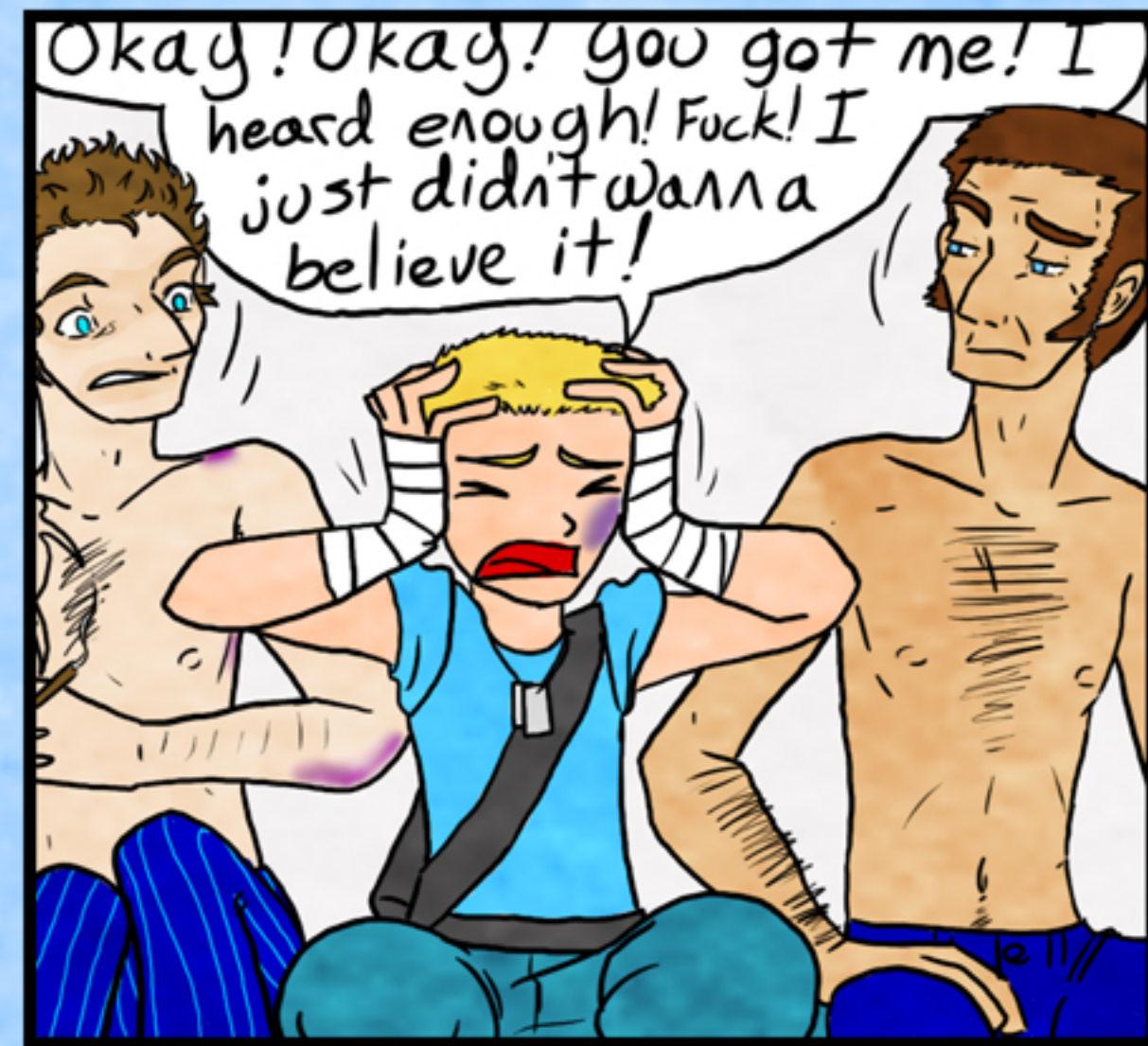
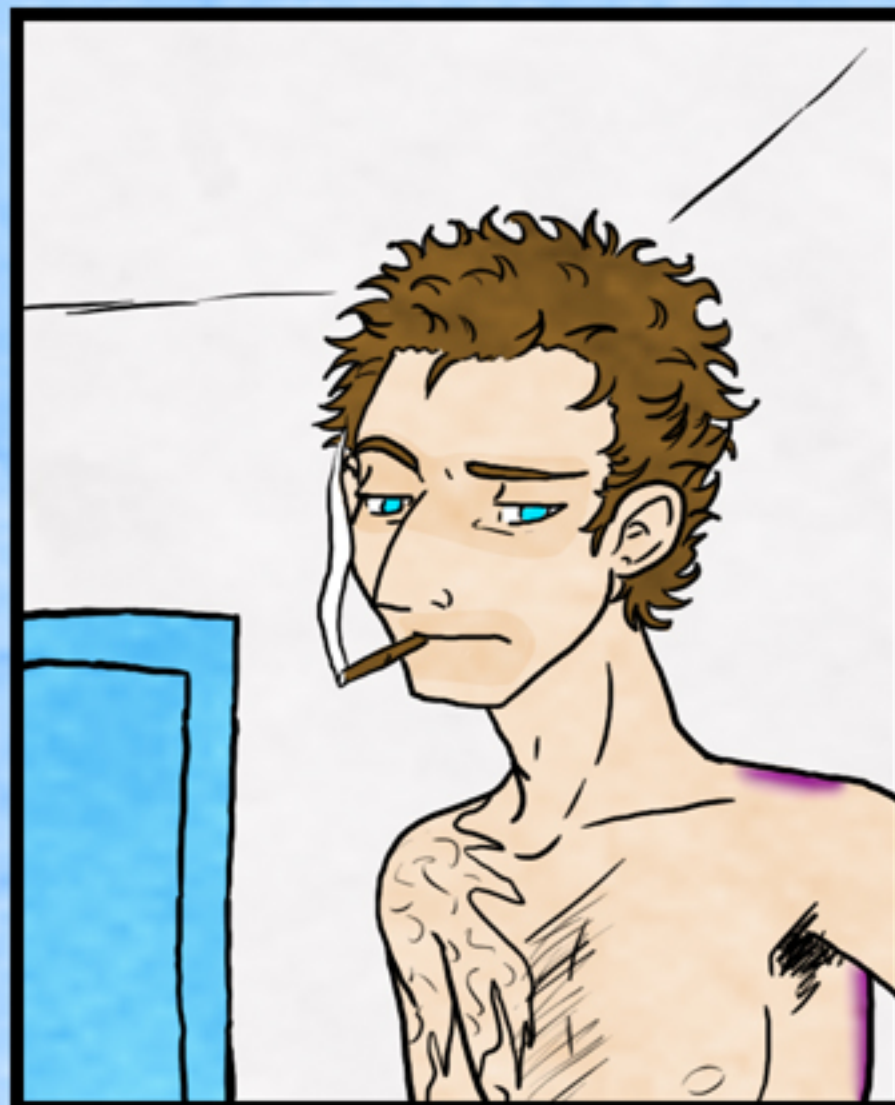
Scout retold our day's adventure over dinner that night, sort of.





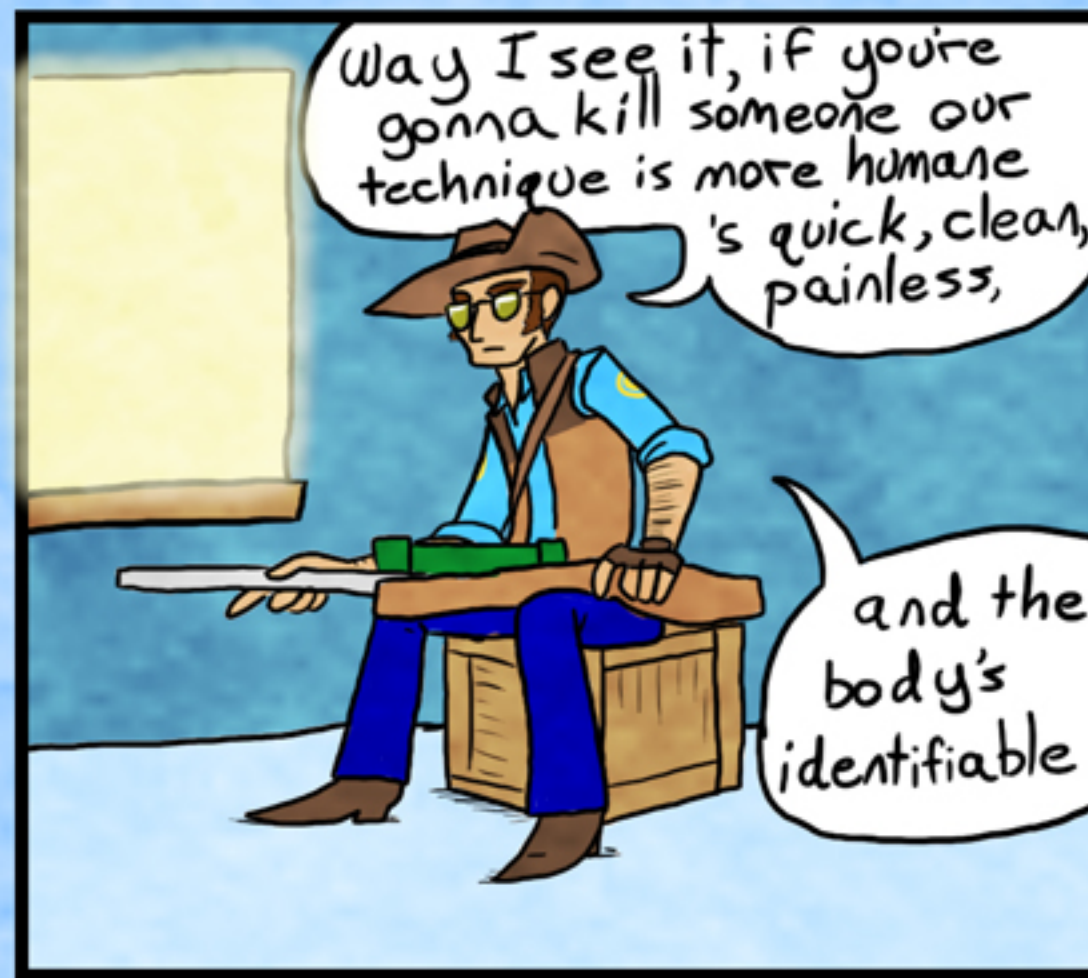








I spent much of the following day with Sniper.









Admittedly, Red's plan wasn't the best laid one I'd ever heard, but I decided not to argue with him about it.

Right.

Good luck with that.



What concerned me more was the apparent similarities between the two companies backing the war. We had the same weapons, the same uniforms, the same problems with headquarters, the same everything.



It was like they were one corporation rather than two.

I'd thought from the beginning that the whole situation was a bit fishy.

Tap  
Tap

But I decided that I needed more evidence before jumping to any conclusions.

What d'ya want?



I was wondering about my watch.



Did you happen to fix it?

yeah, but 'fore I give it back I have a favor to ask.



Scout?



He's been moping in here all day.

'nd I can't get 'im to leave

er, hi.



It's not like you to be so quiet, are you sick?

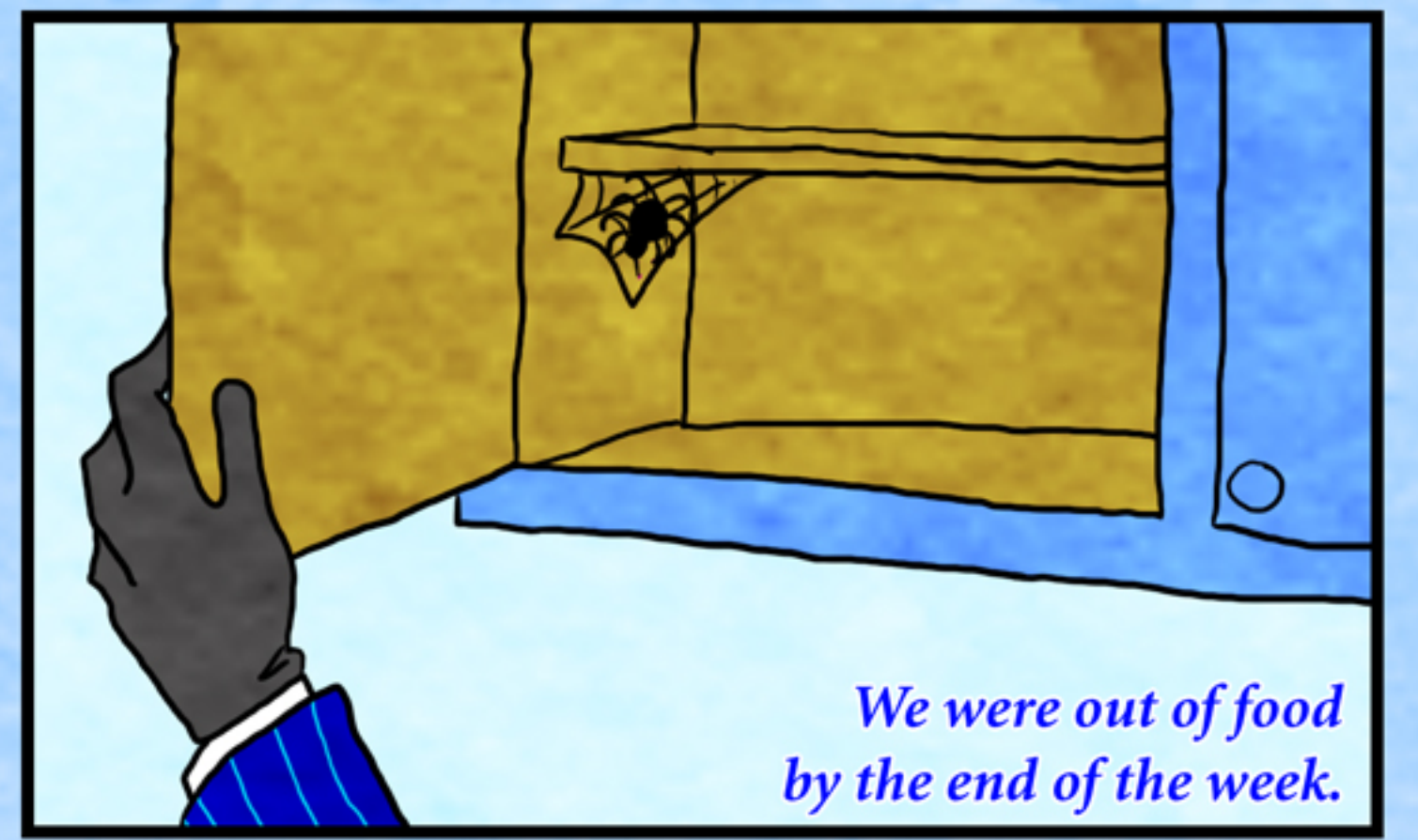


no.

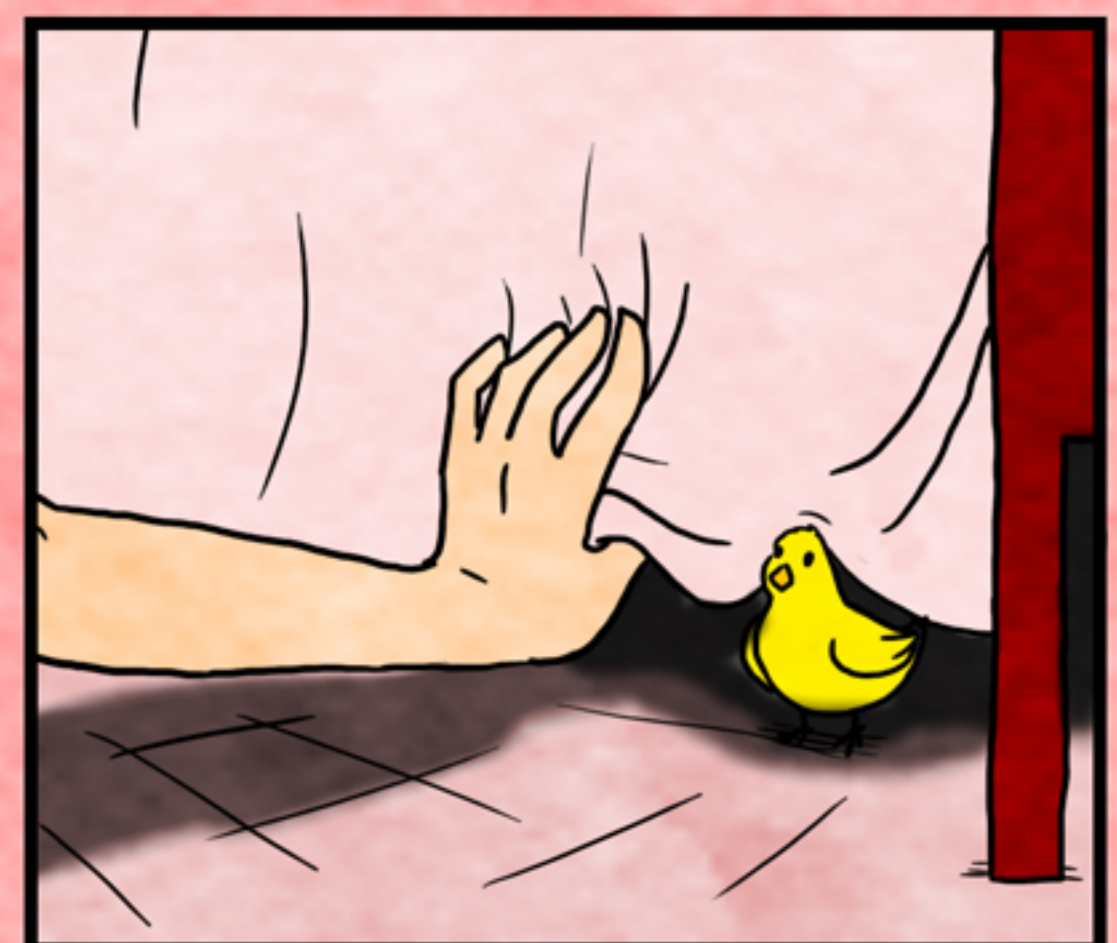
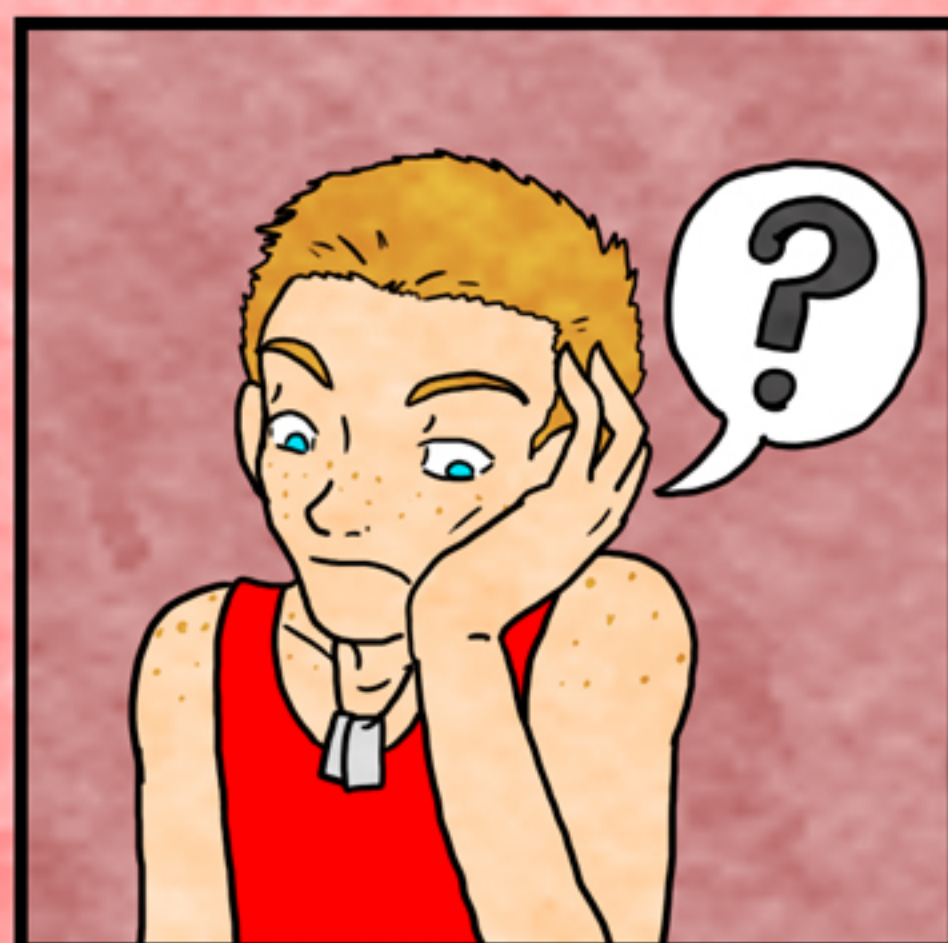
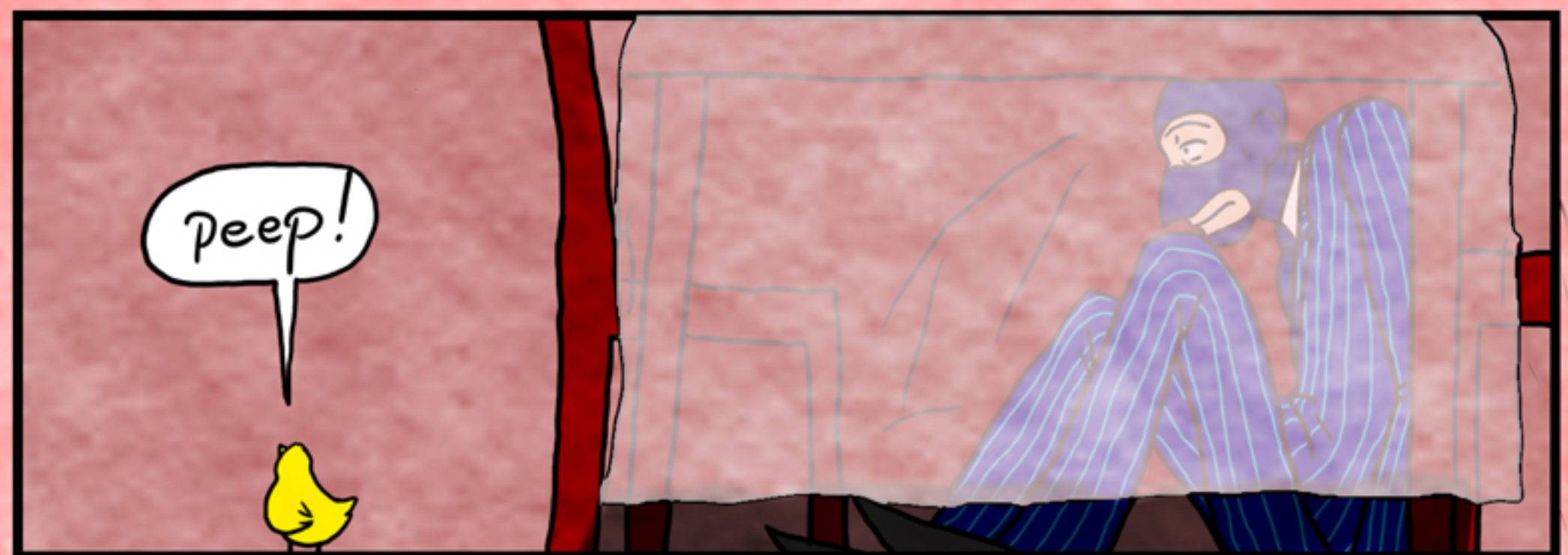
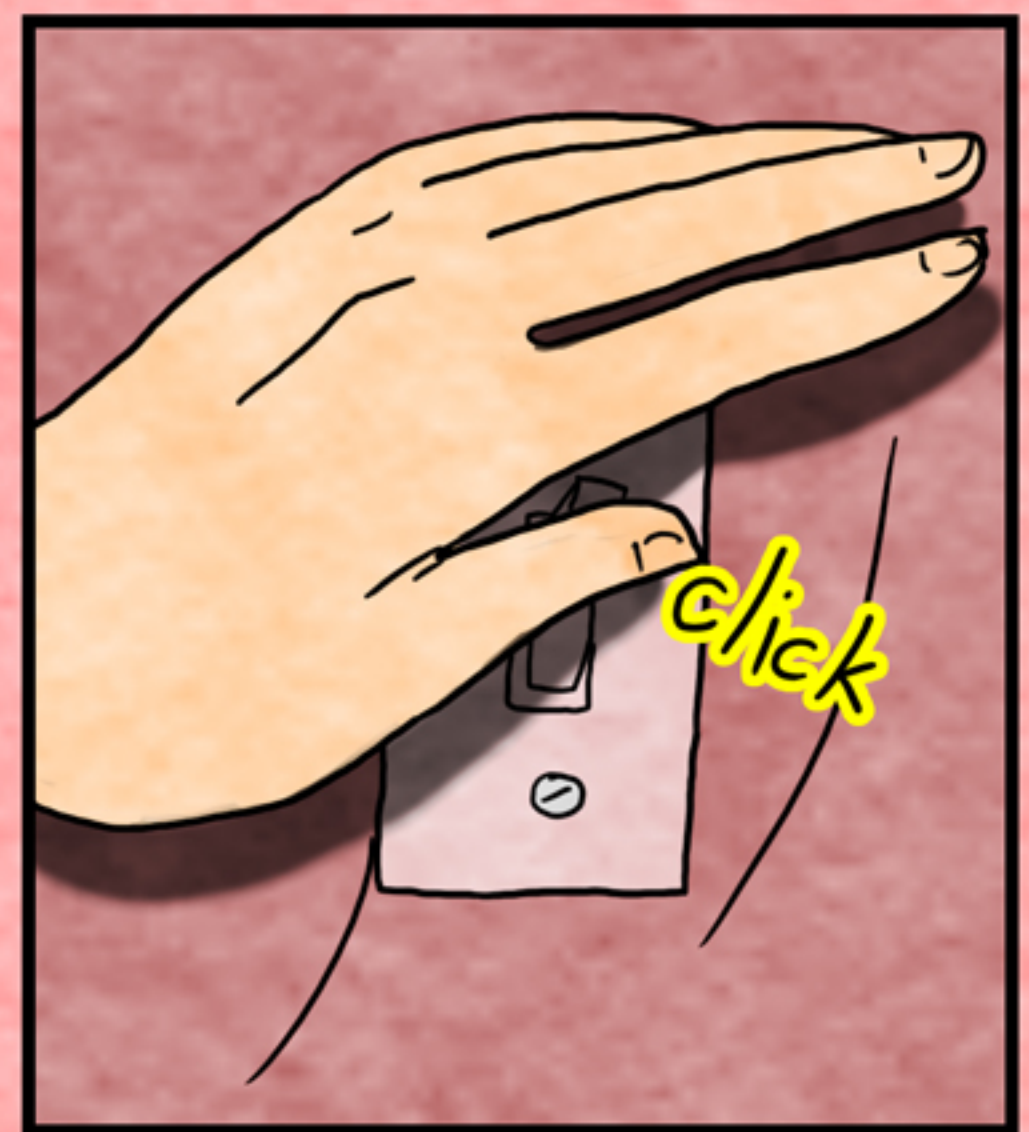
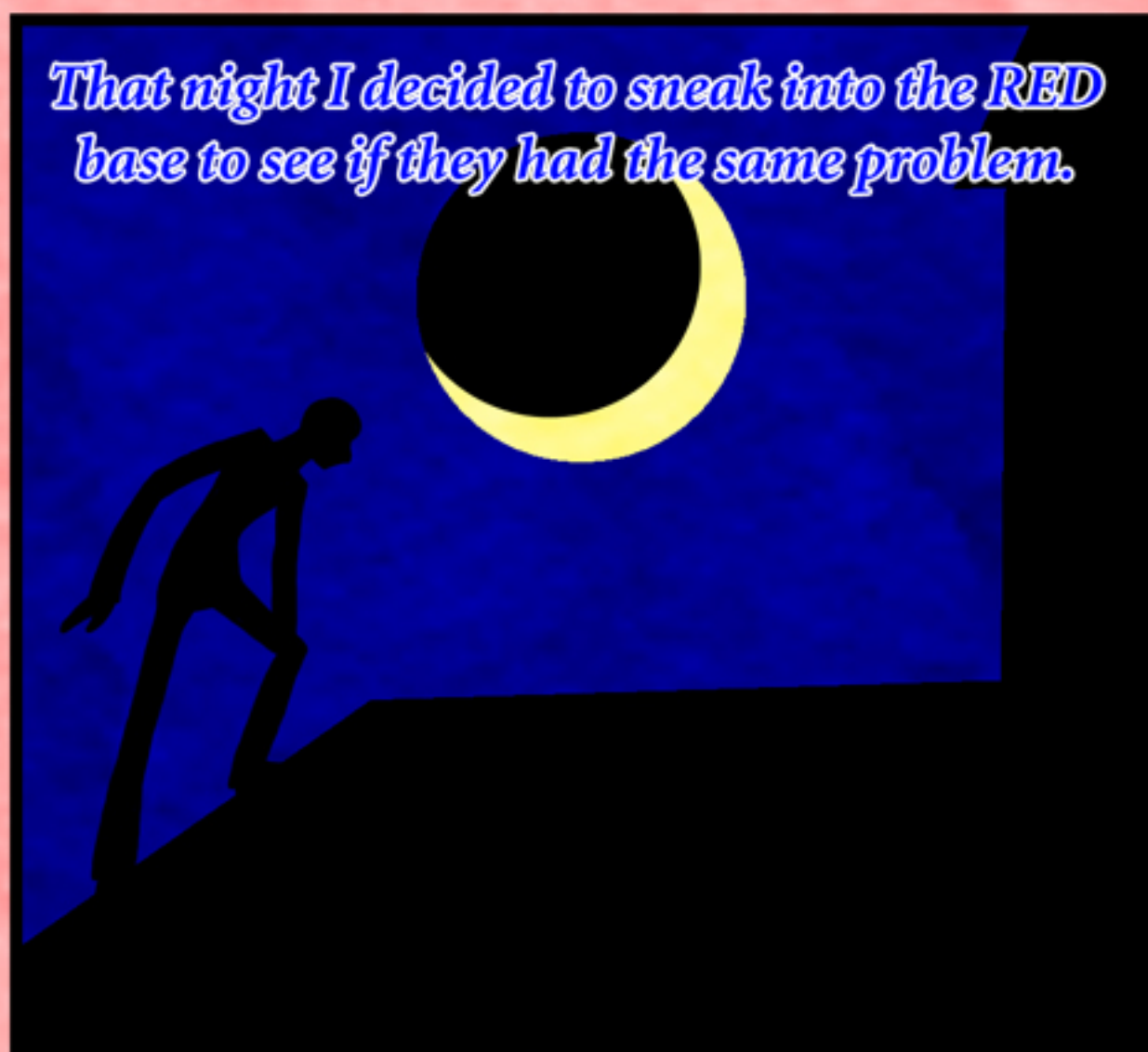
I don't wanna talk to you stupid fag!



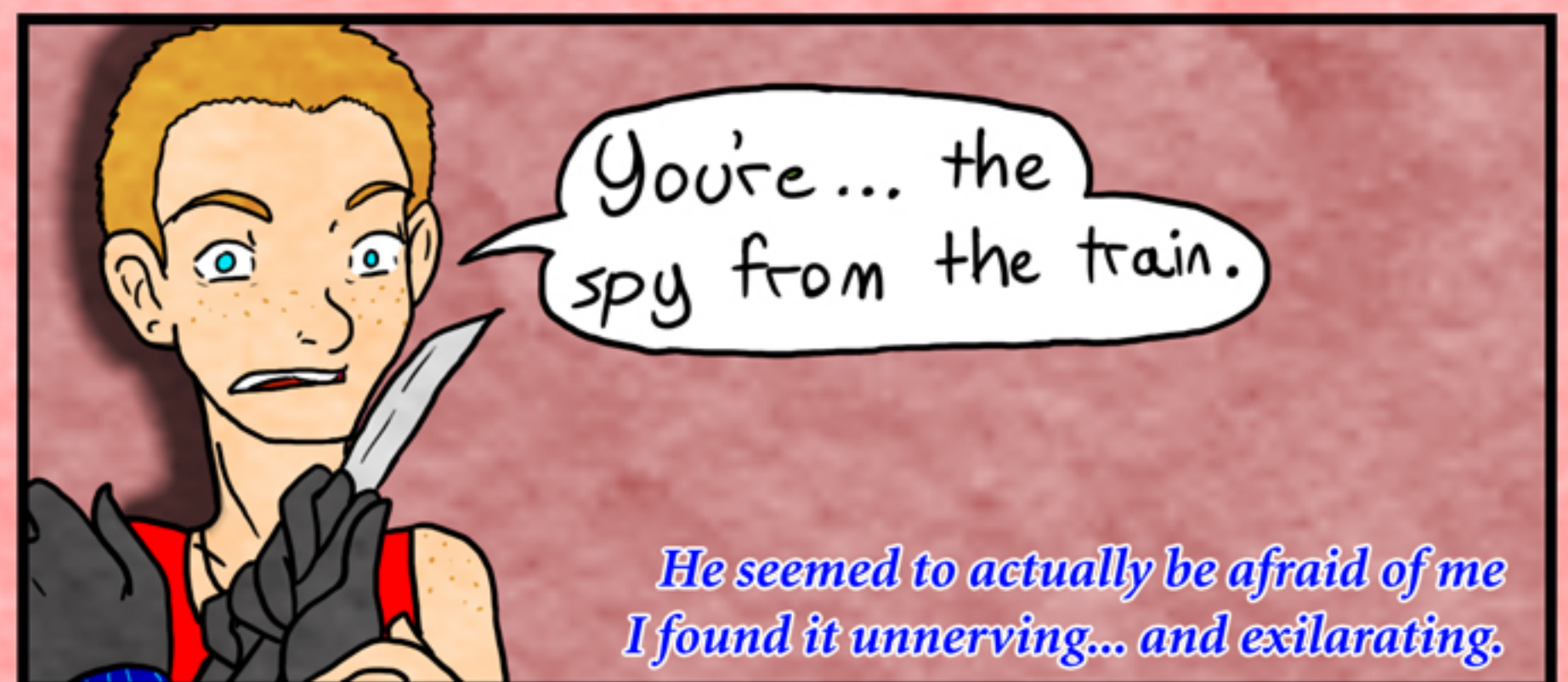
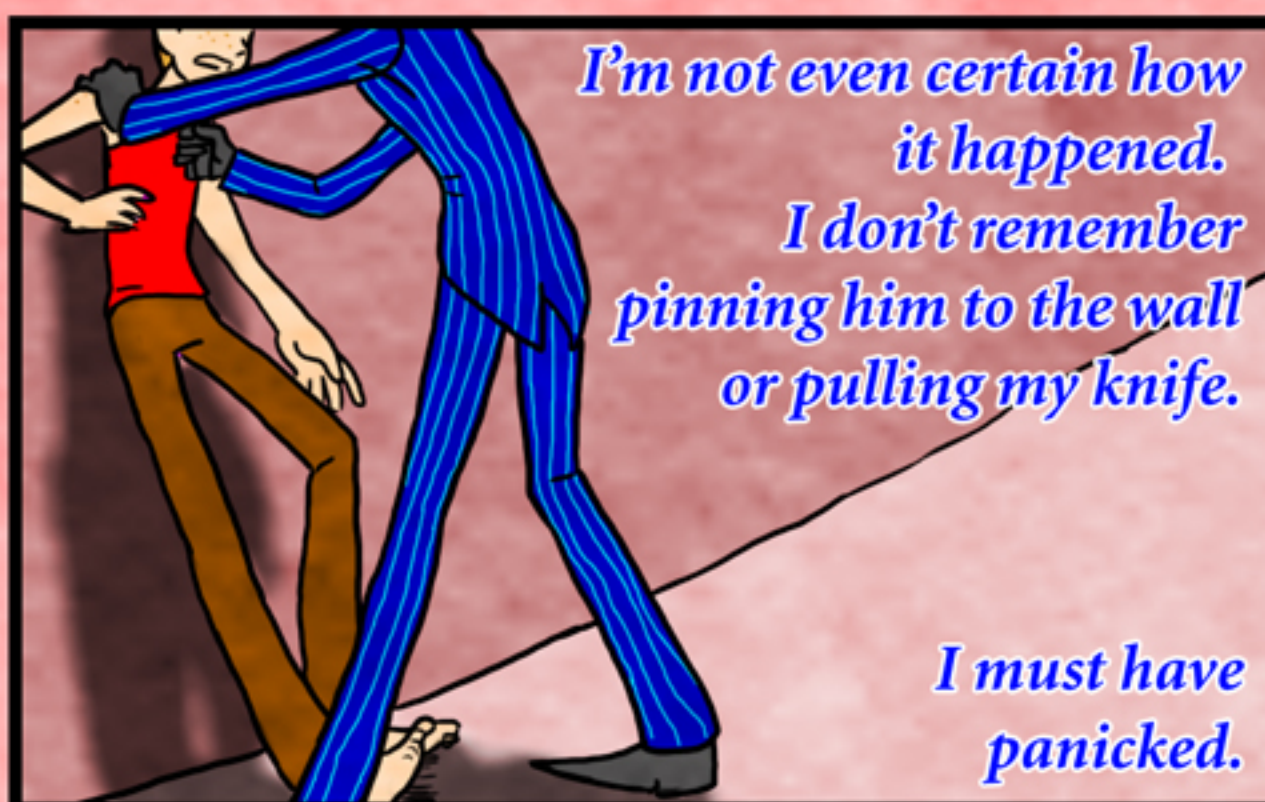
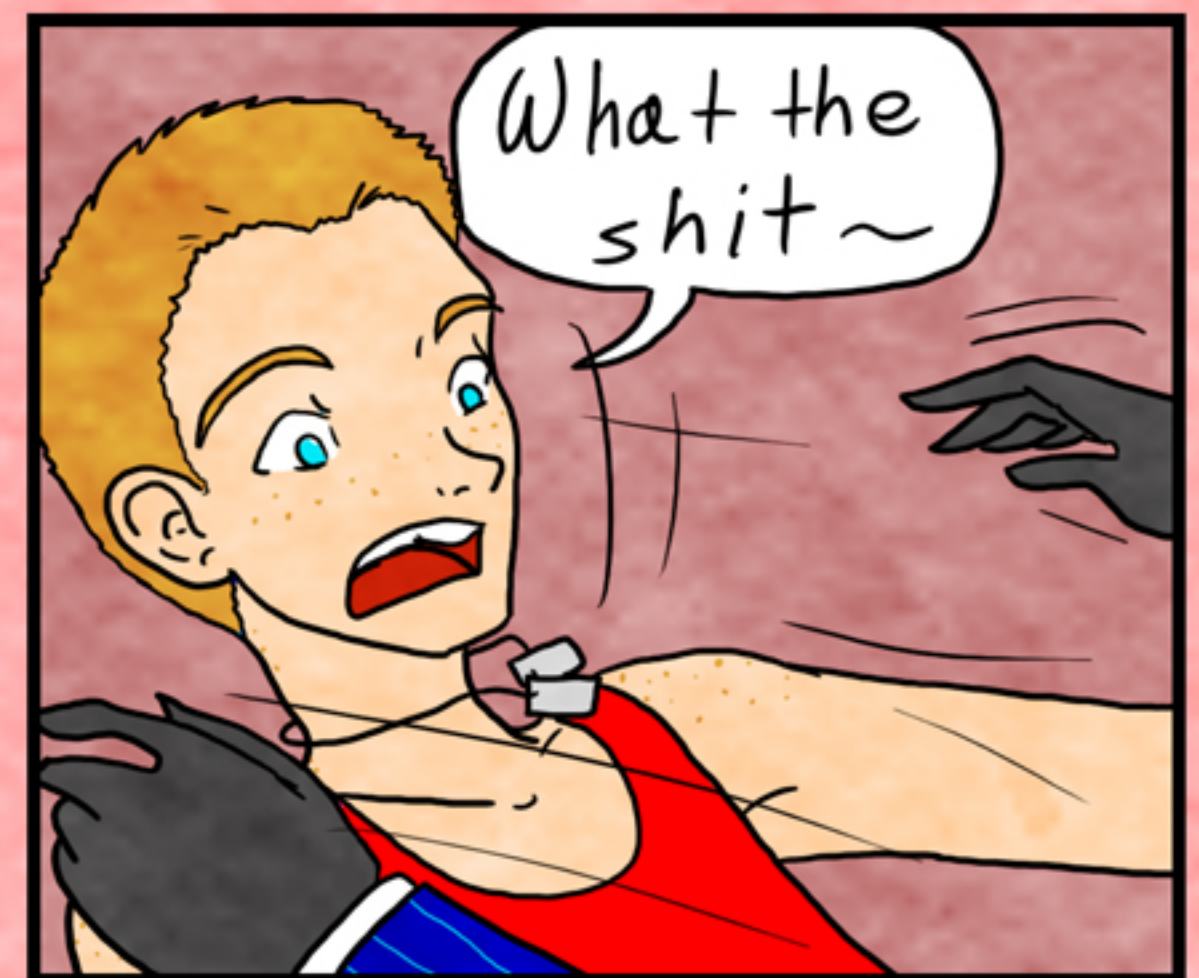
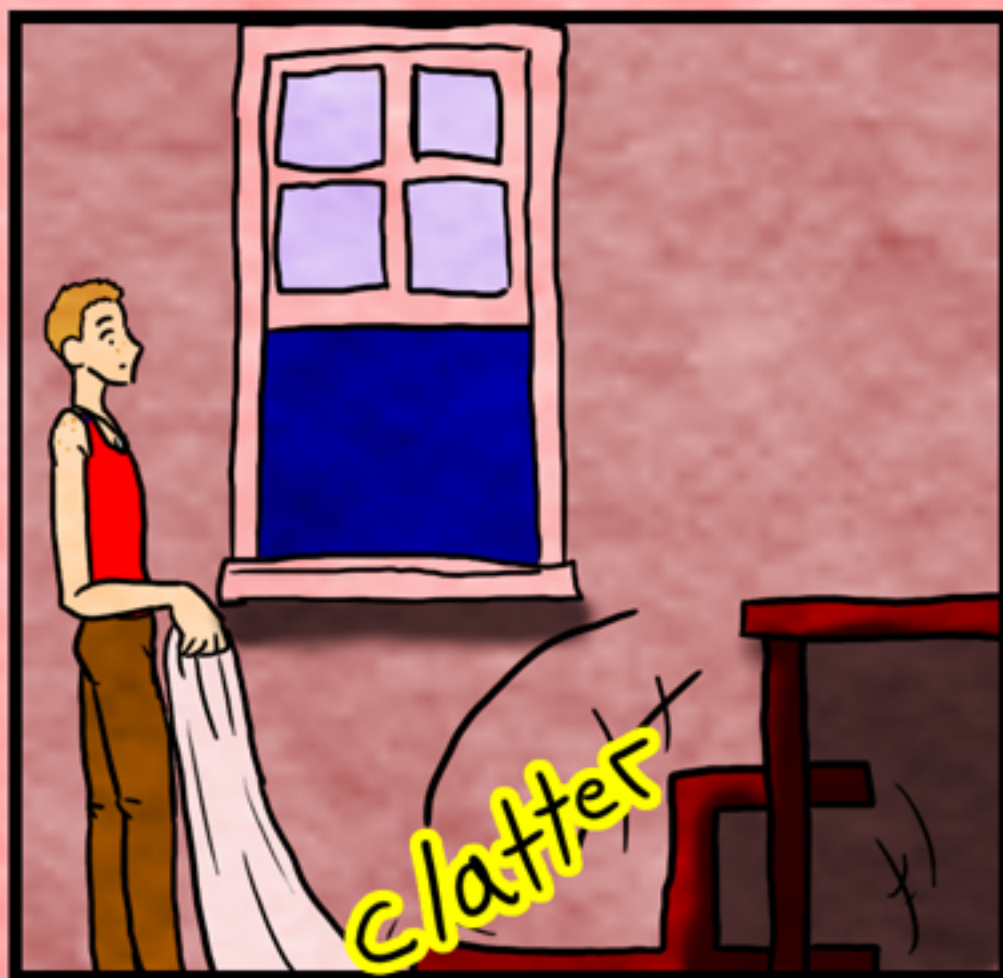
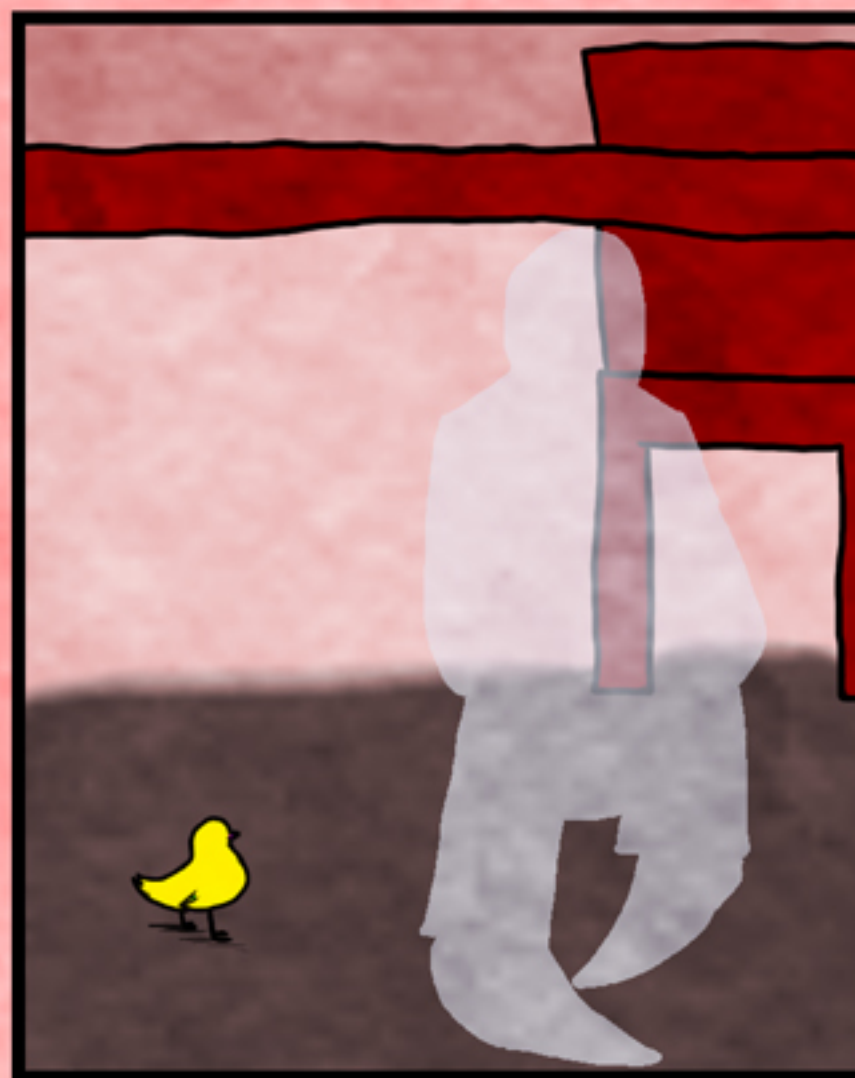














*I decided that night to take Red up on his offer.*

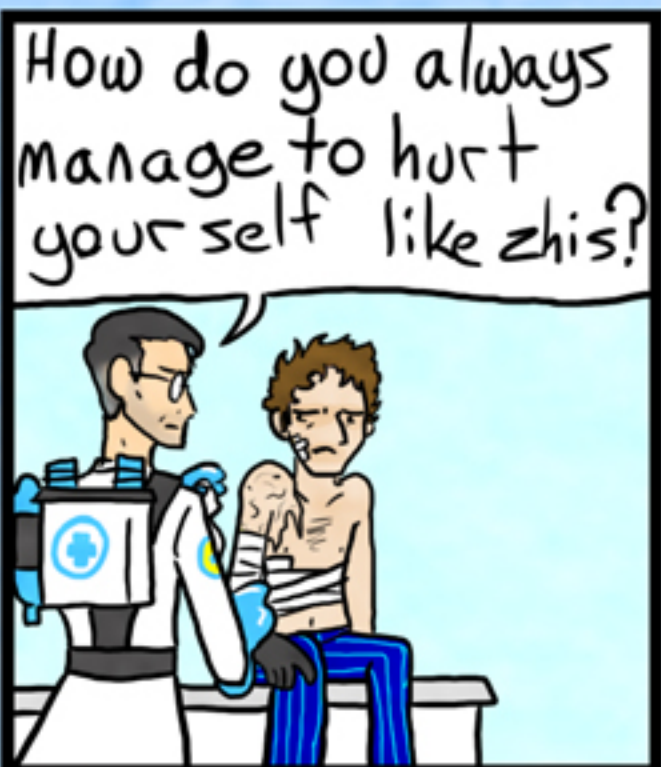
*None of the REDs seemed like bad people really.*



*Well, almost none of them.*



*I'd never have signed up in the first place had I known the likelihood of my being burned to death.*



How do you always manage to hurt yourself like this?



I don't know.



I'm just kind of distracted lately.

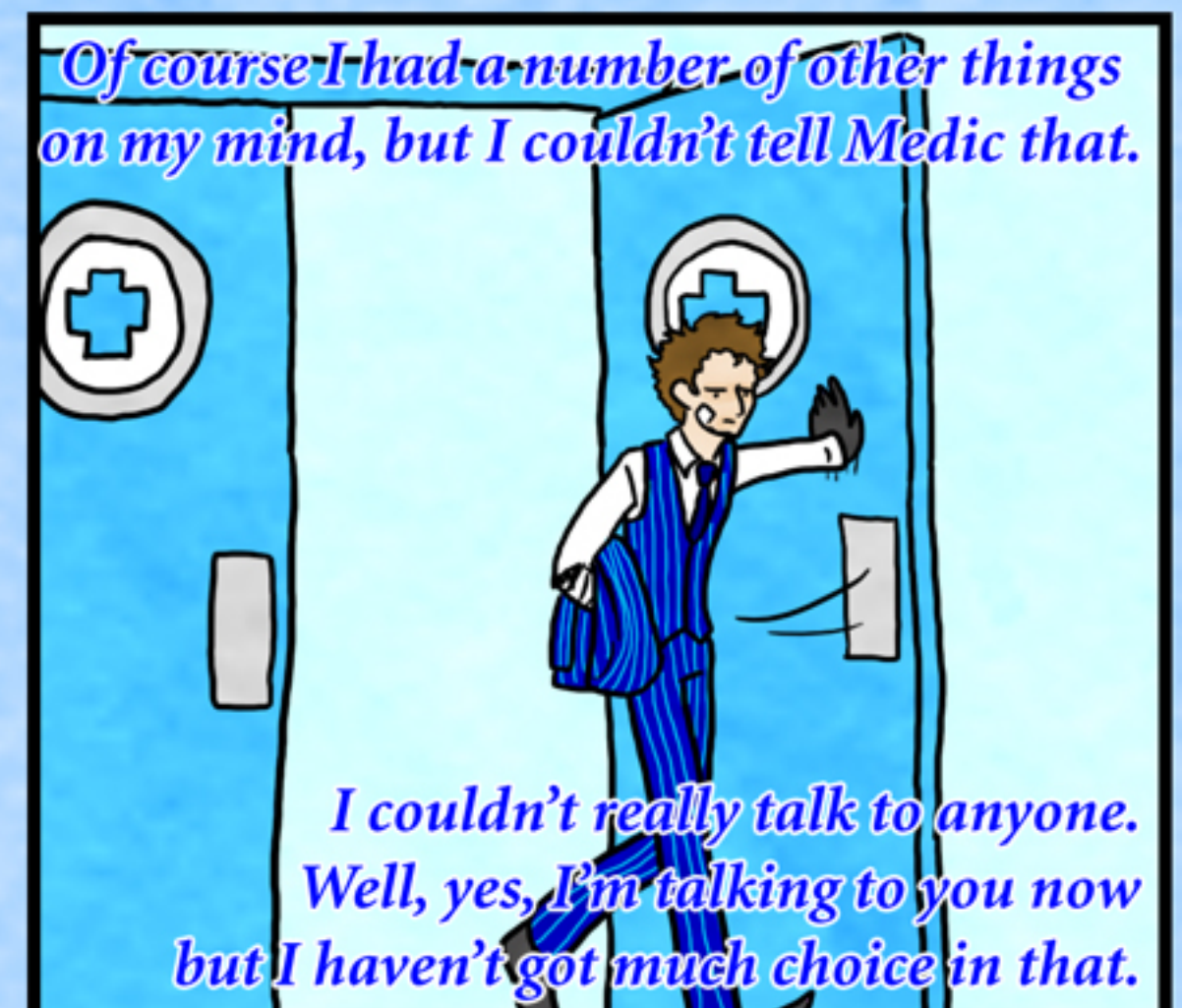


You're worried about the food shortage?

It's happened before, we always survive.



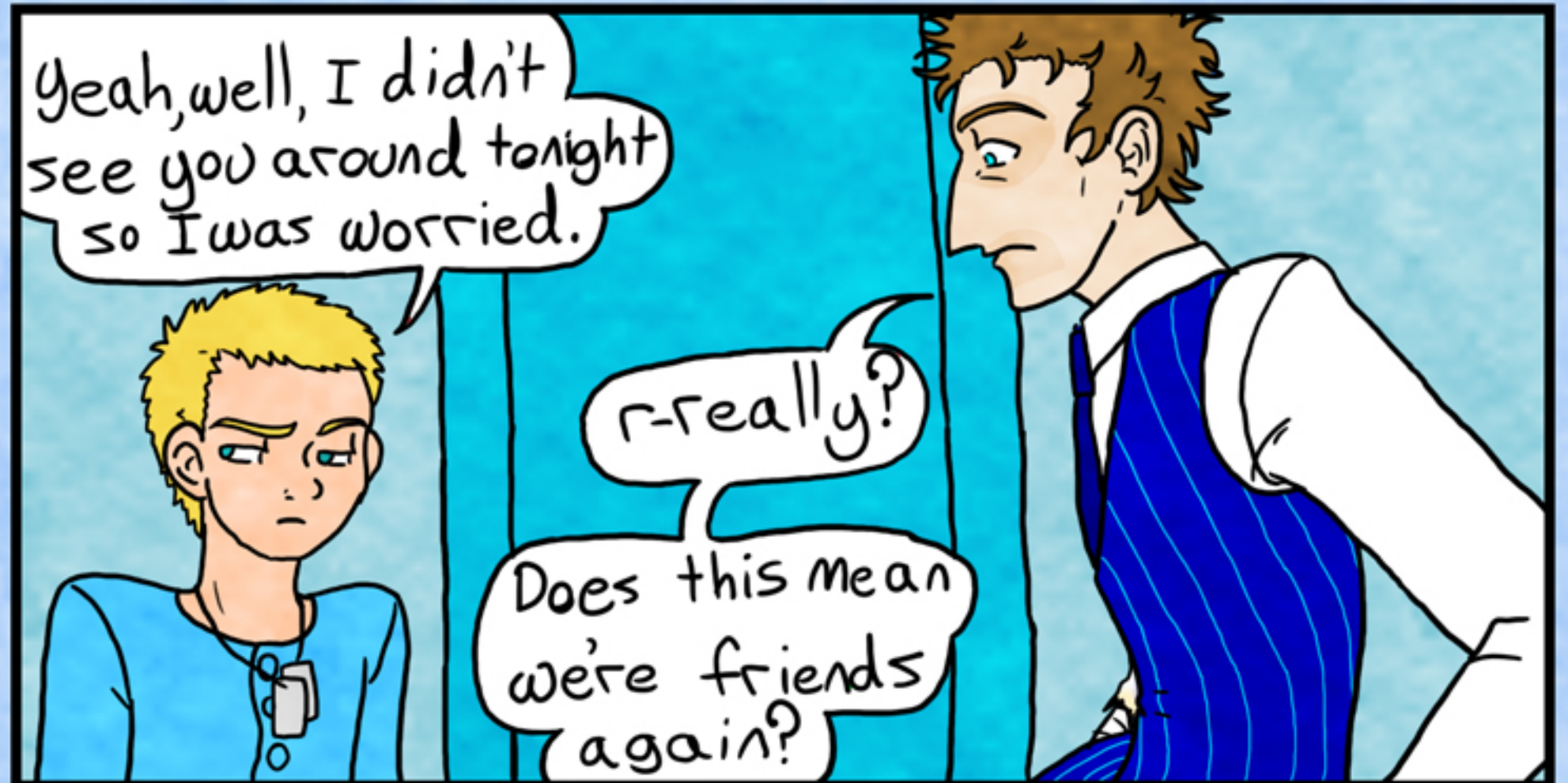
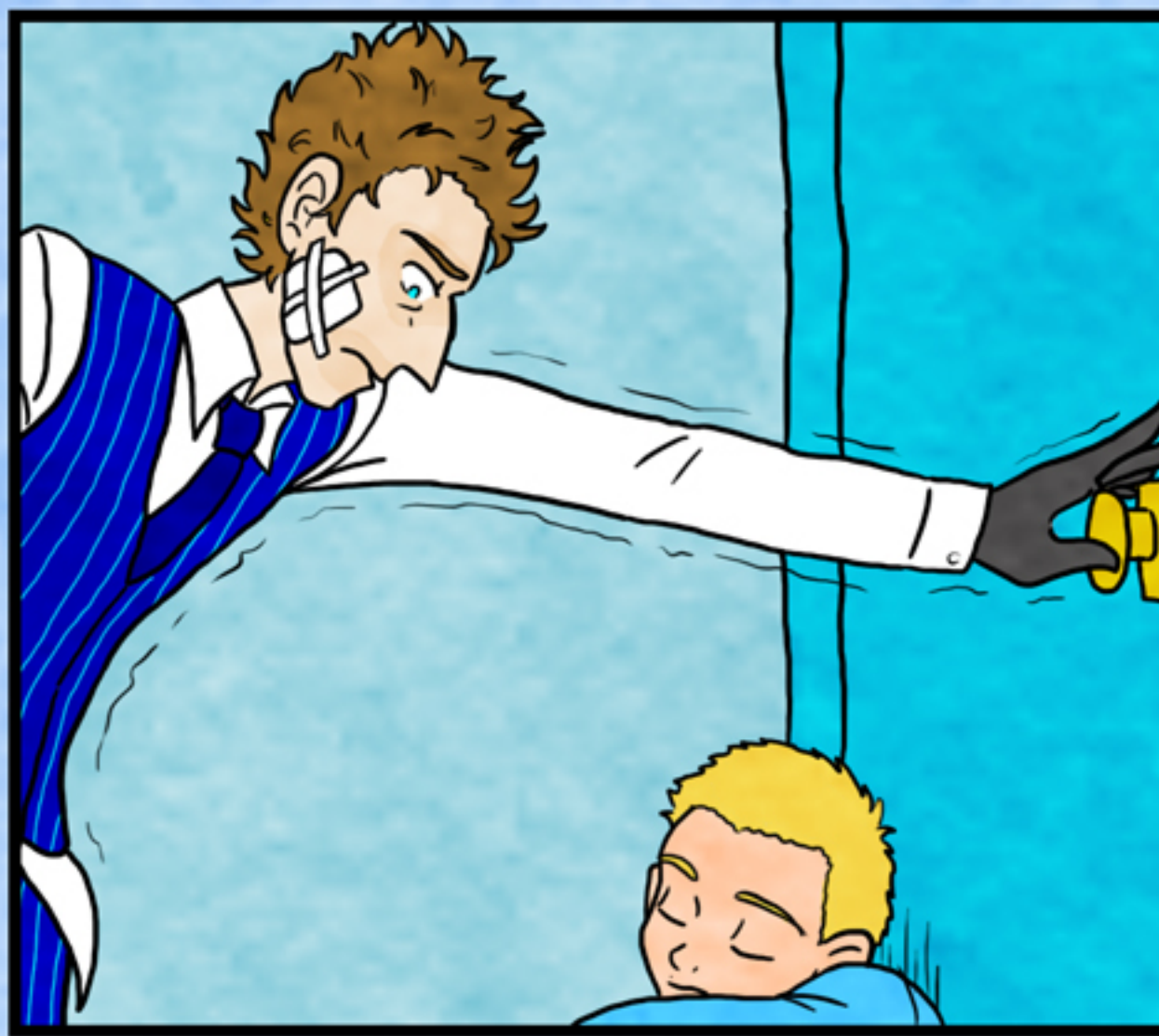
Yeah, that's what's bothering me.



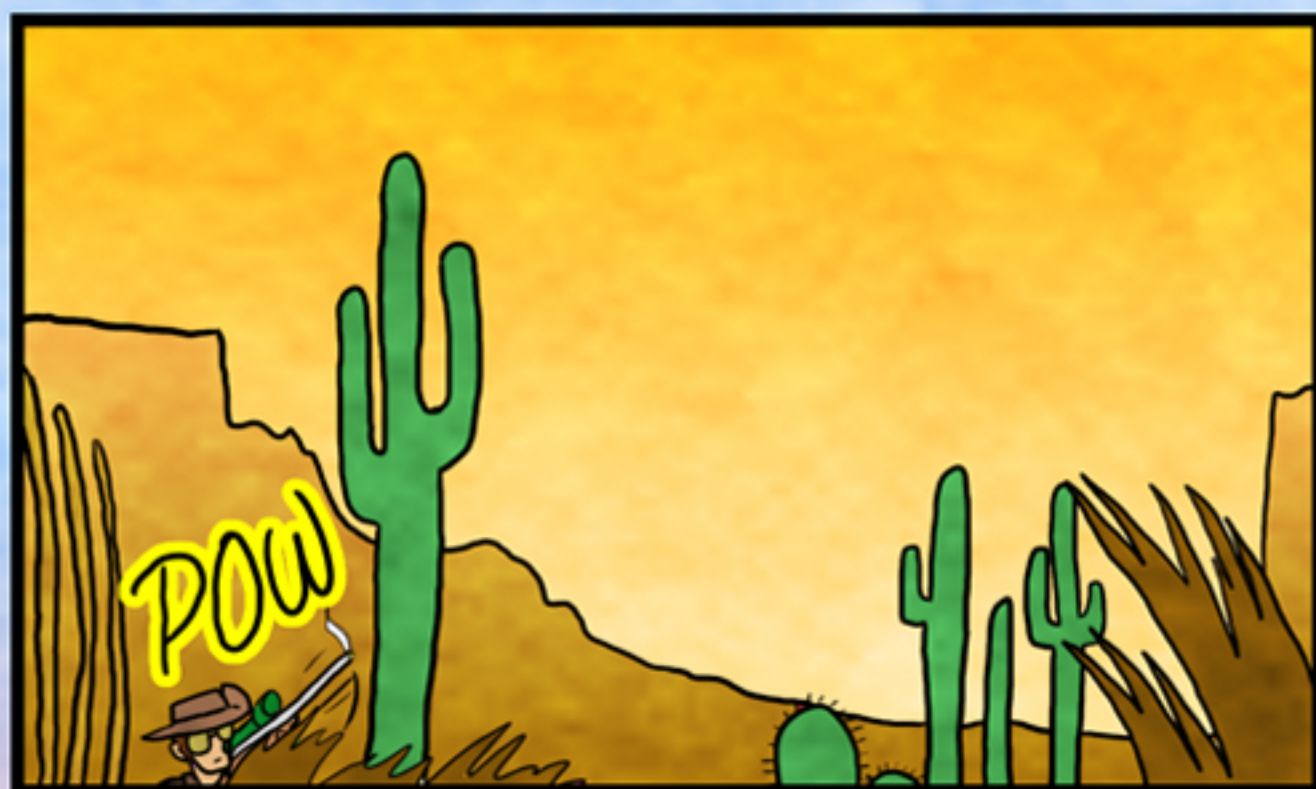
*Of course I had a number of other things on my mind, but I couldn't tell Medic that.*

*I couldn't really talk to anyone. Well, yes, I'm talking to you now but I haven't got much choice in that.*





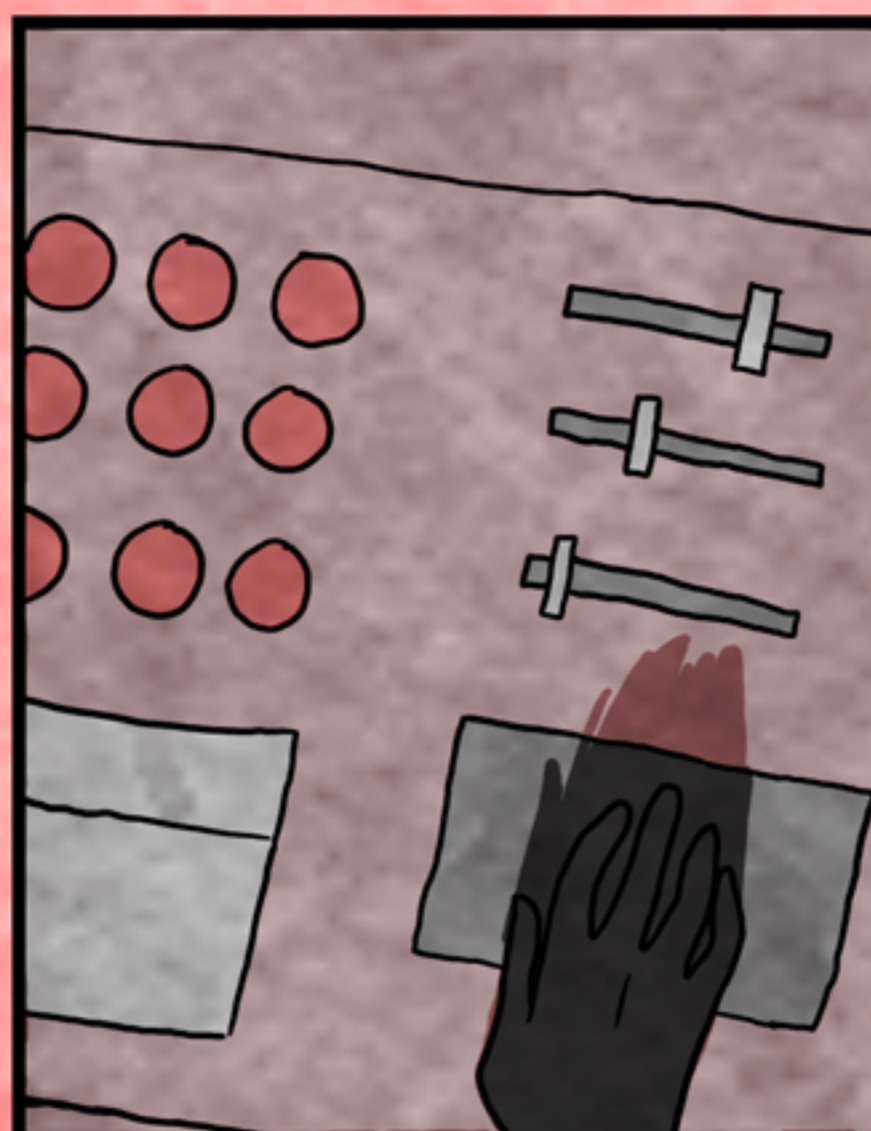




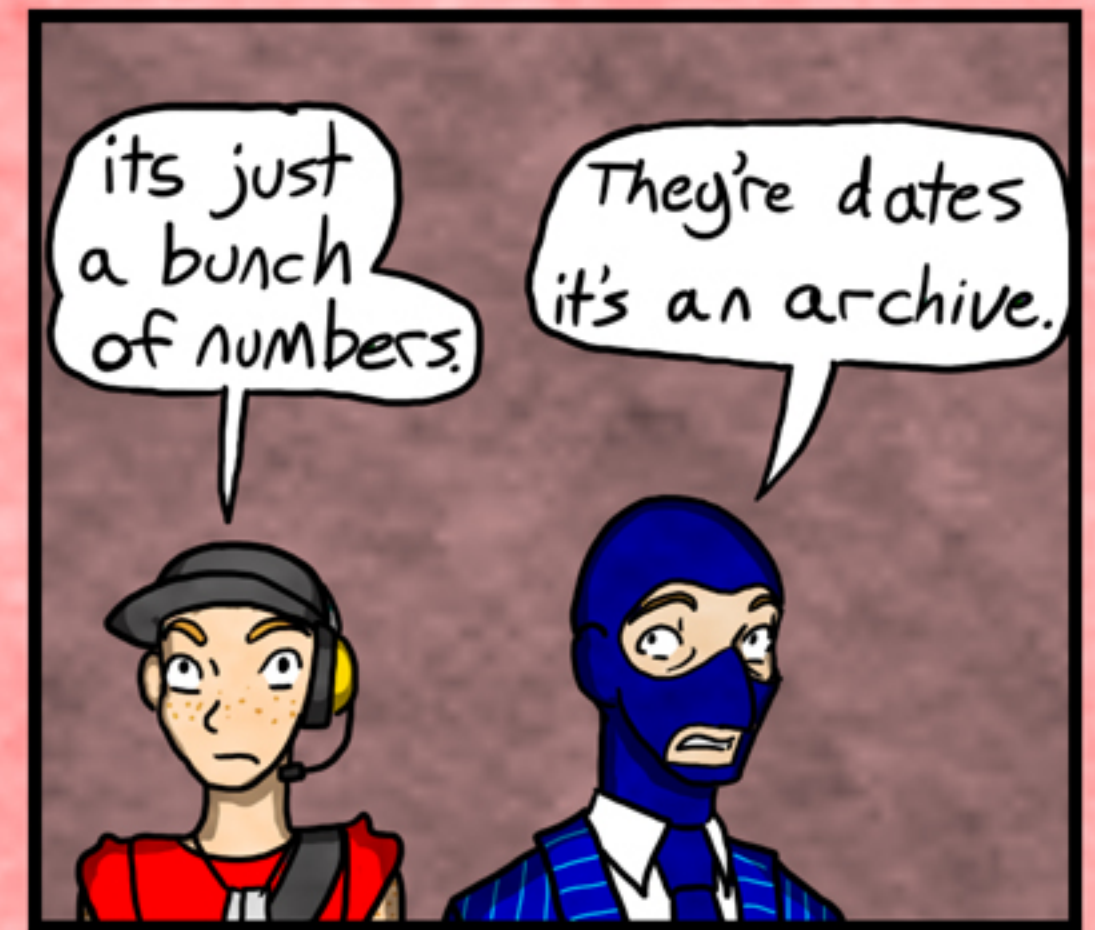
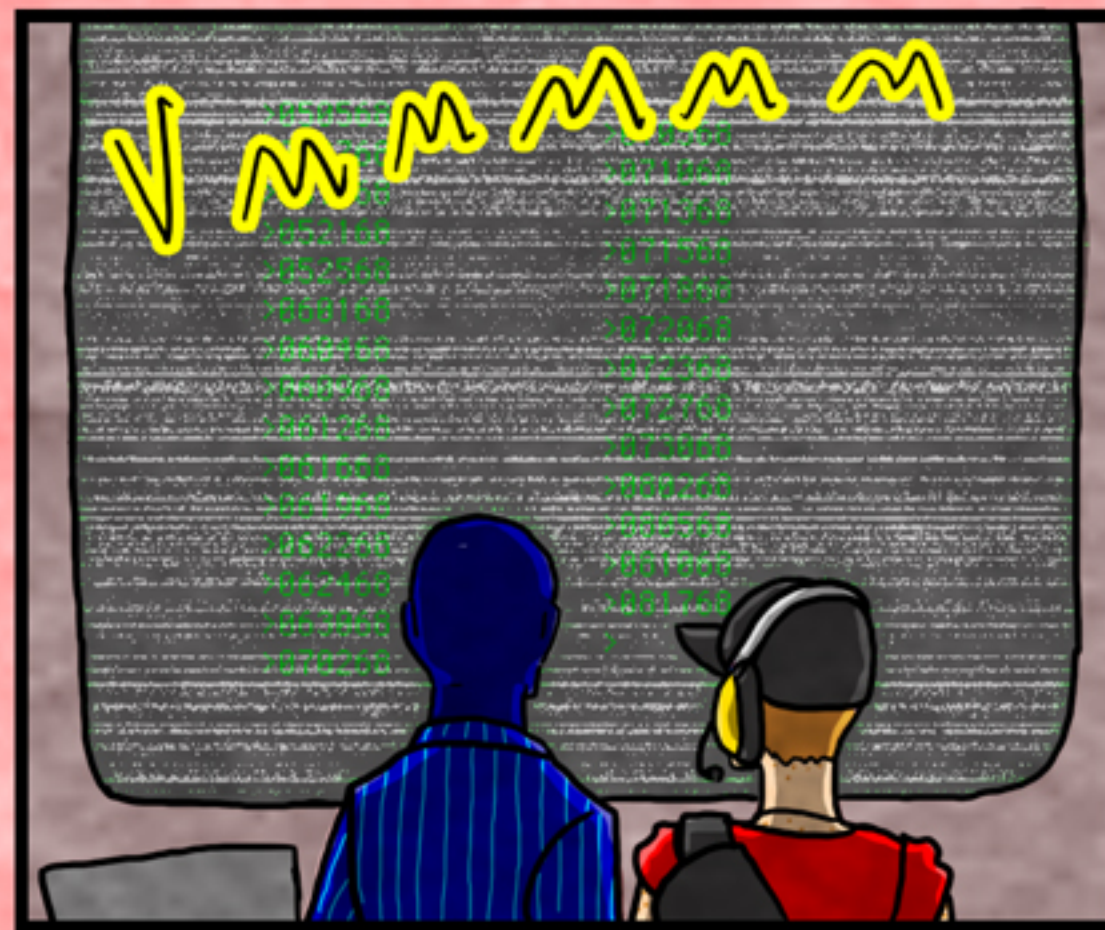




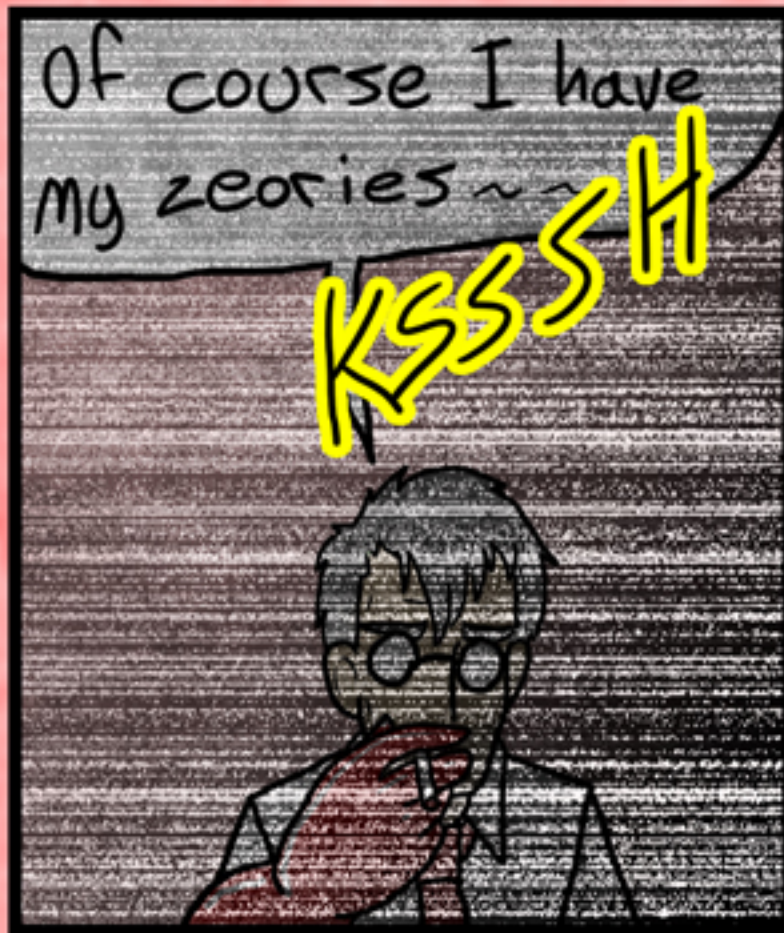
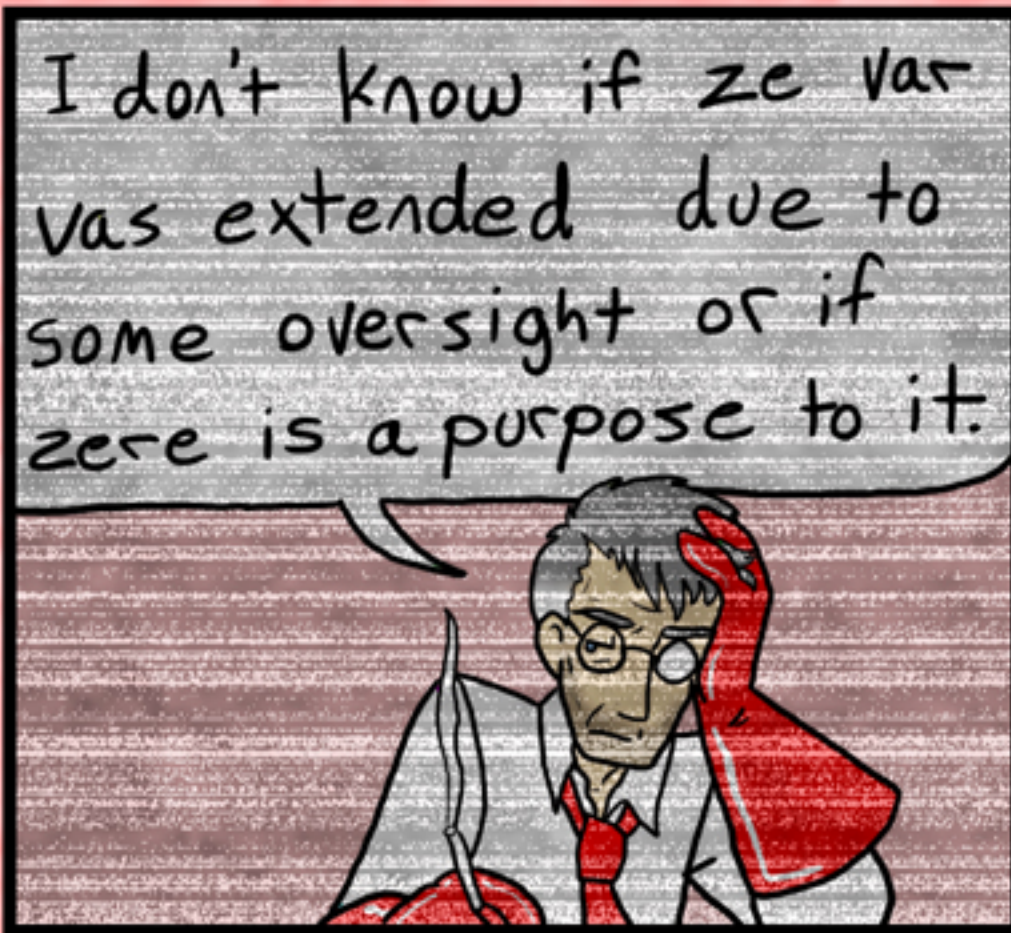




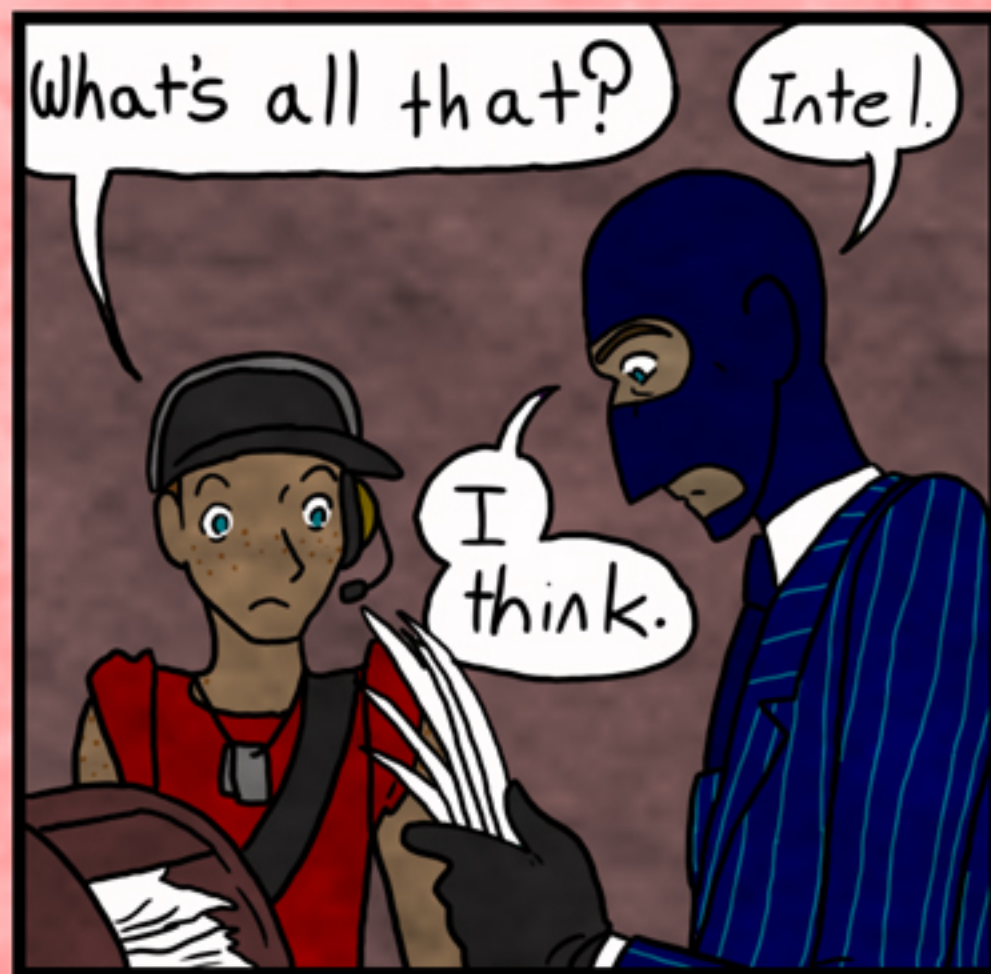




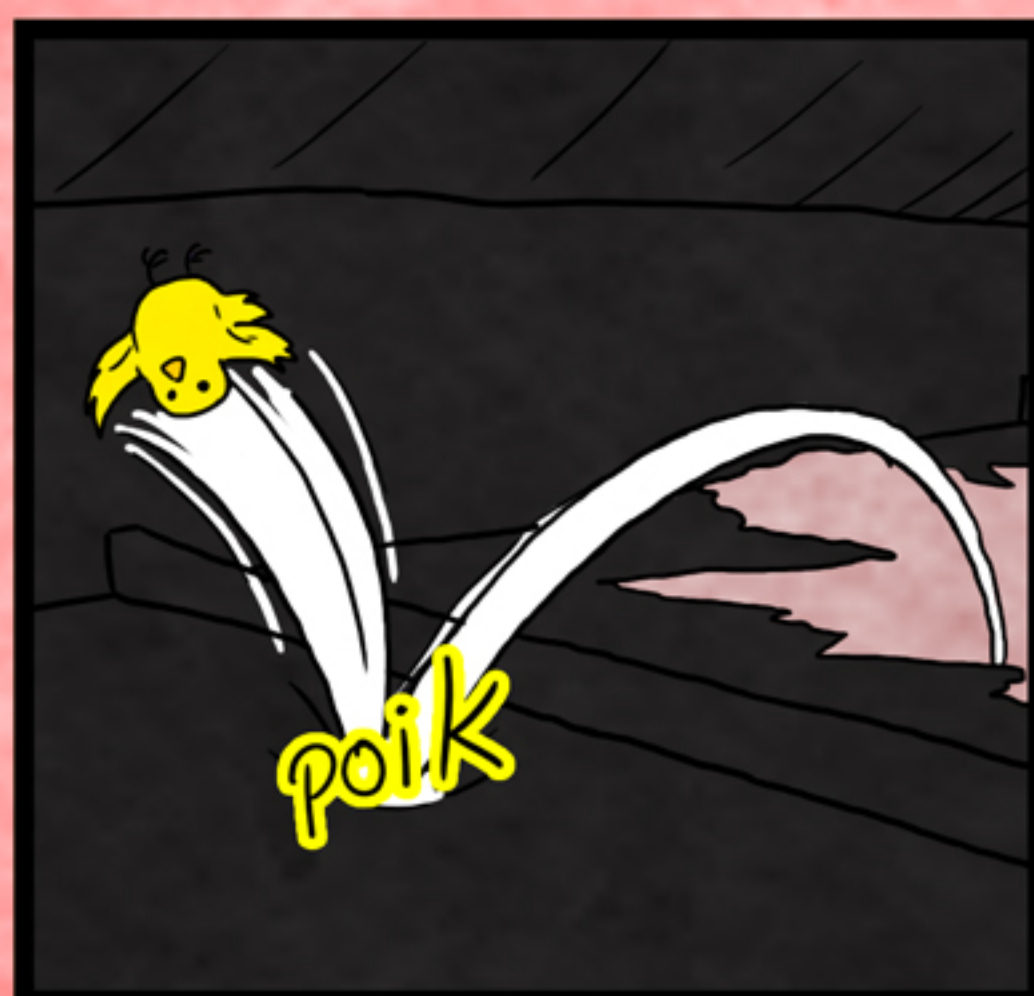




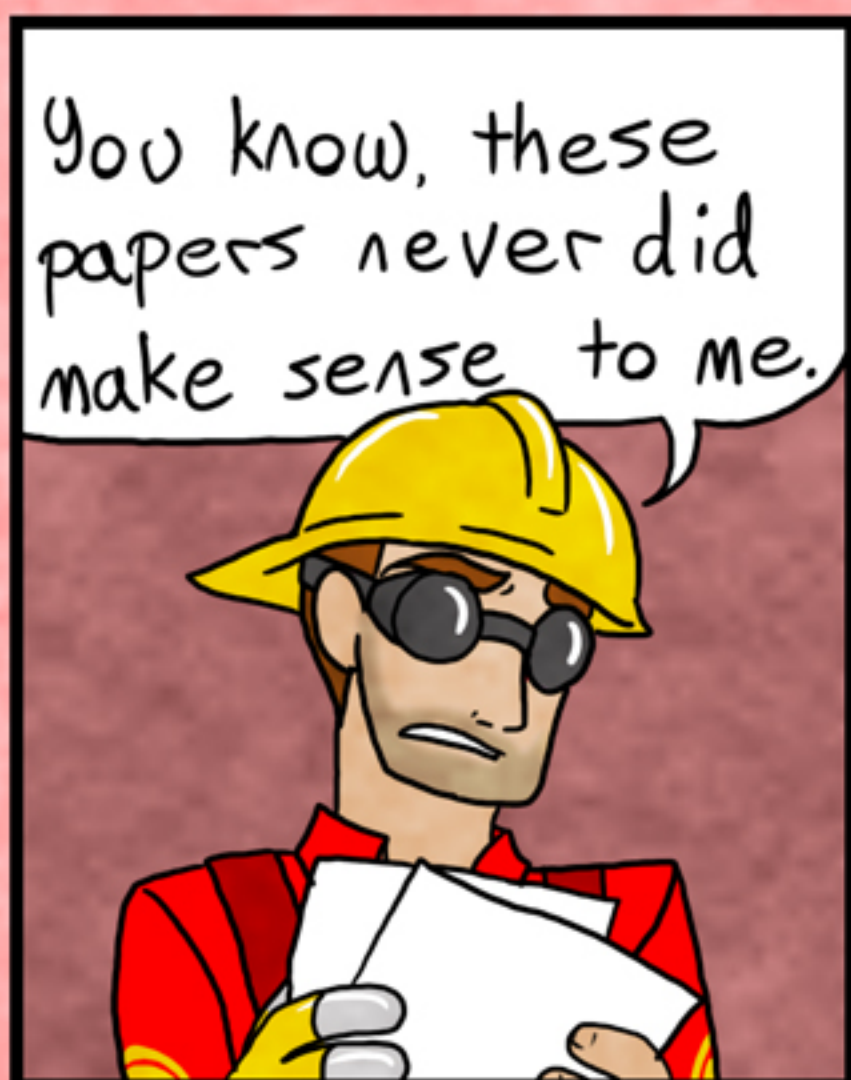




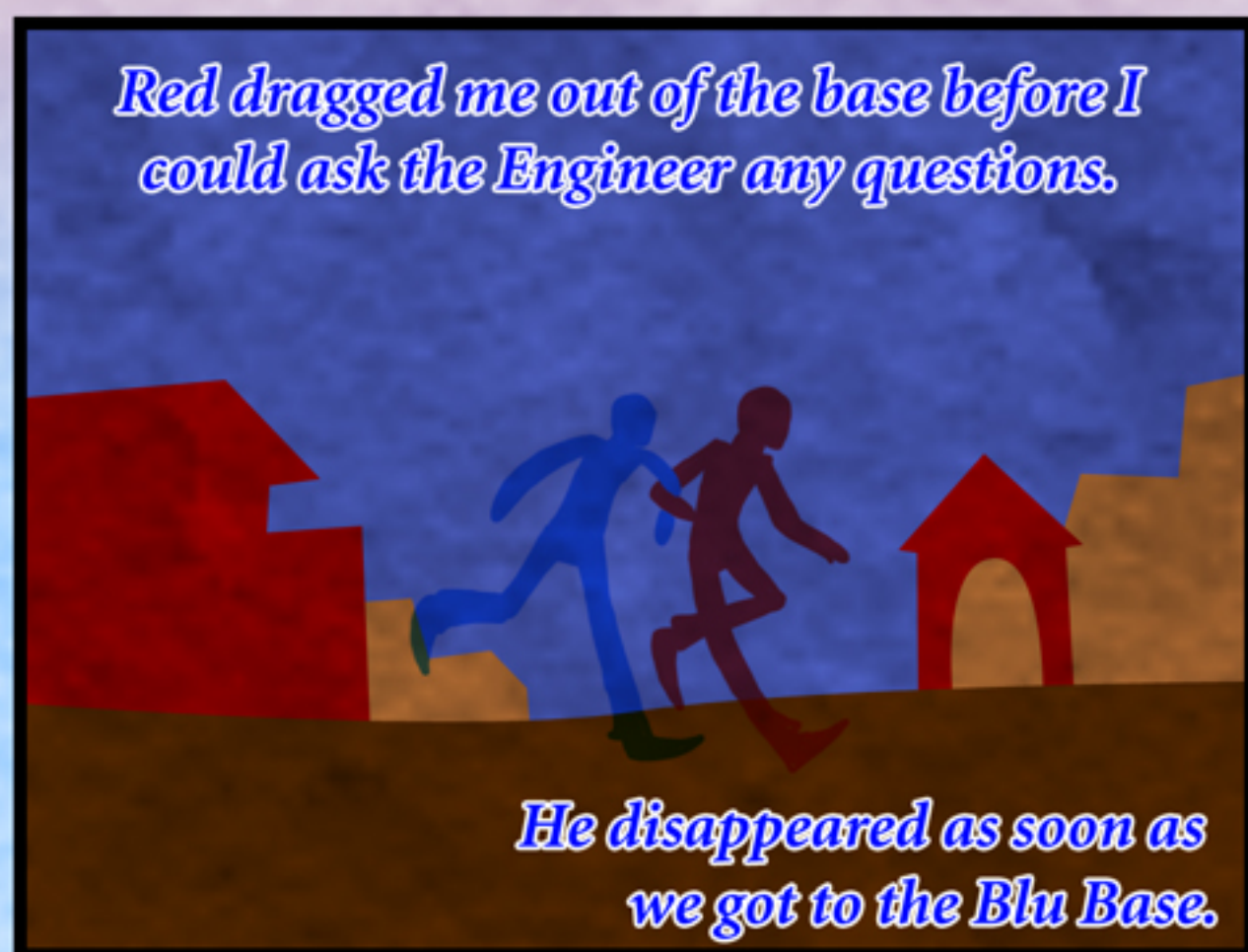
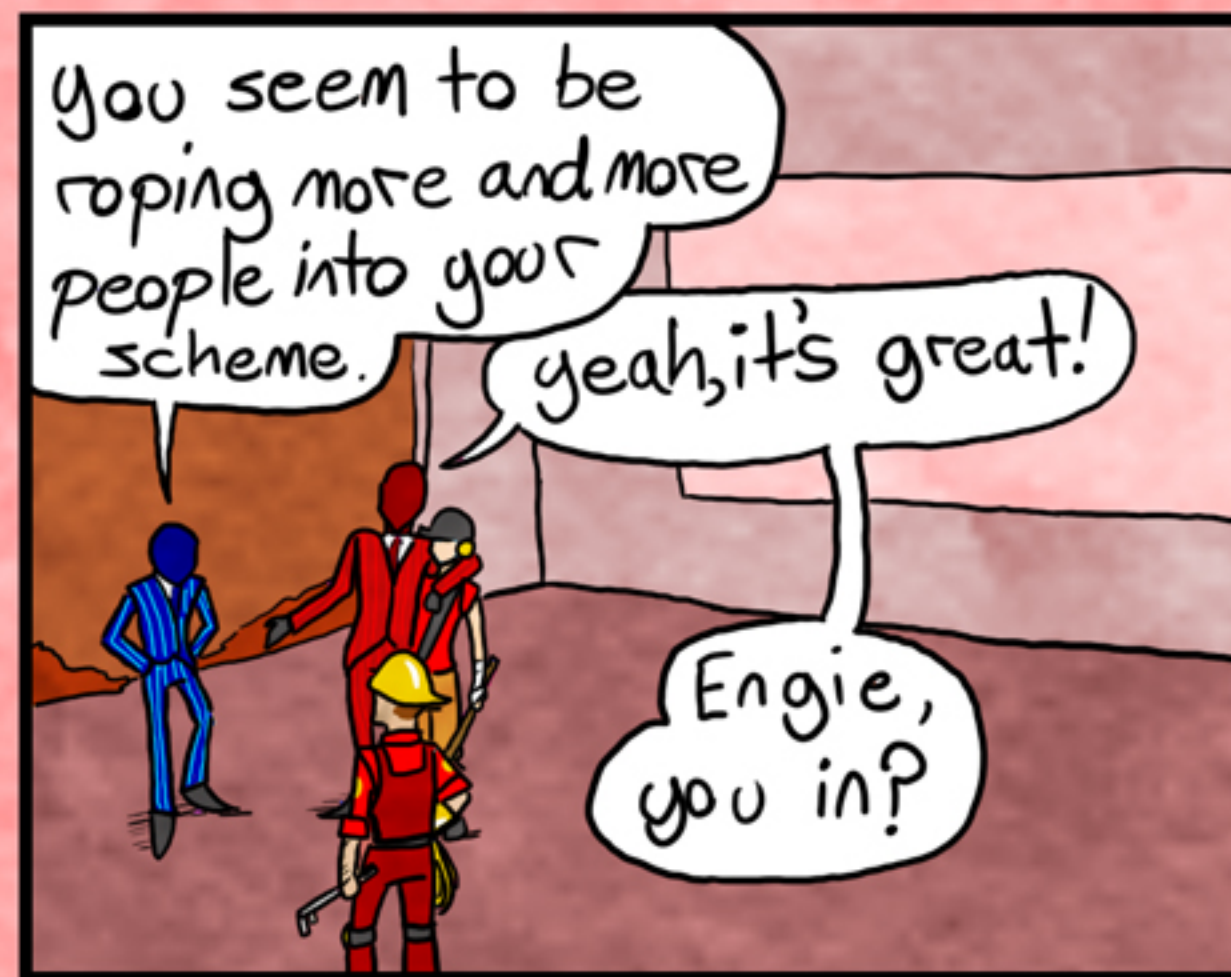




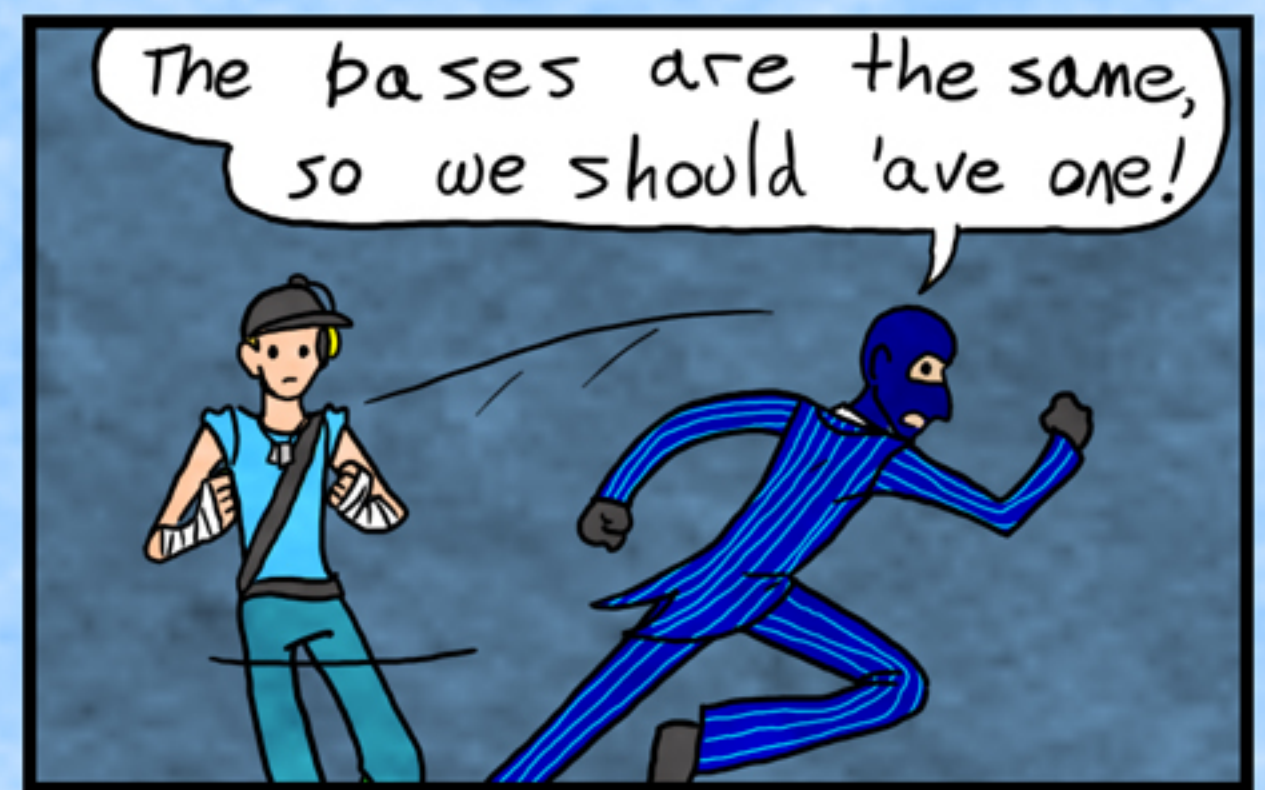




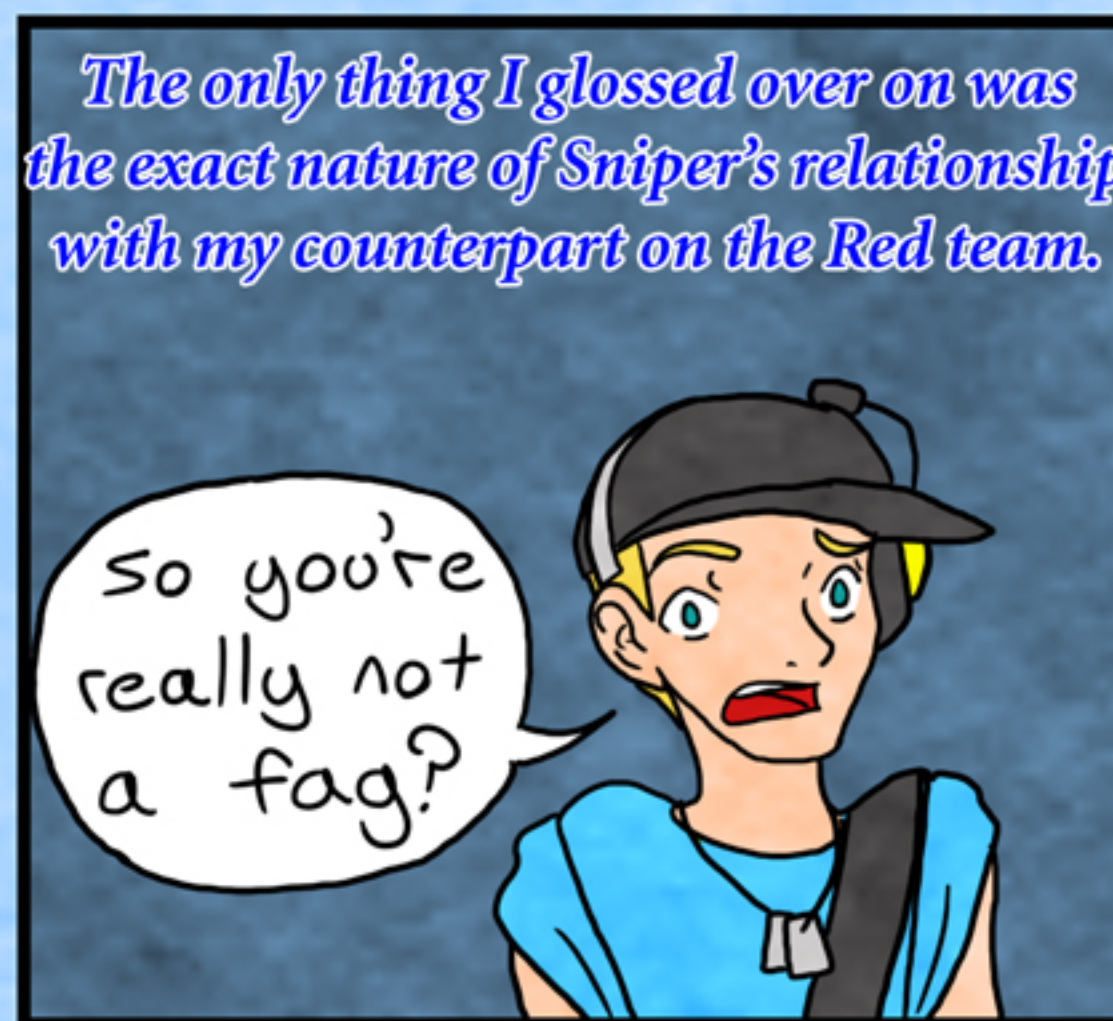
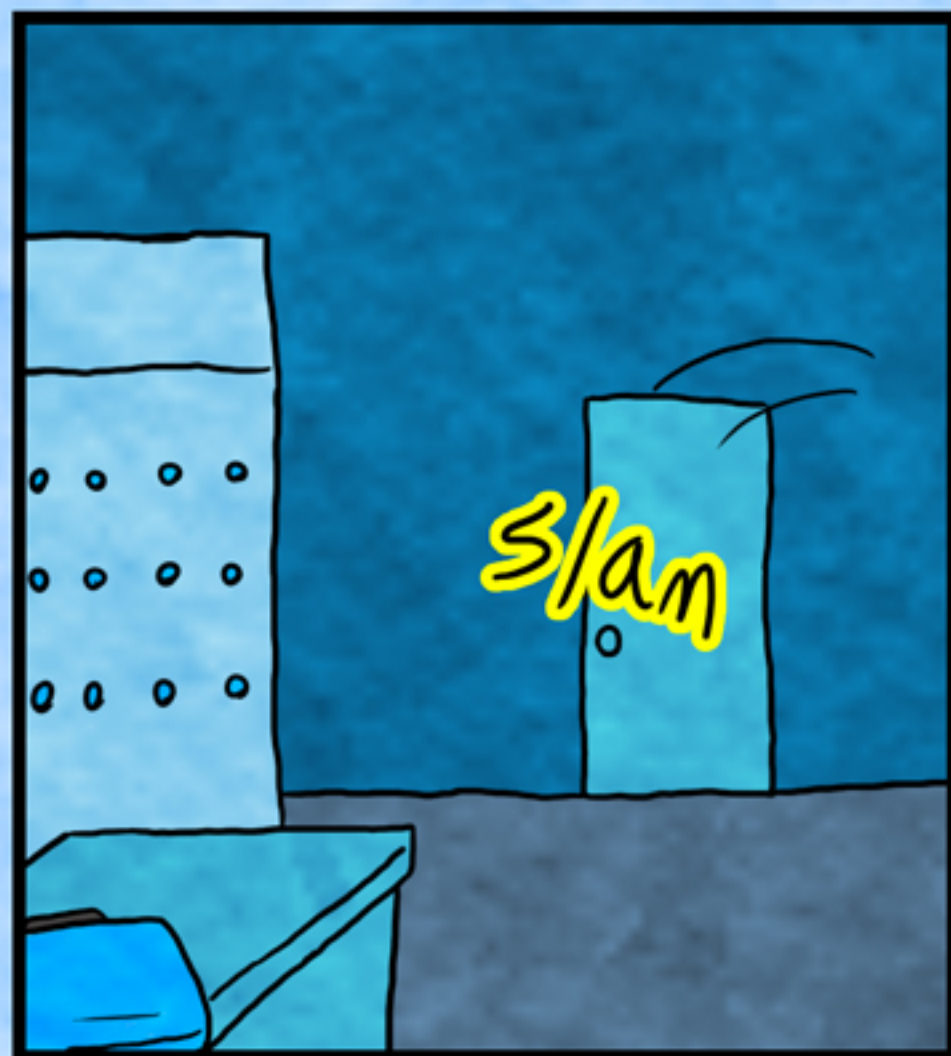




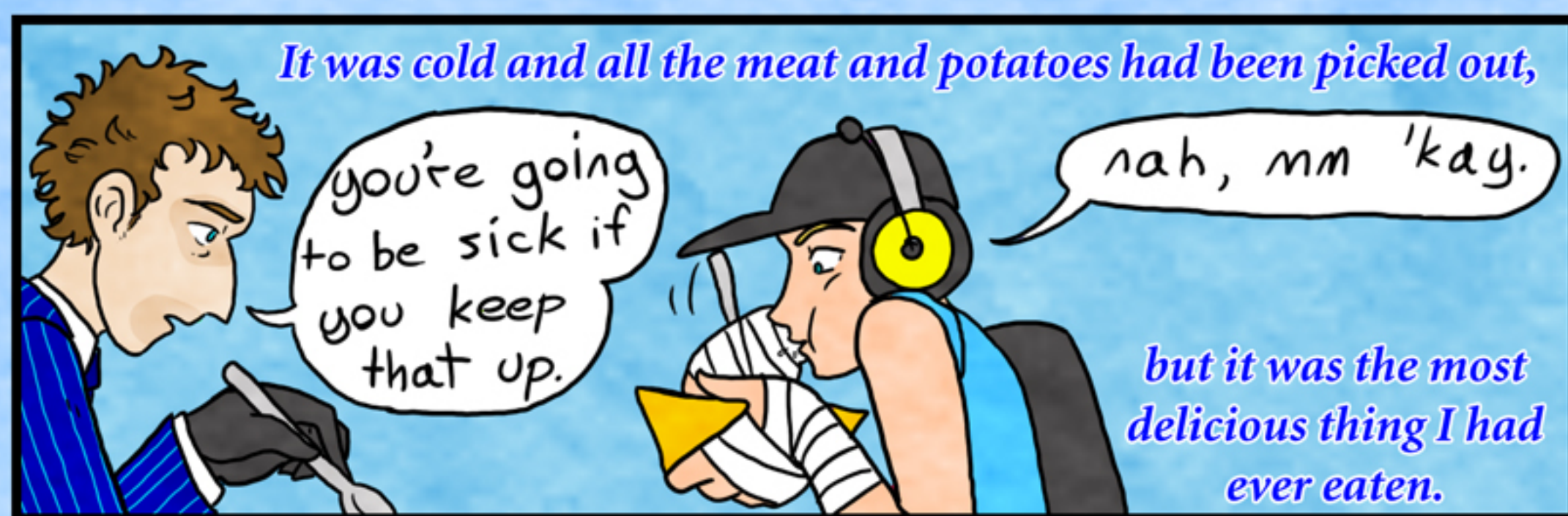
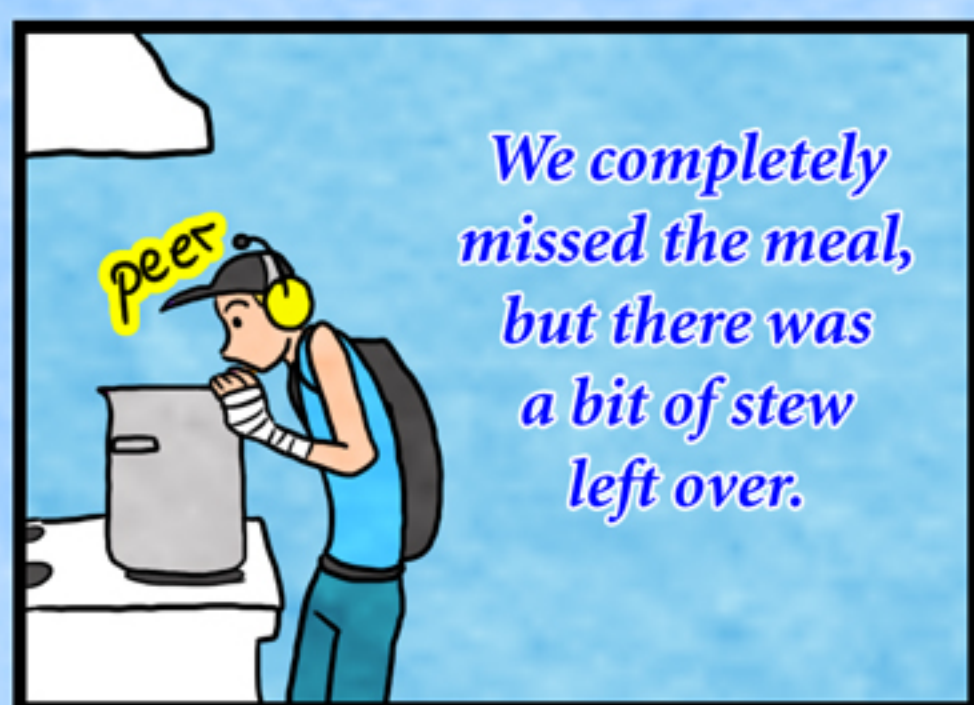
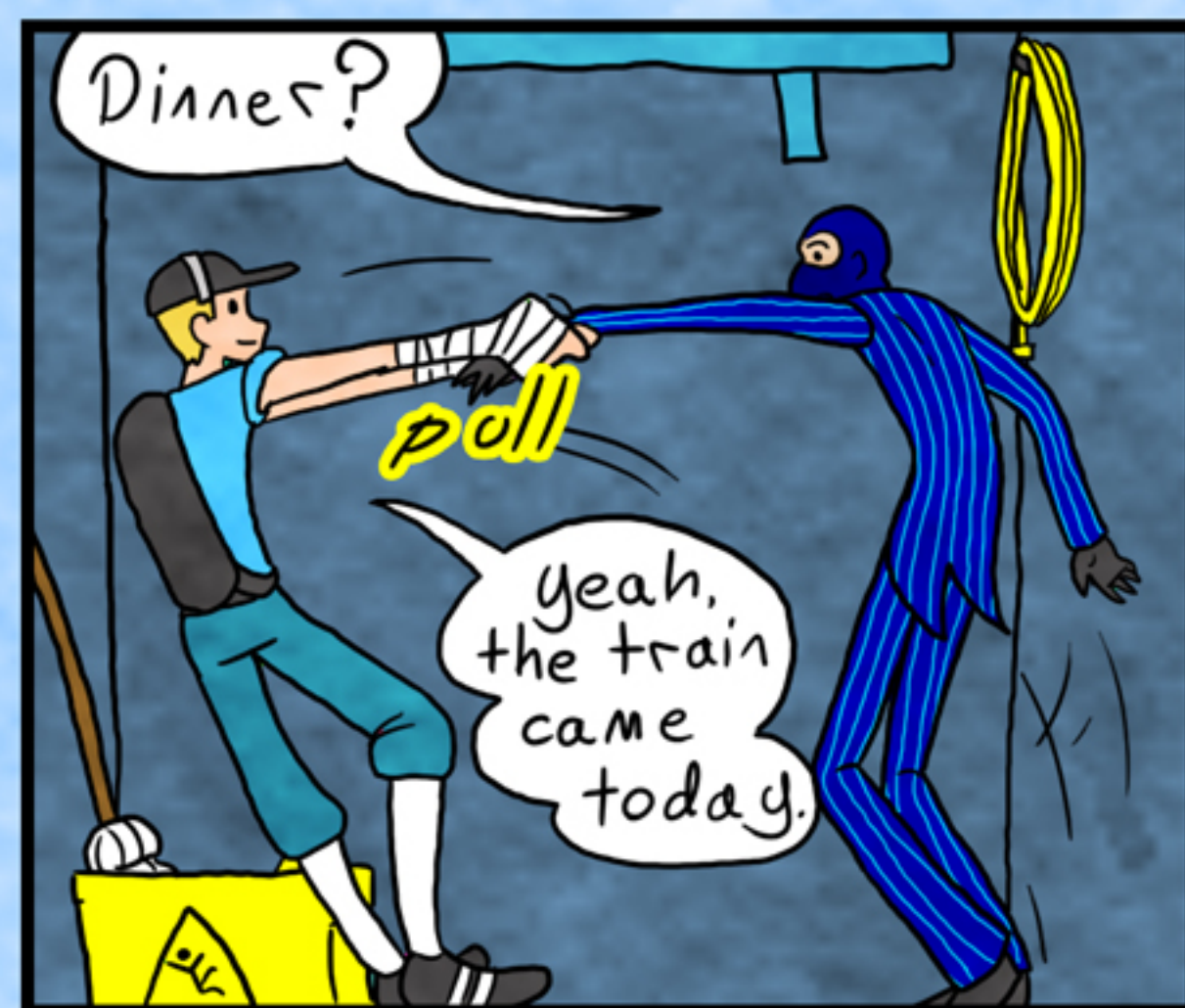




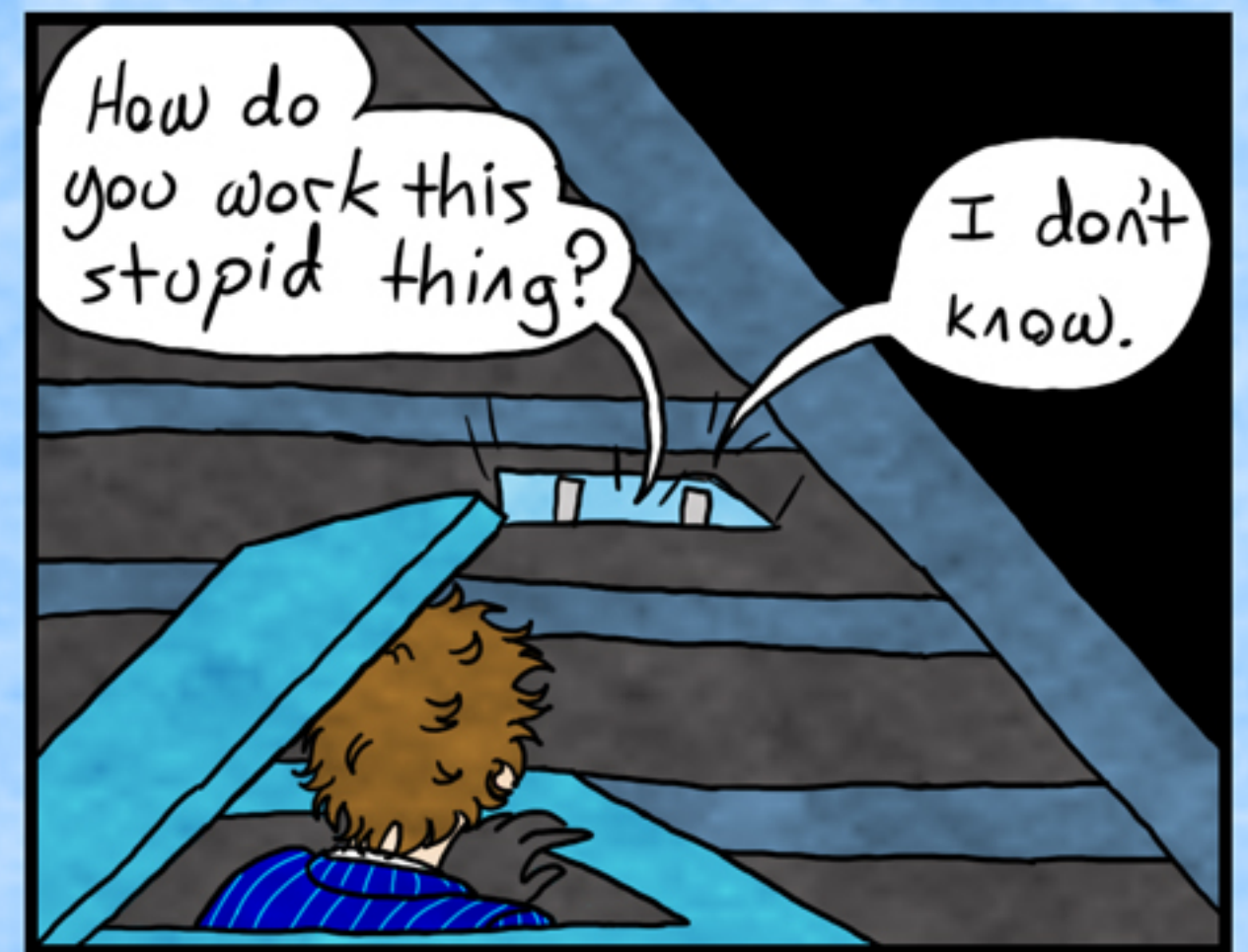
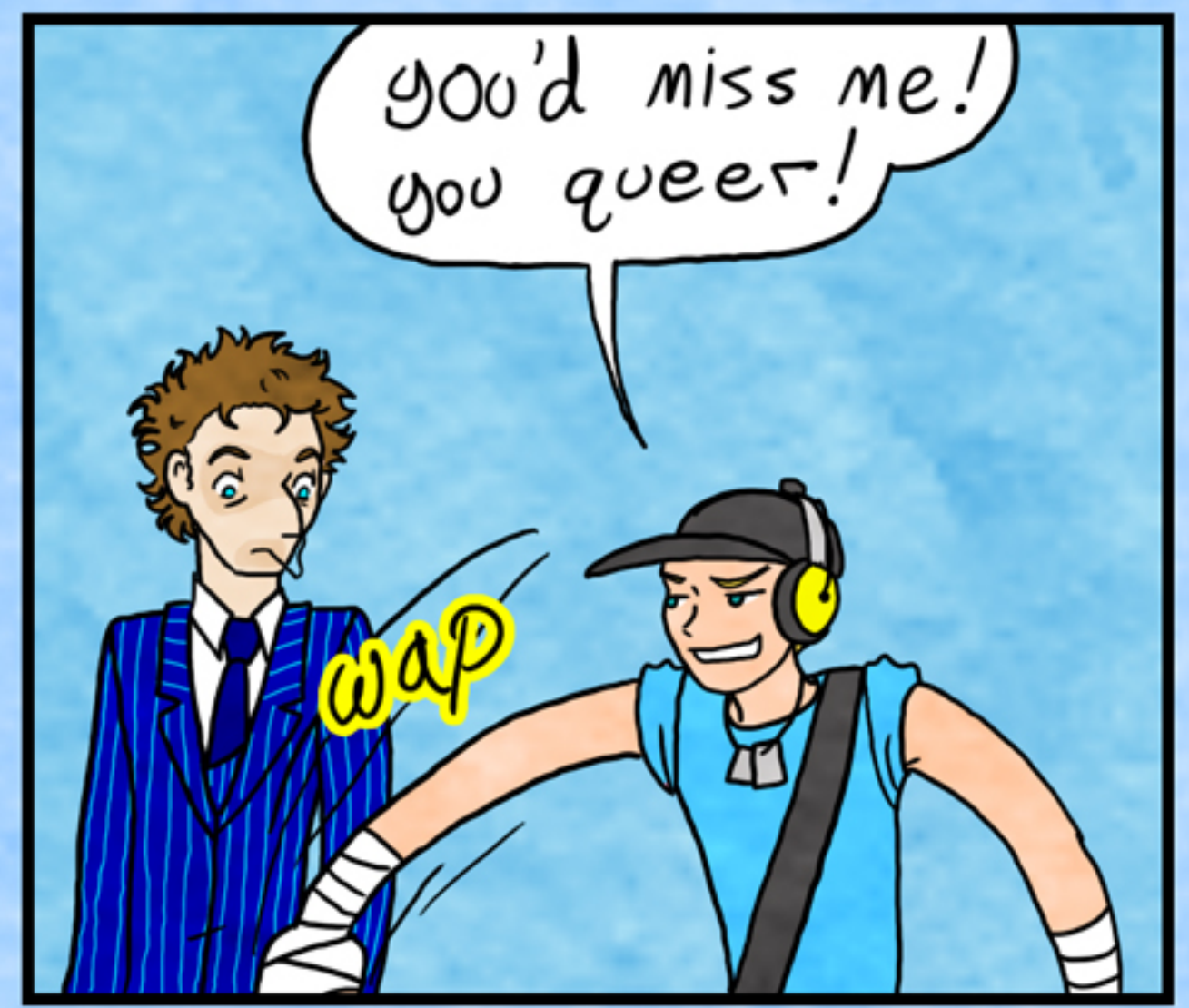




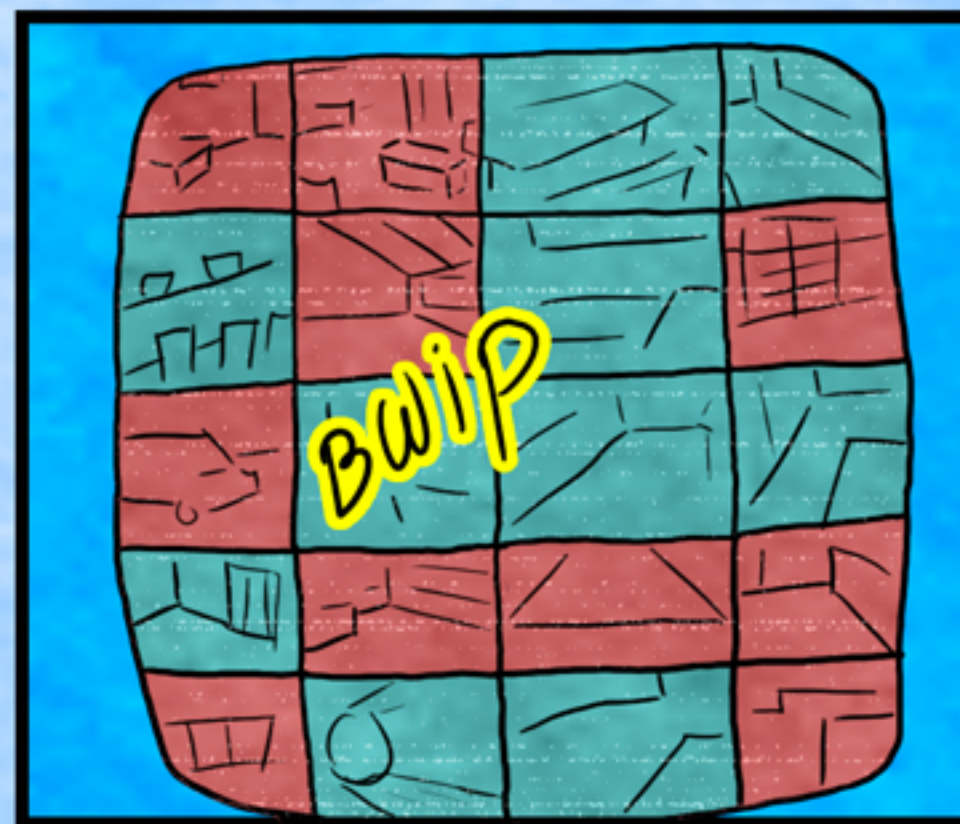
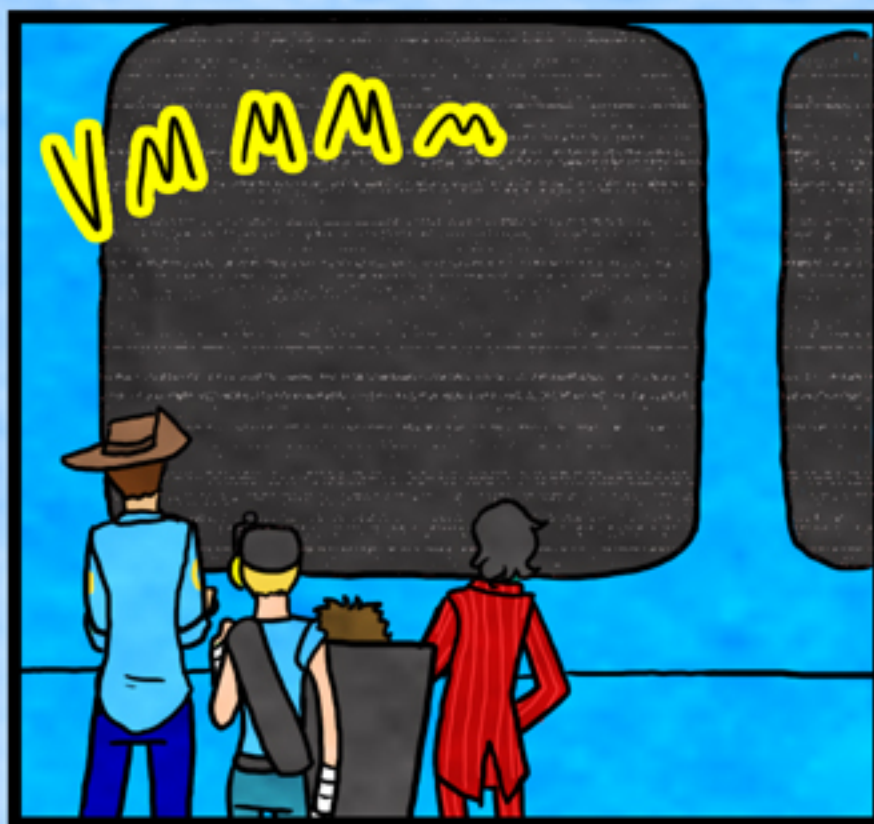
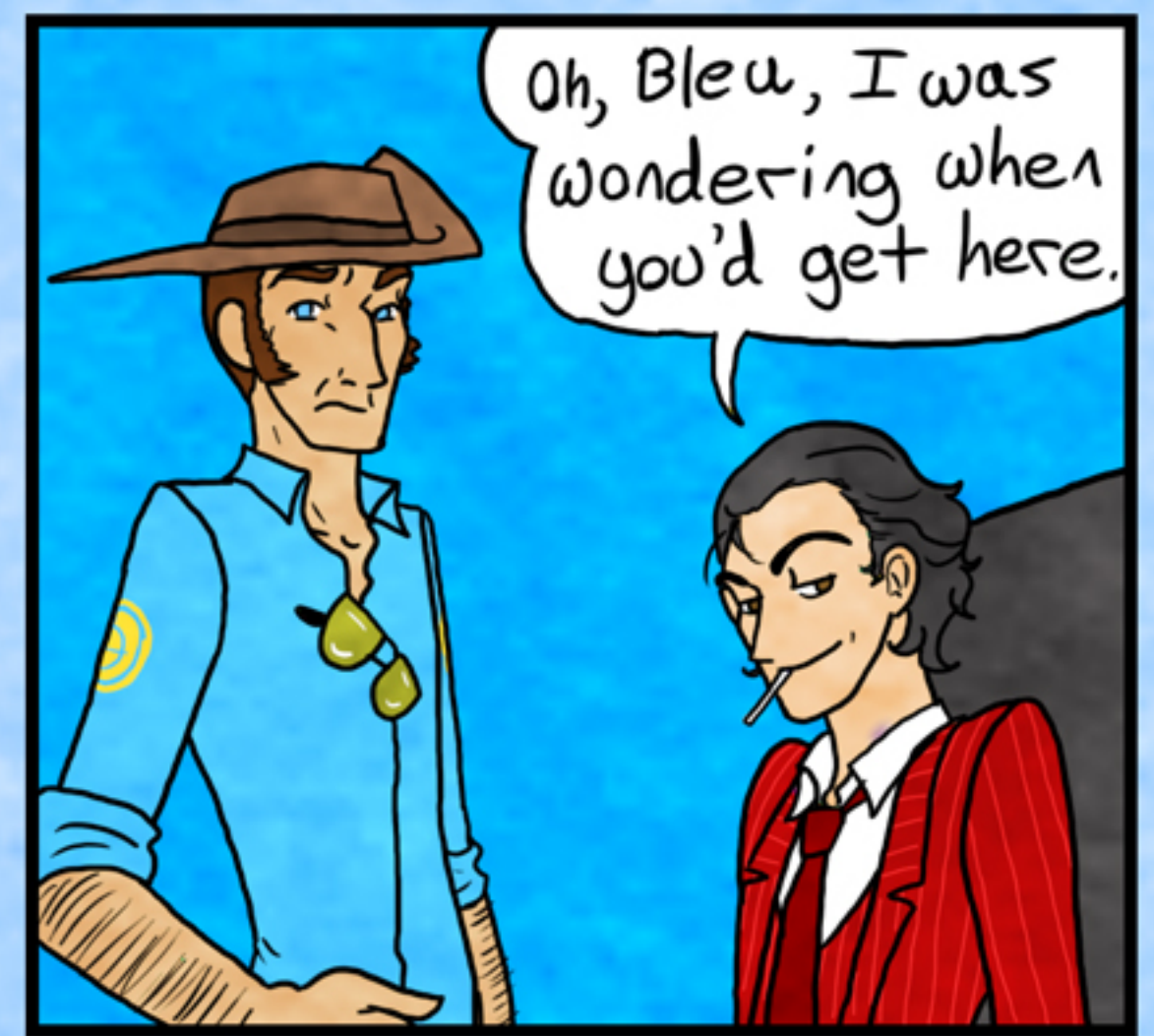












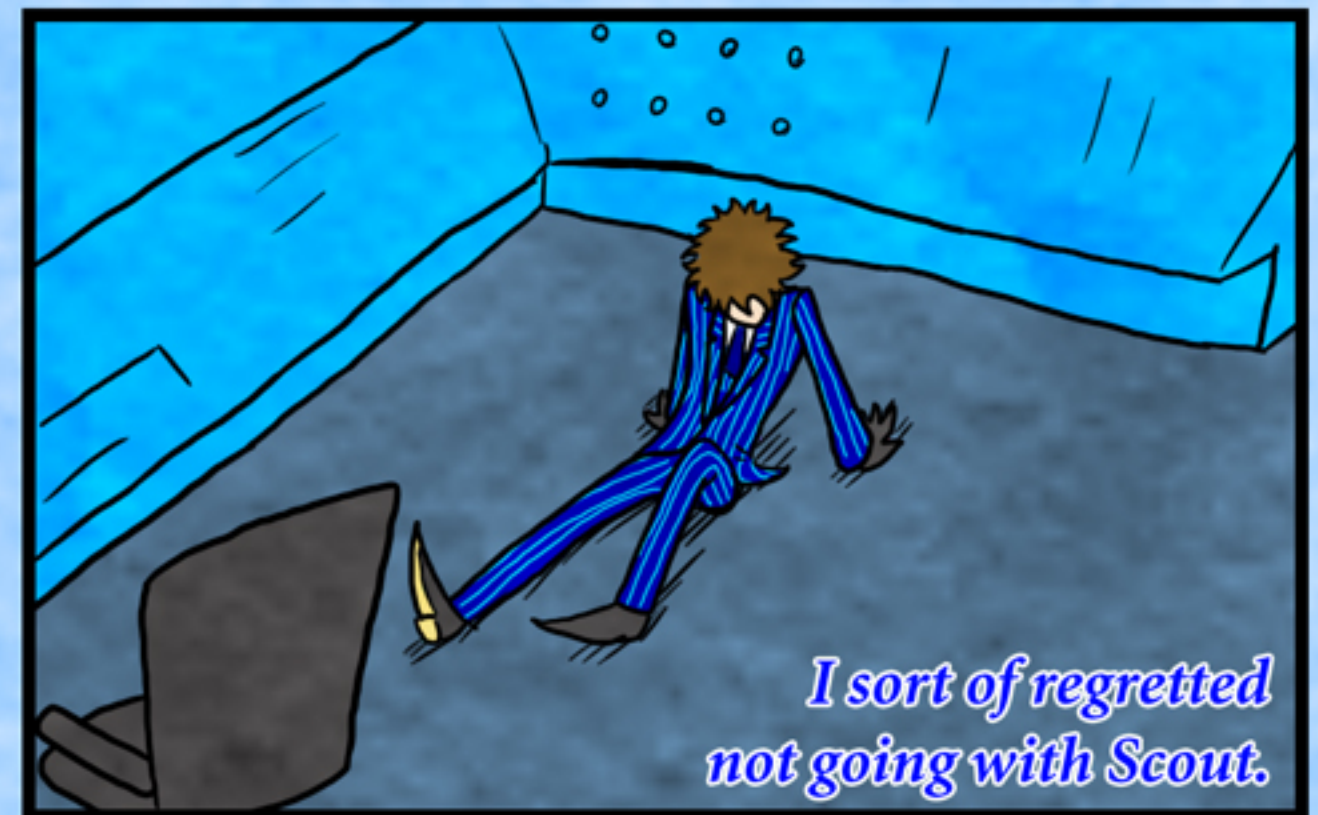
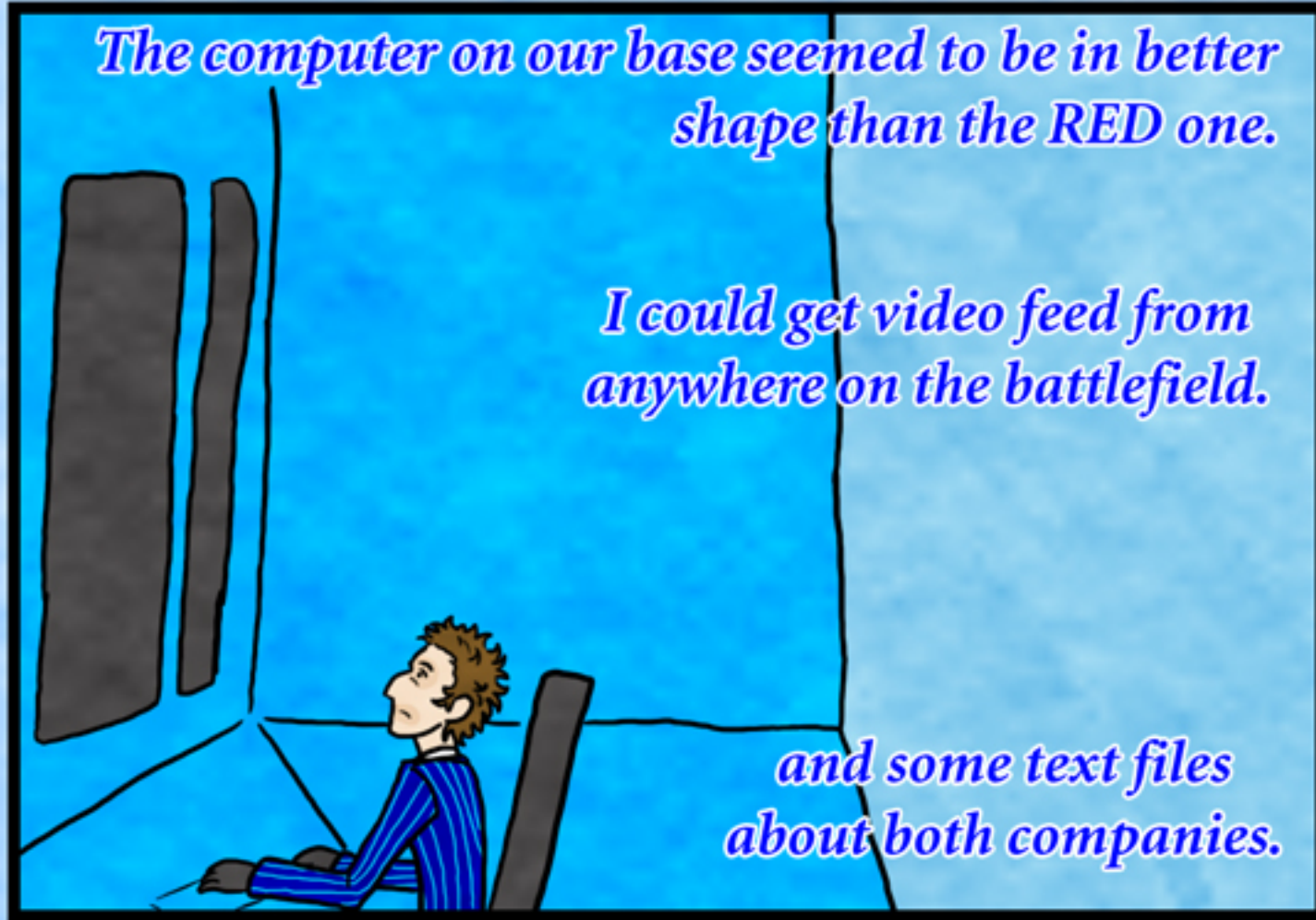


















Scout practically dragged me out to the back side of the base.



See?



Just like at the RED base.

It 'as probably been 'ere a while.



Yeah it looks fuckin' old.



Anyway, lets get to smashin'!

No! Don't!



You got a better idea? Actually yes



You always carry a wire hanger with you?



only when I want to steal a car.

Too bad we can't drive it, huh?



What?

Why not?



Scout?



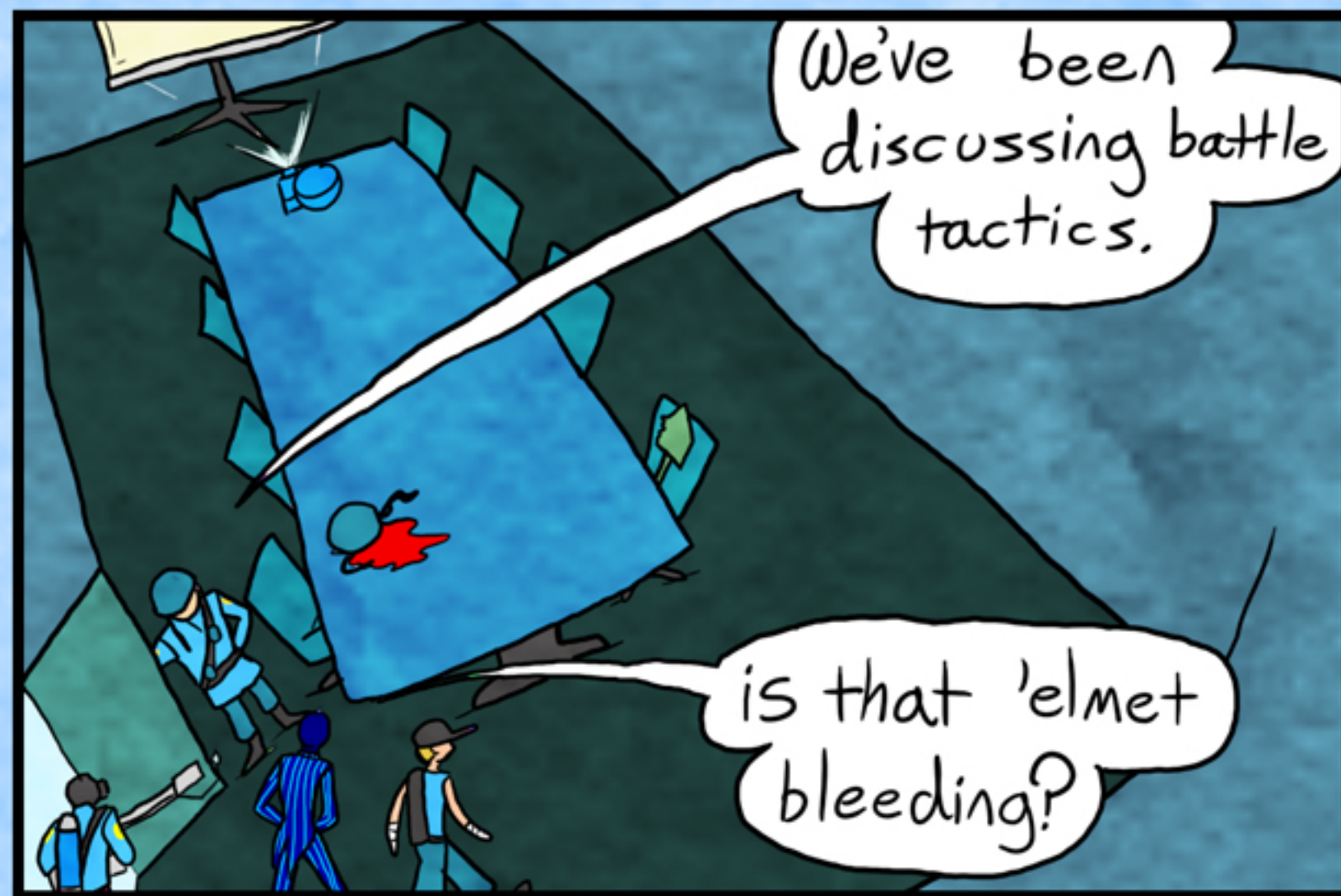




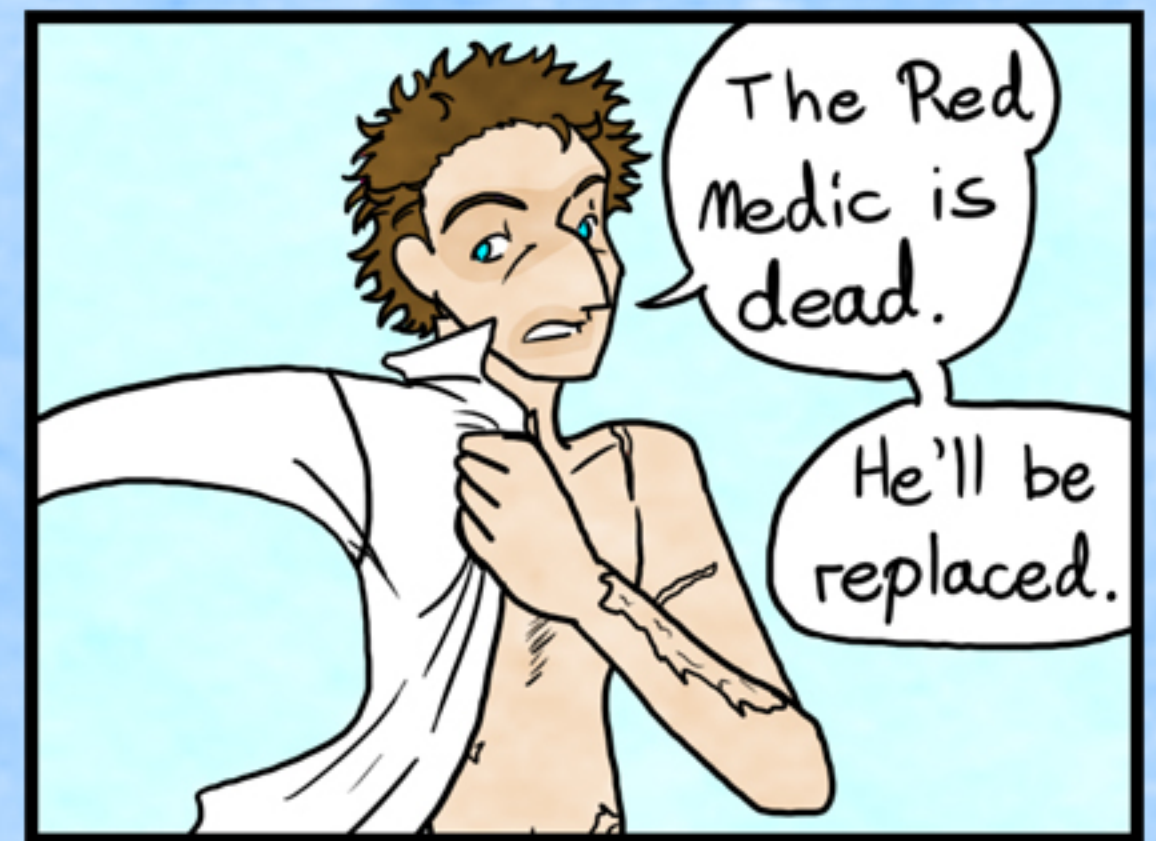
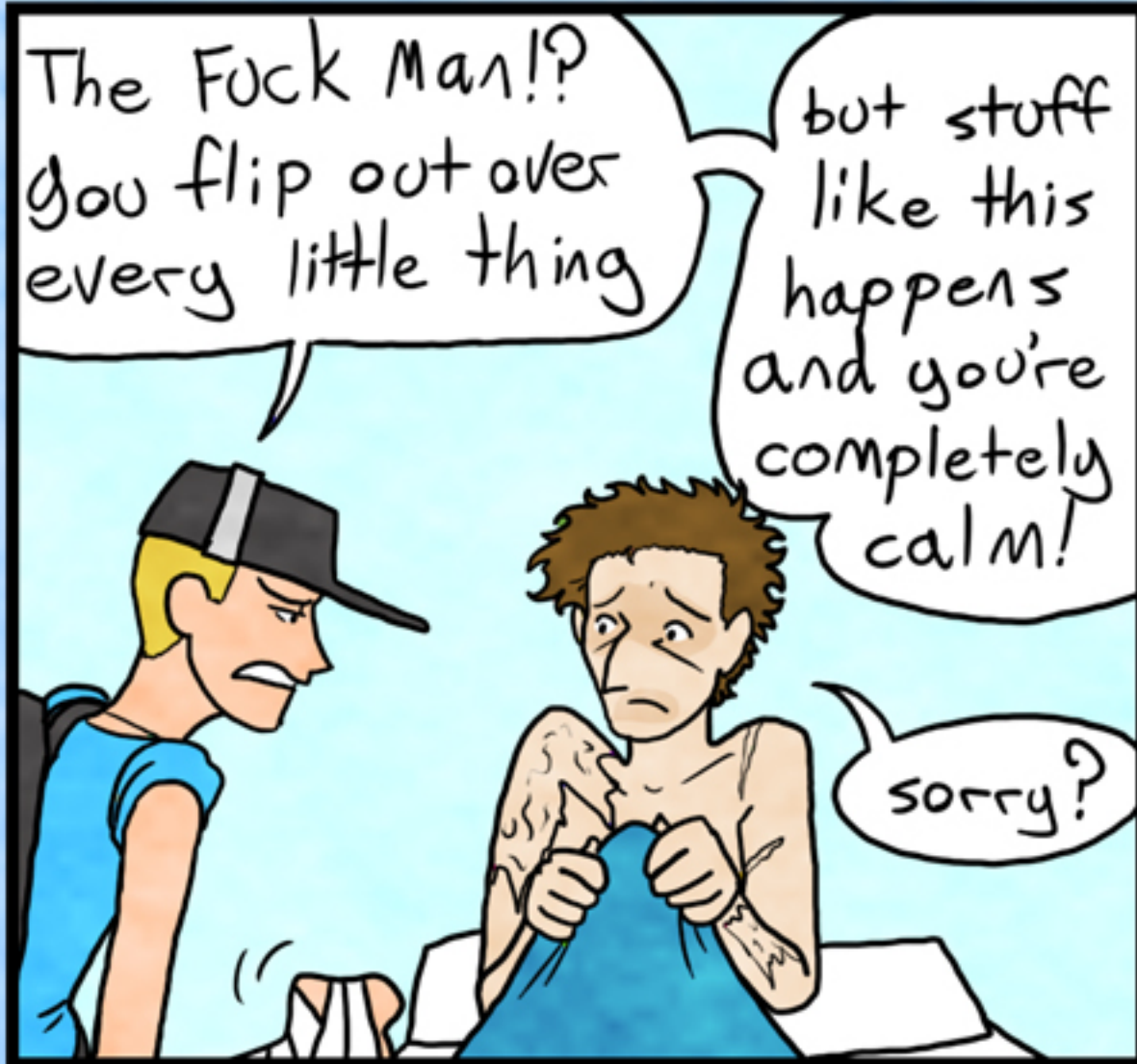




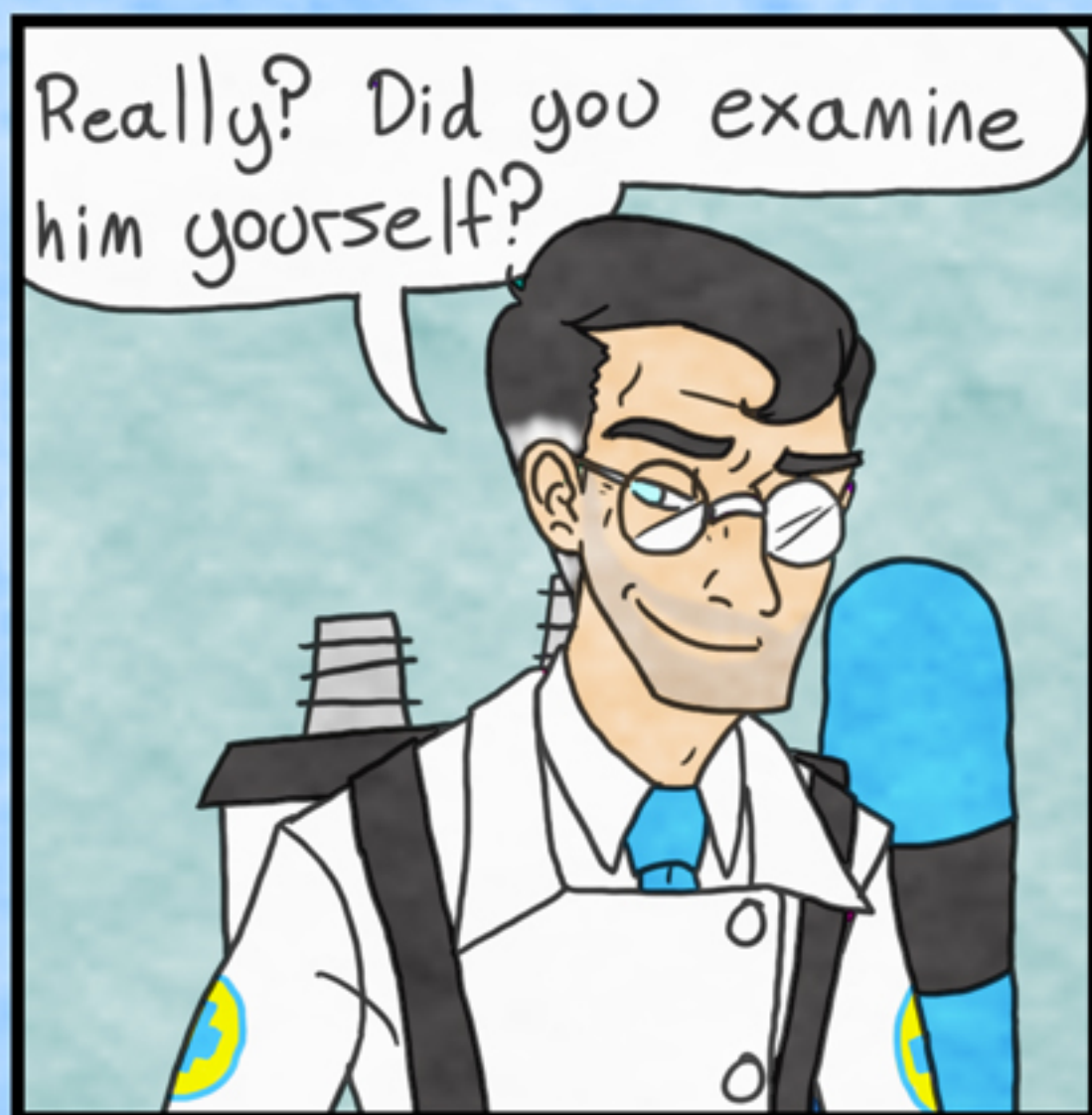






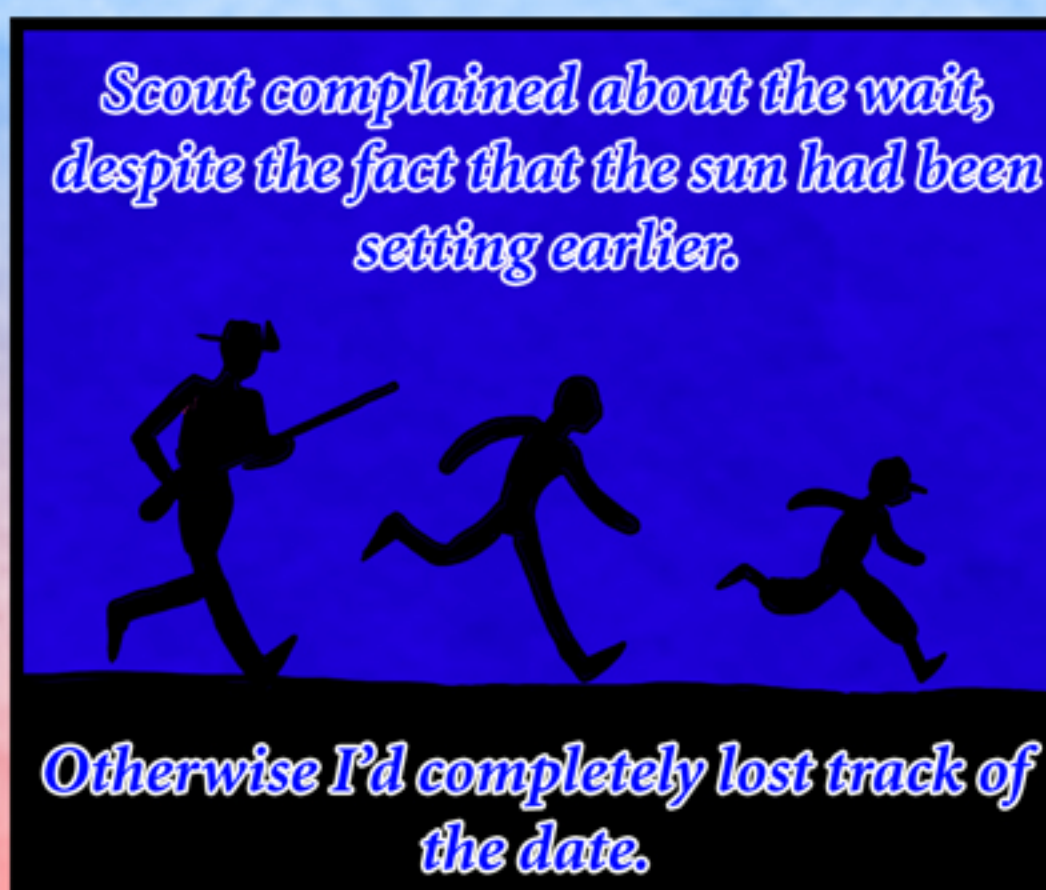
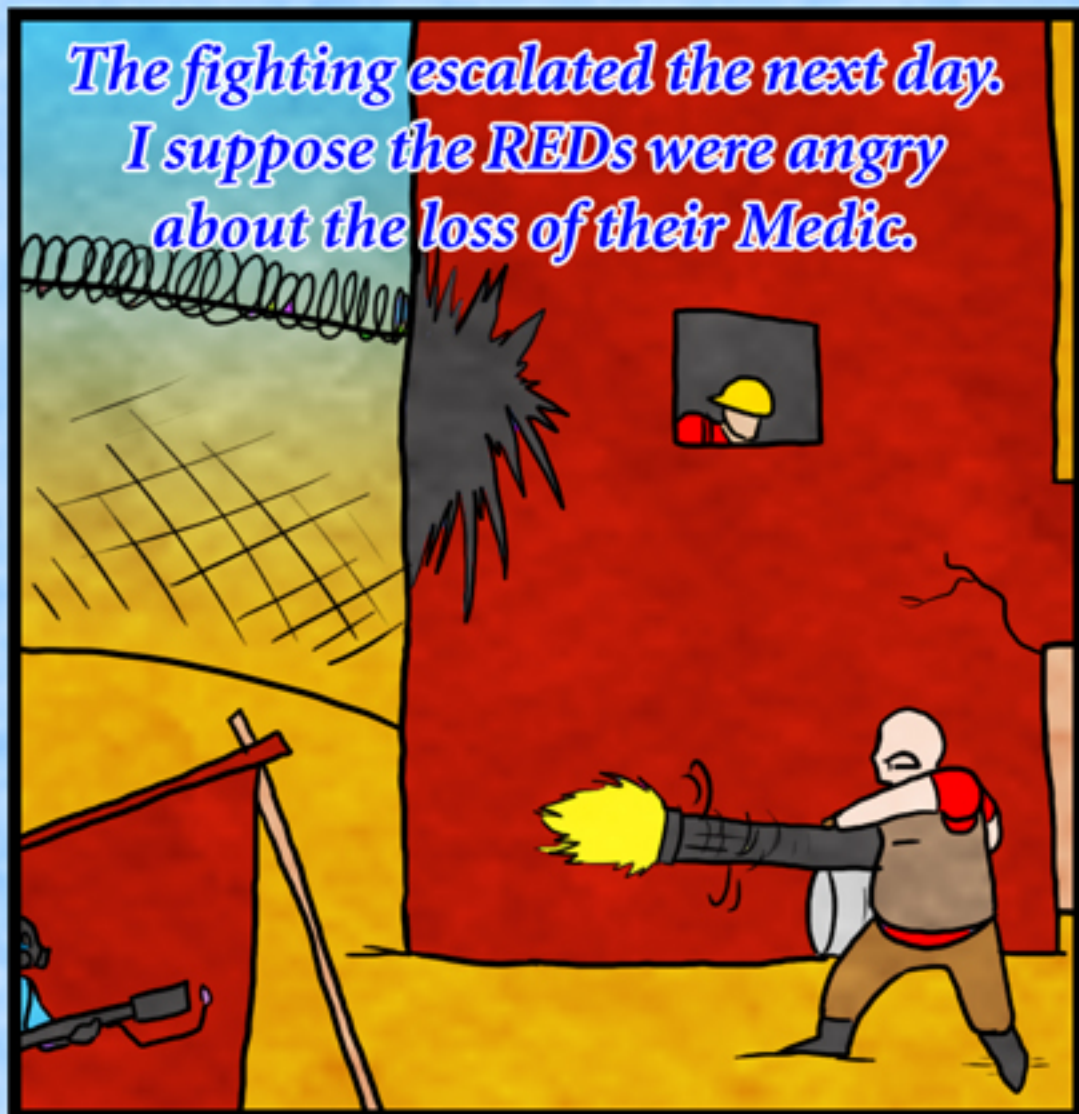




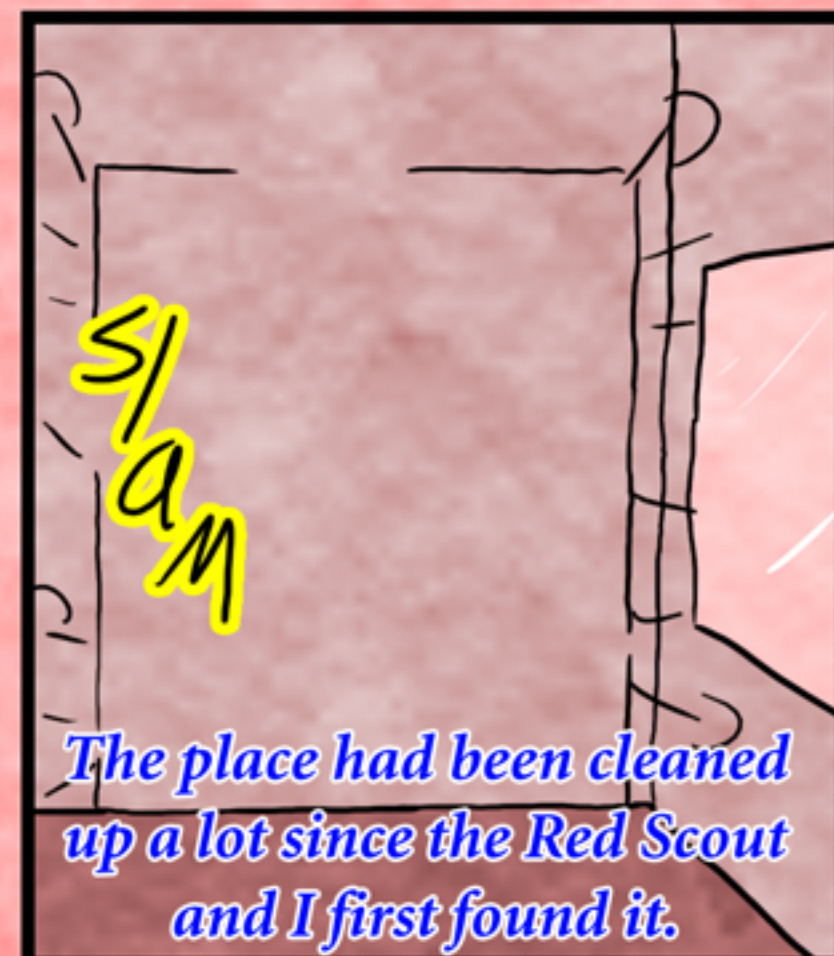
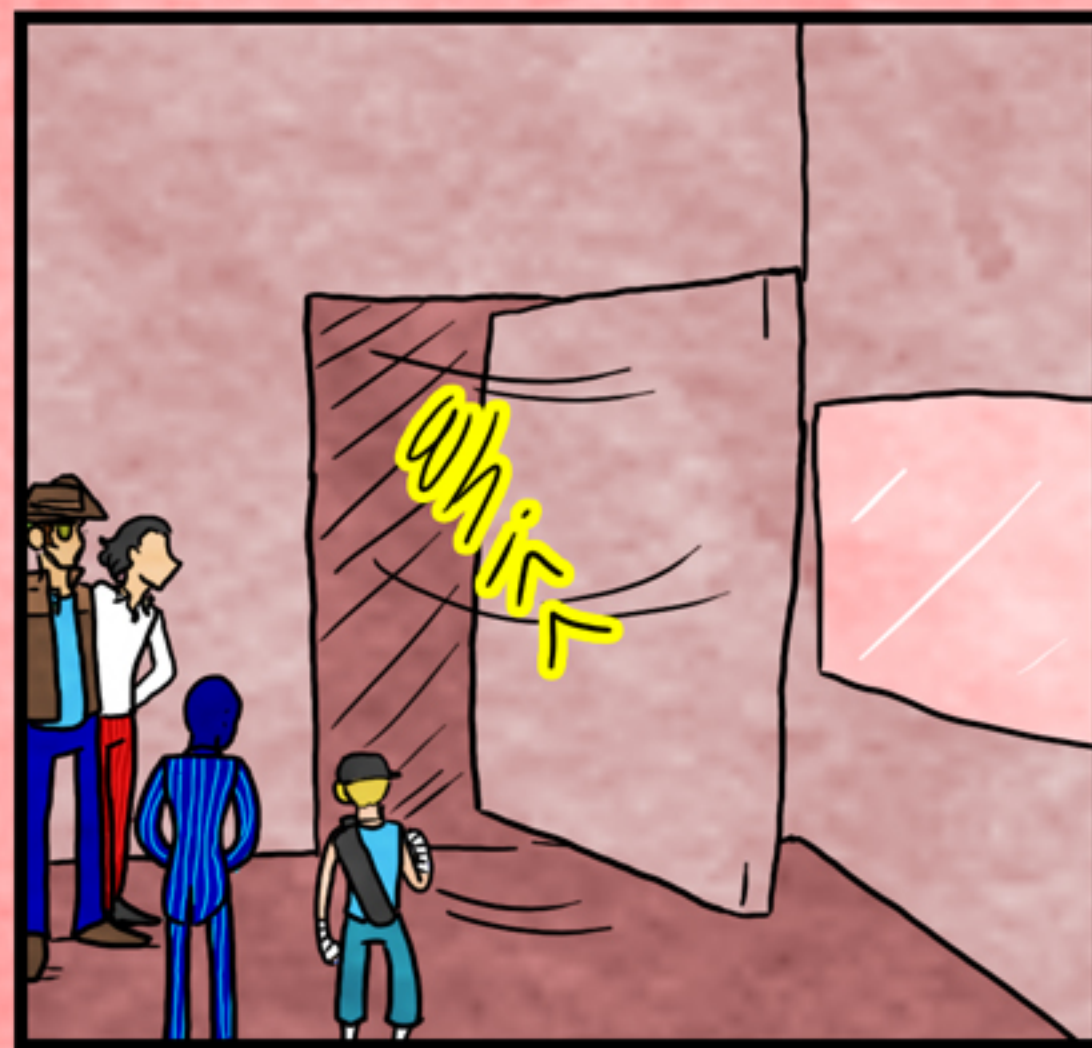




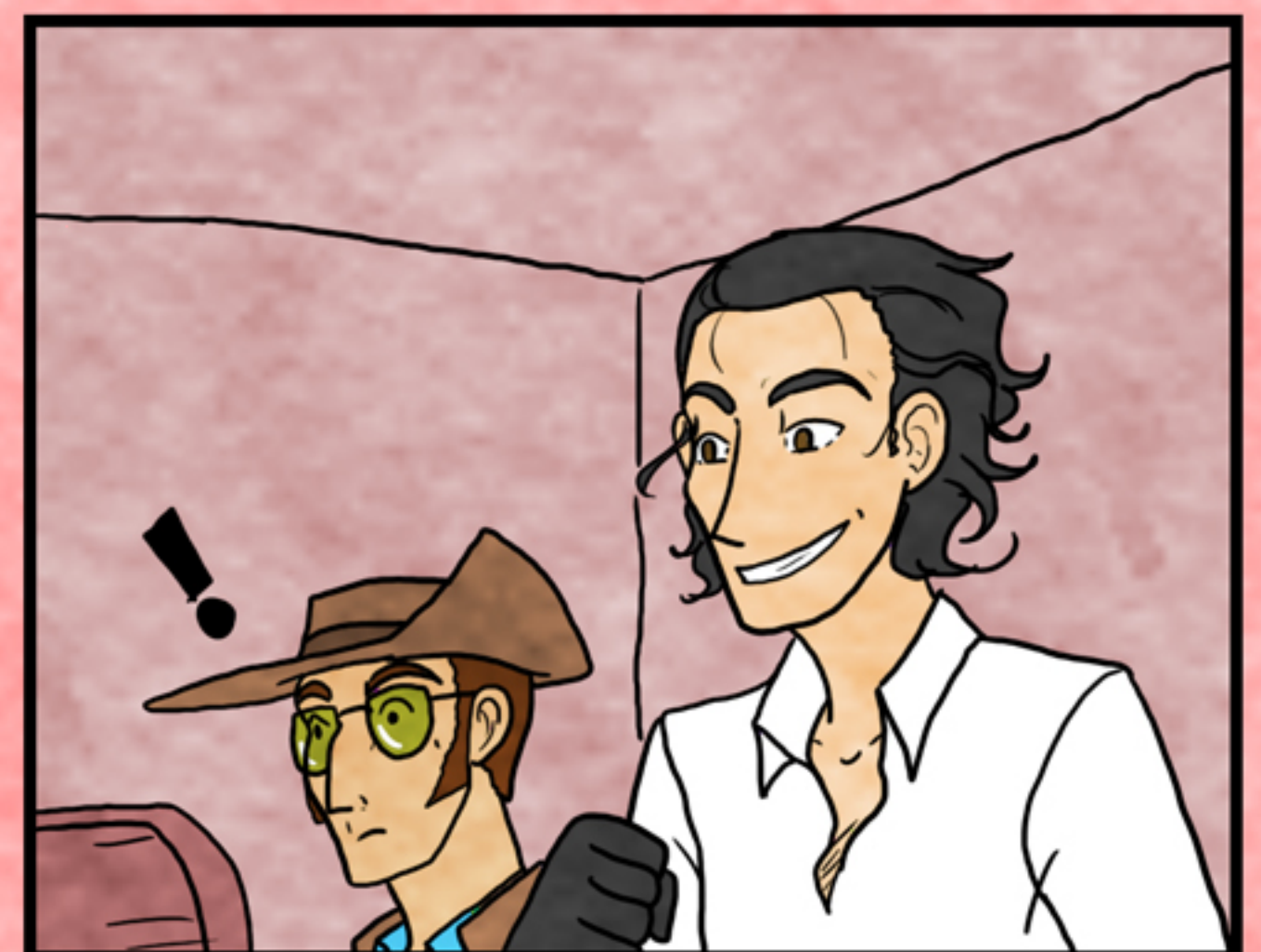
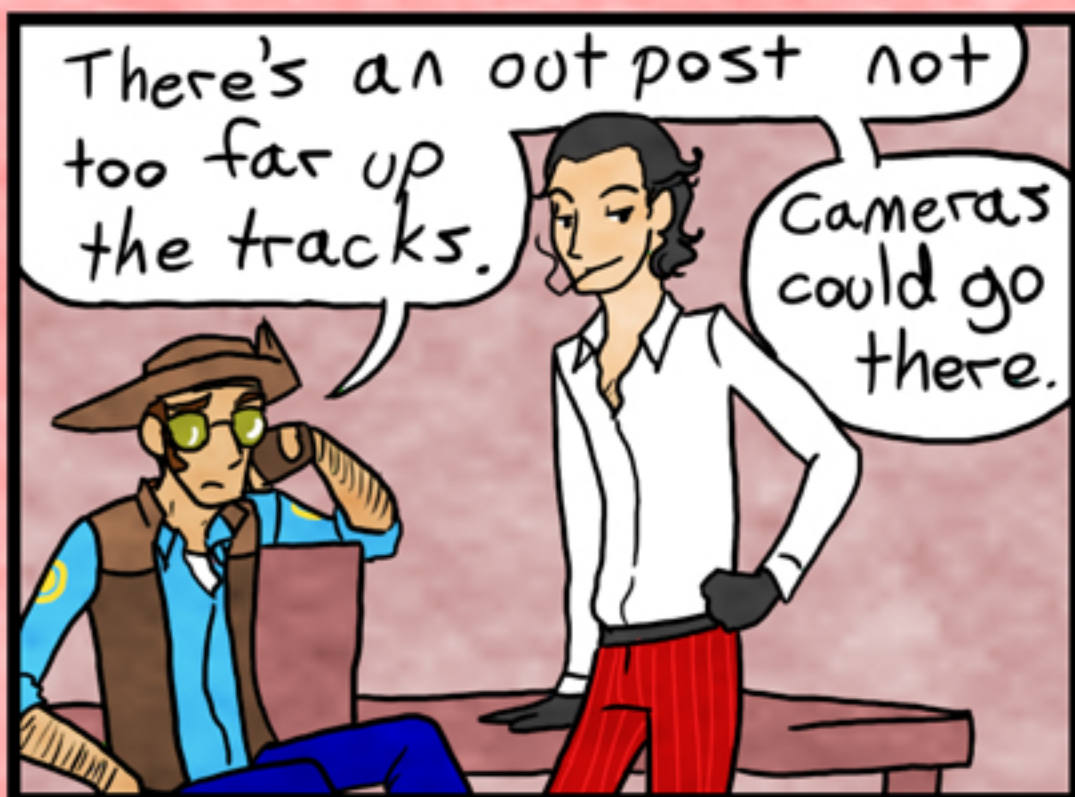
*The fighting escalated the next day.  
I suppose the REDs were angry  
about the loss of their Medic.*











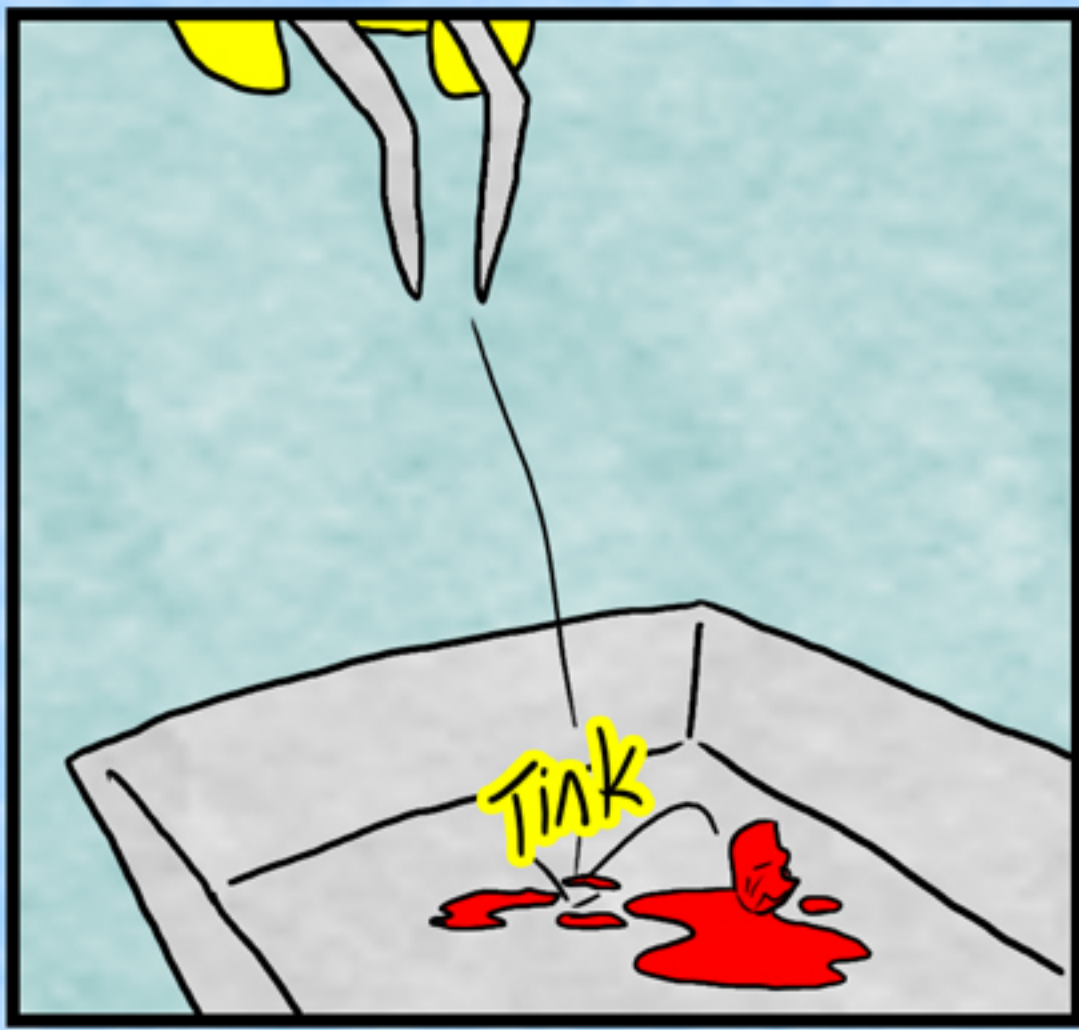






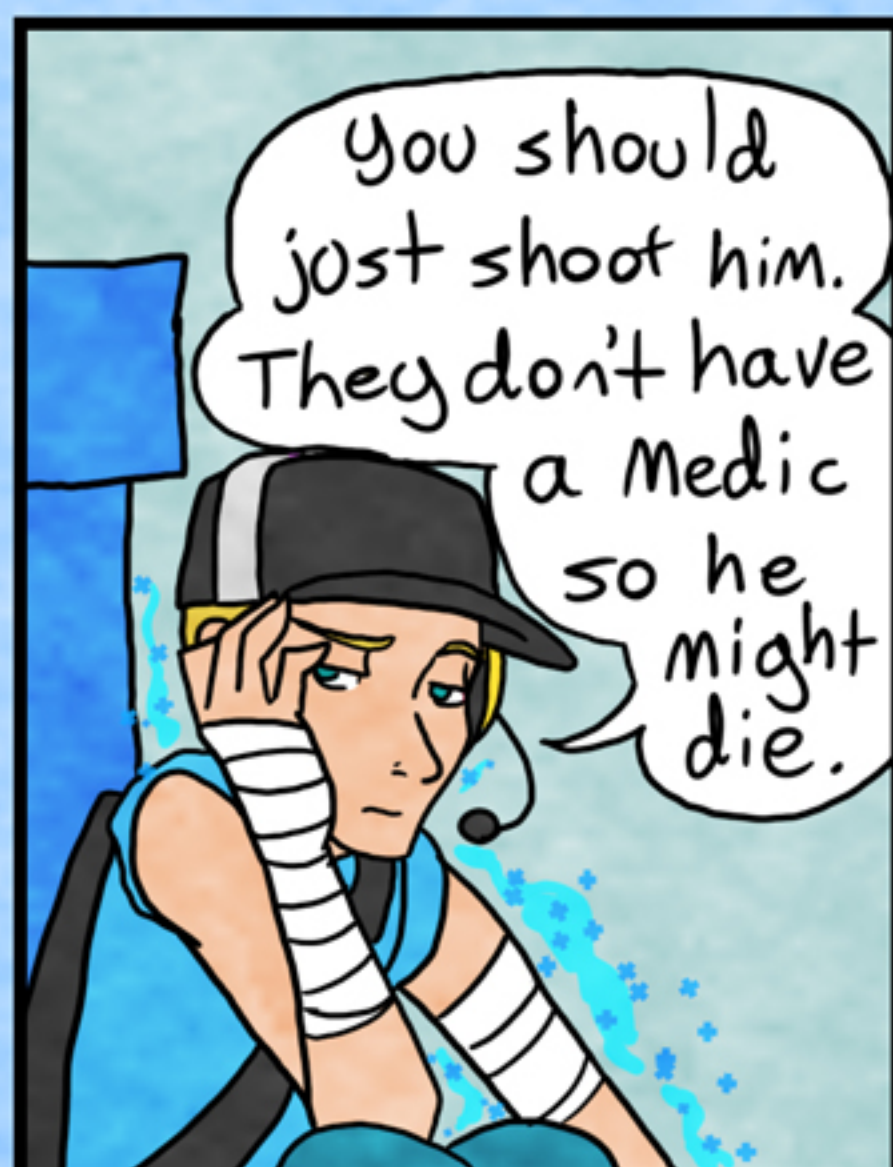
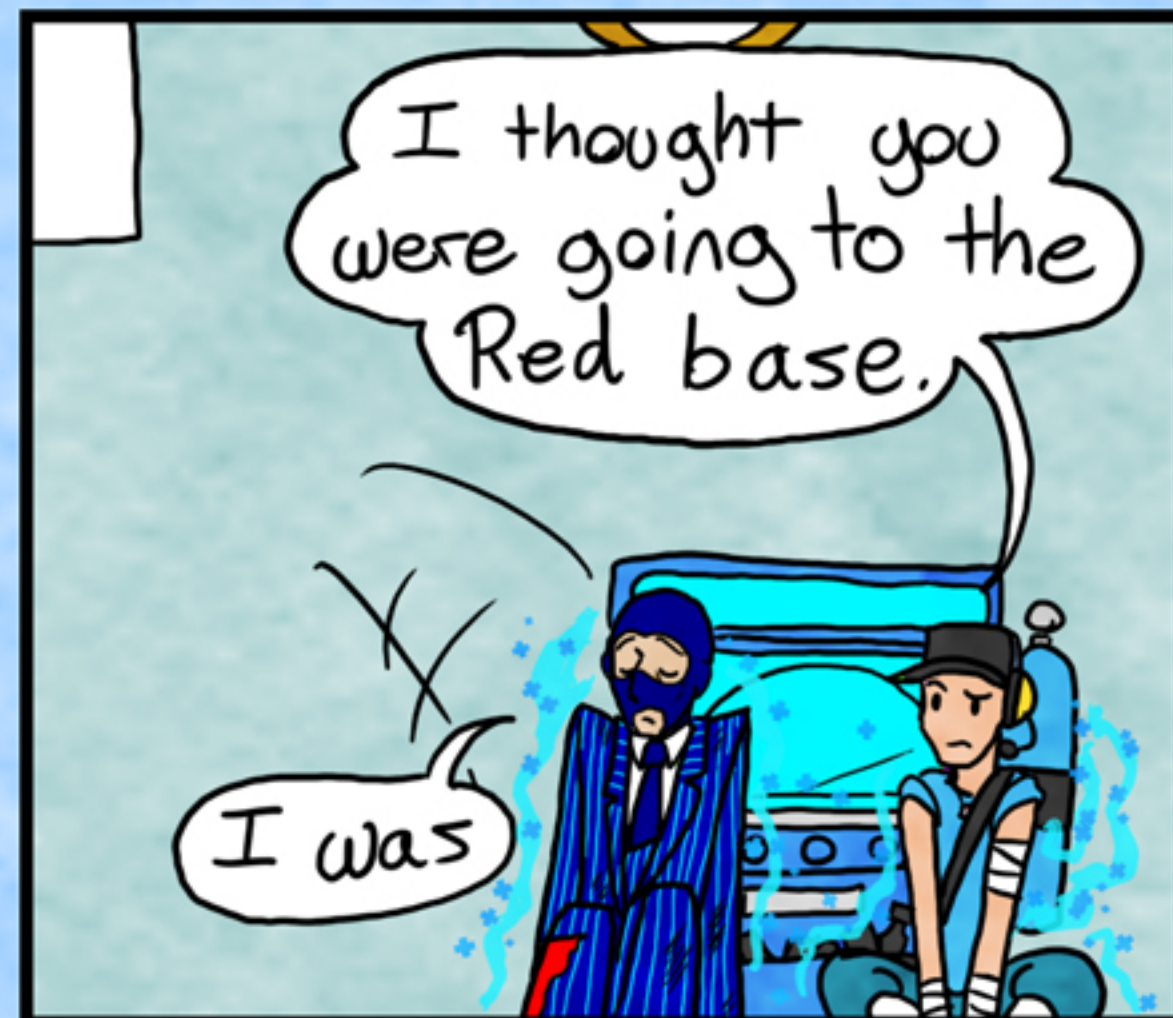
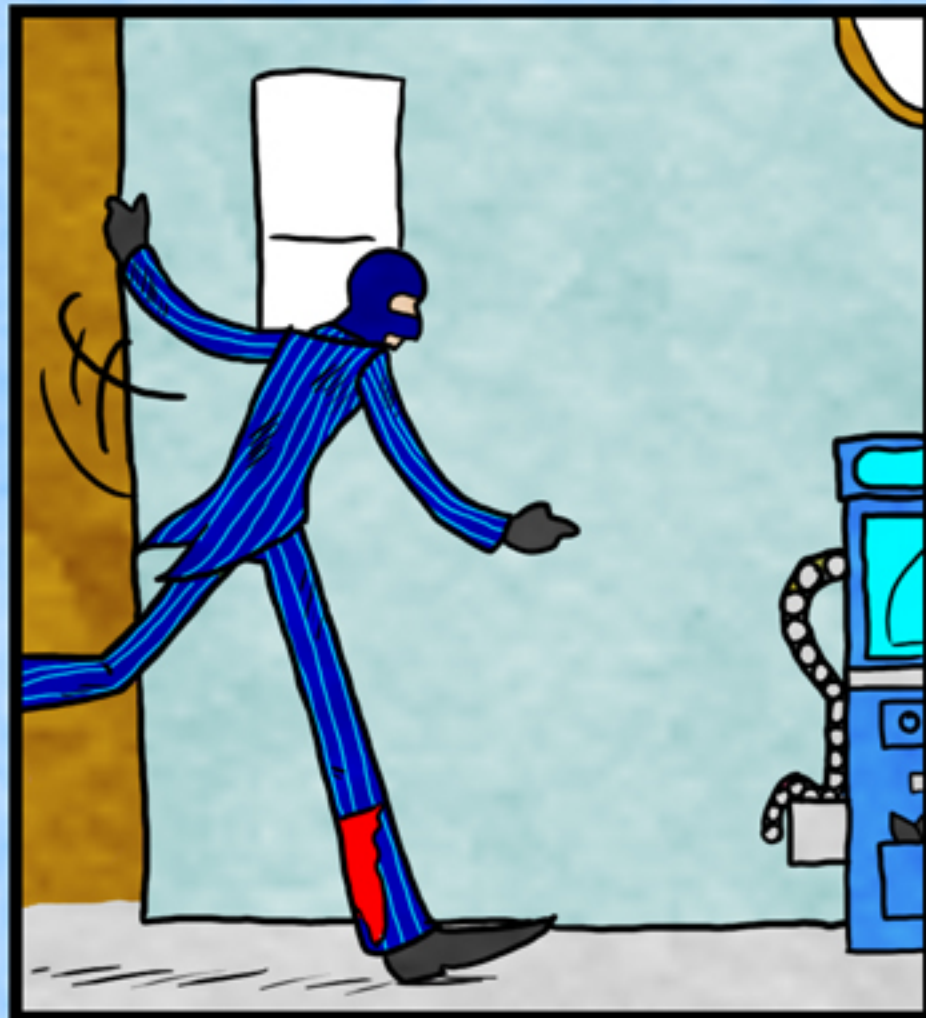




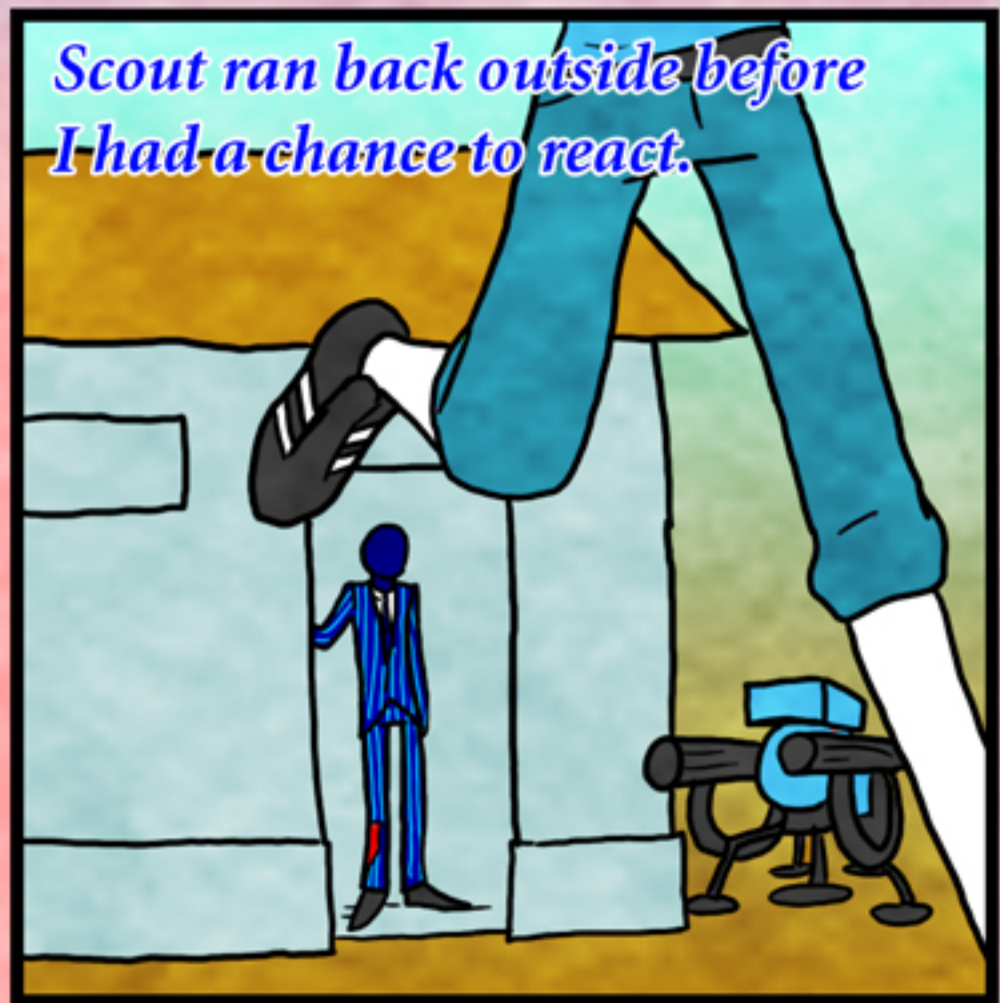




*The next day didn't go exactly as planned either.*



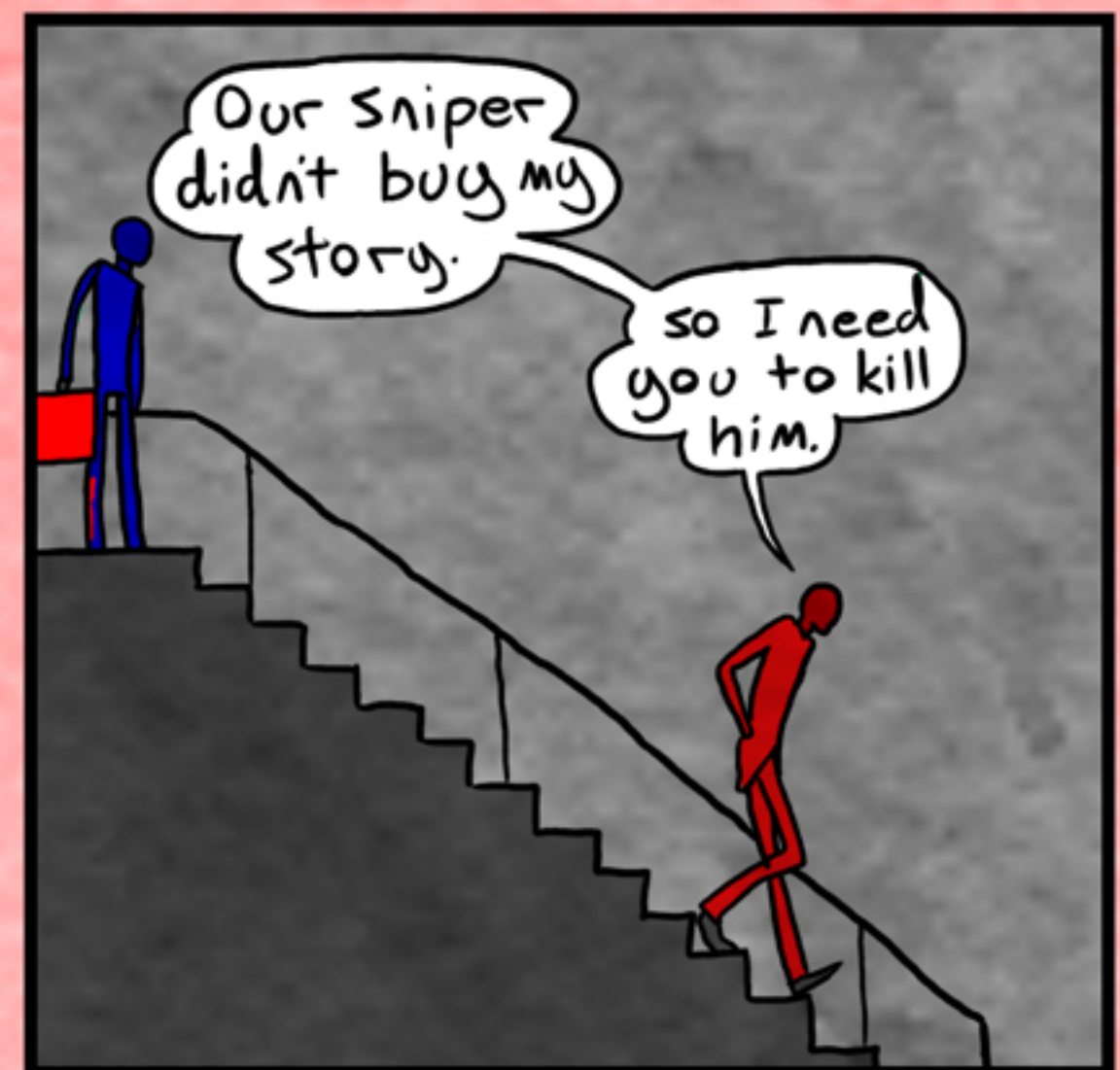
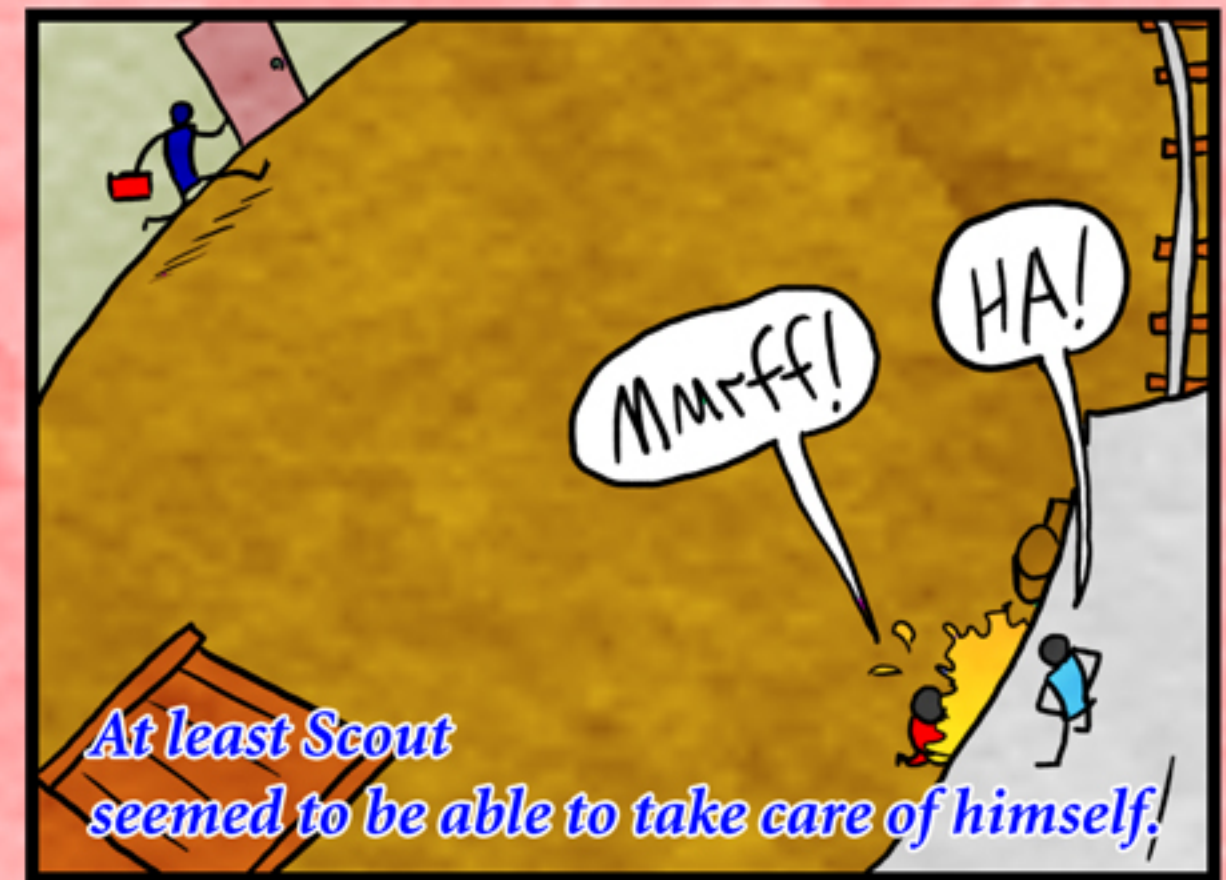
*Scout ran back outside before I had a chance to react.*



*I don't know what he did but I didn't have anymore trouble from the Red Pyro on my way in.*



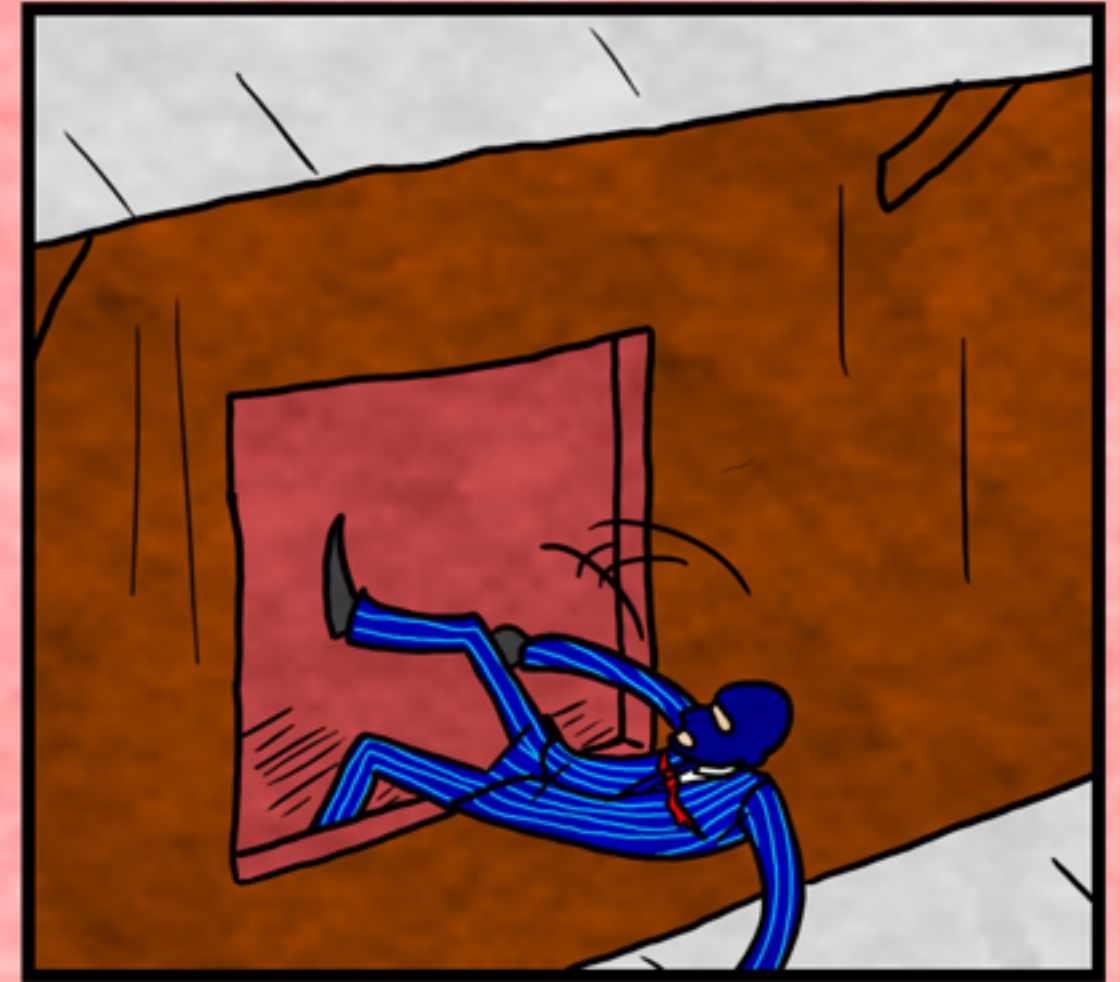
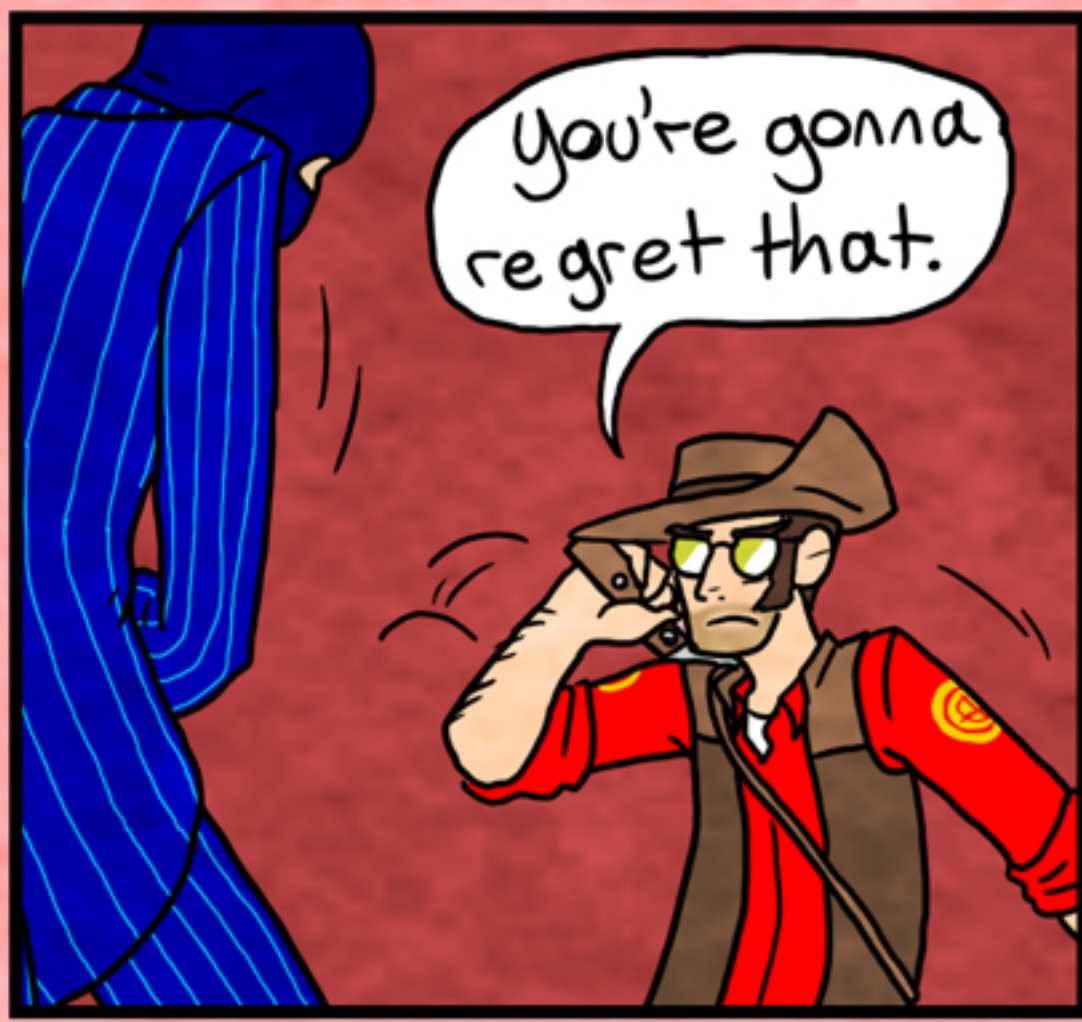




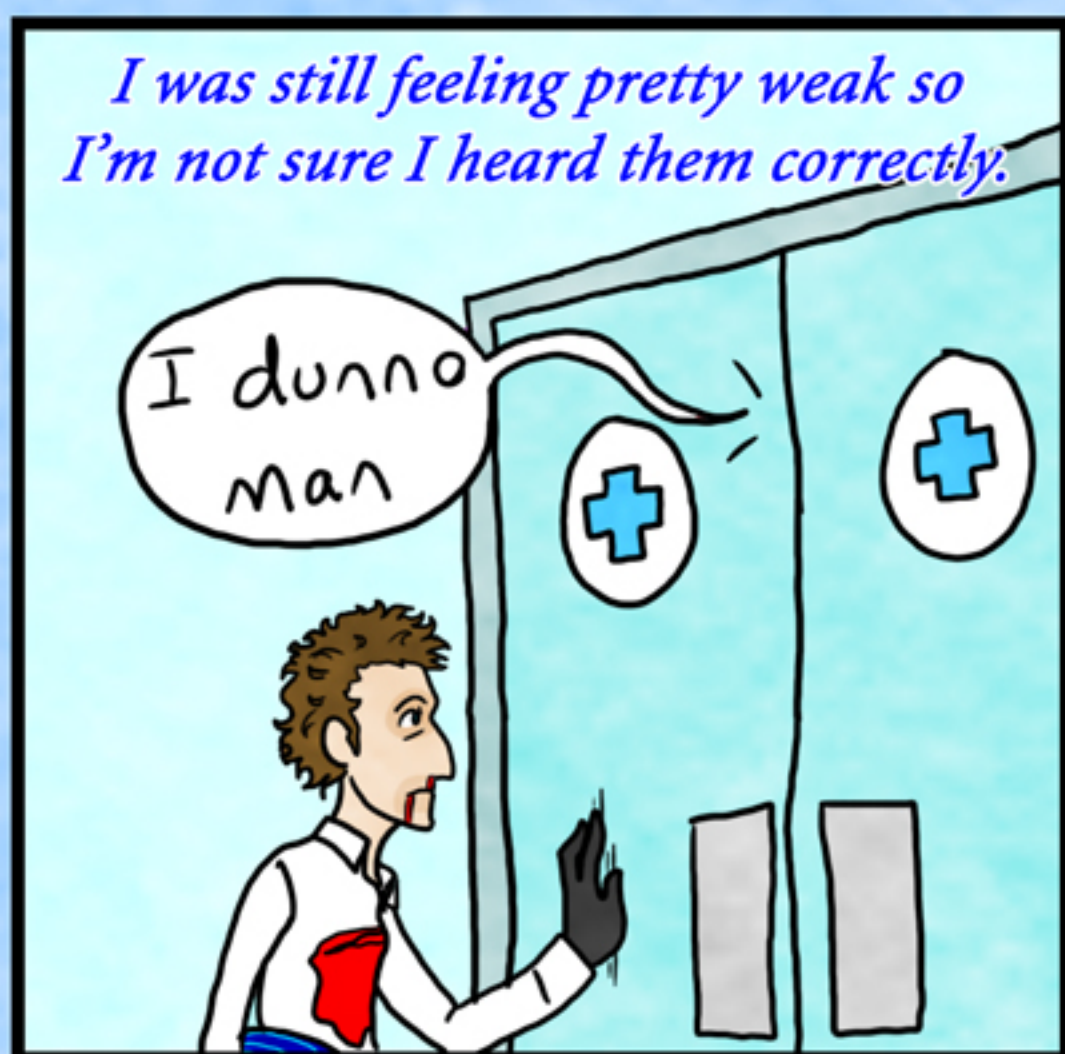
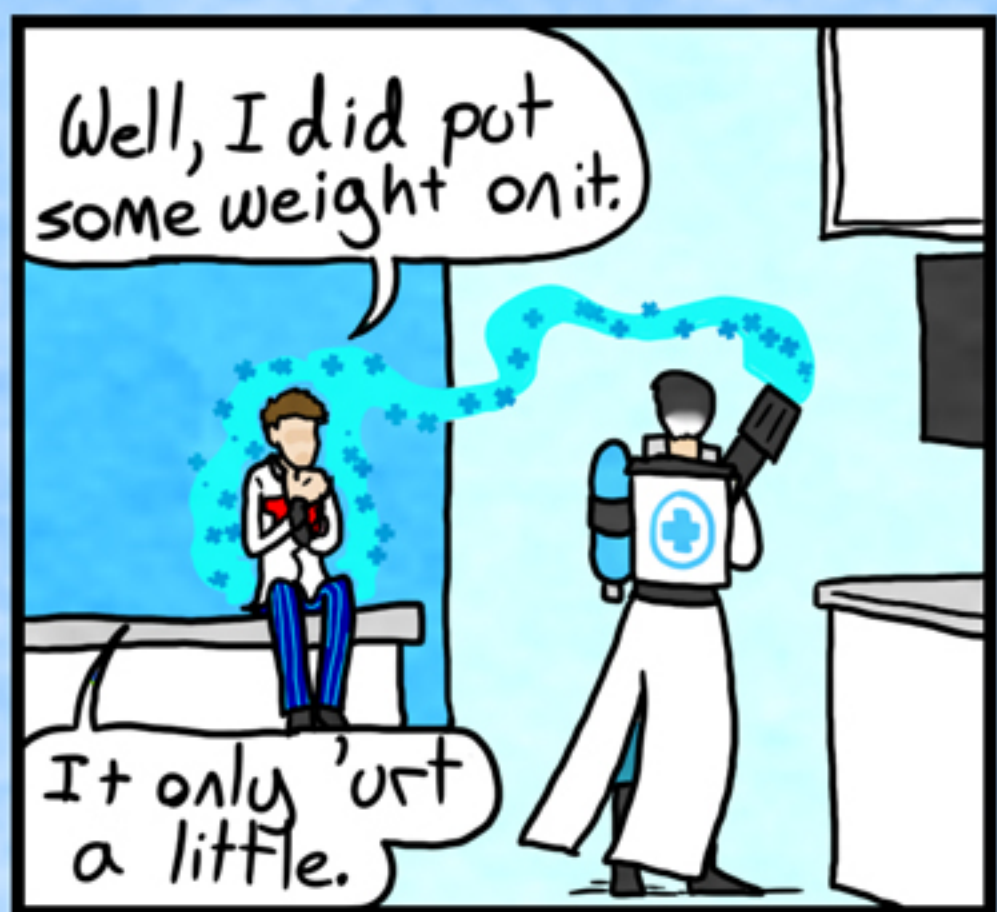




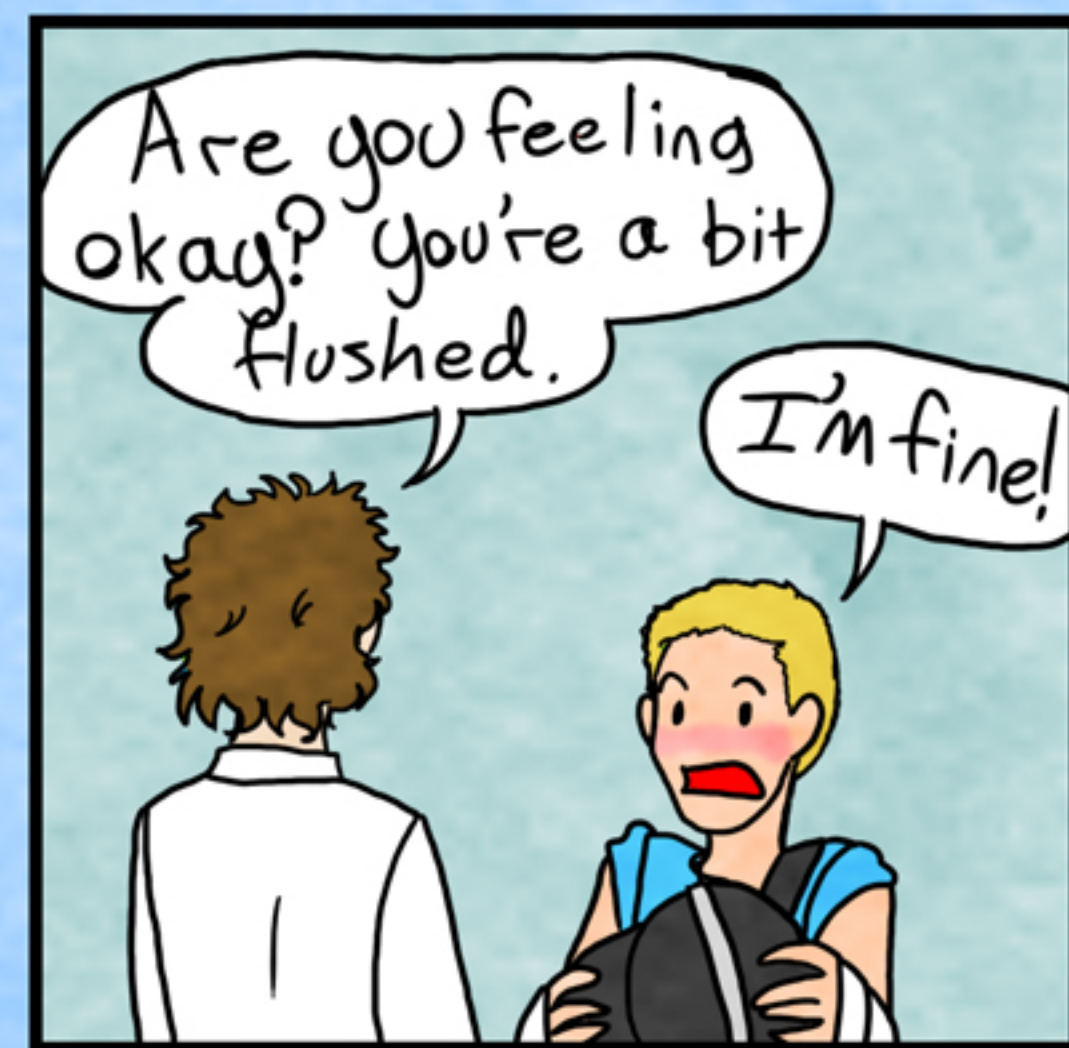








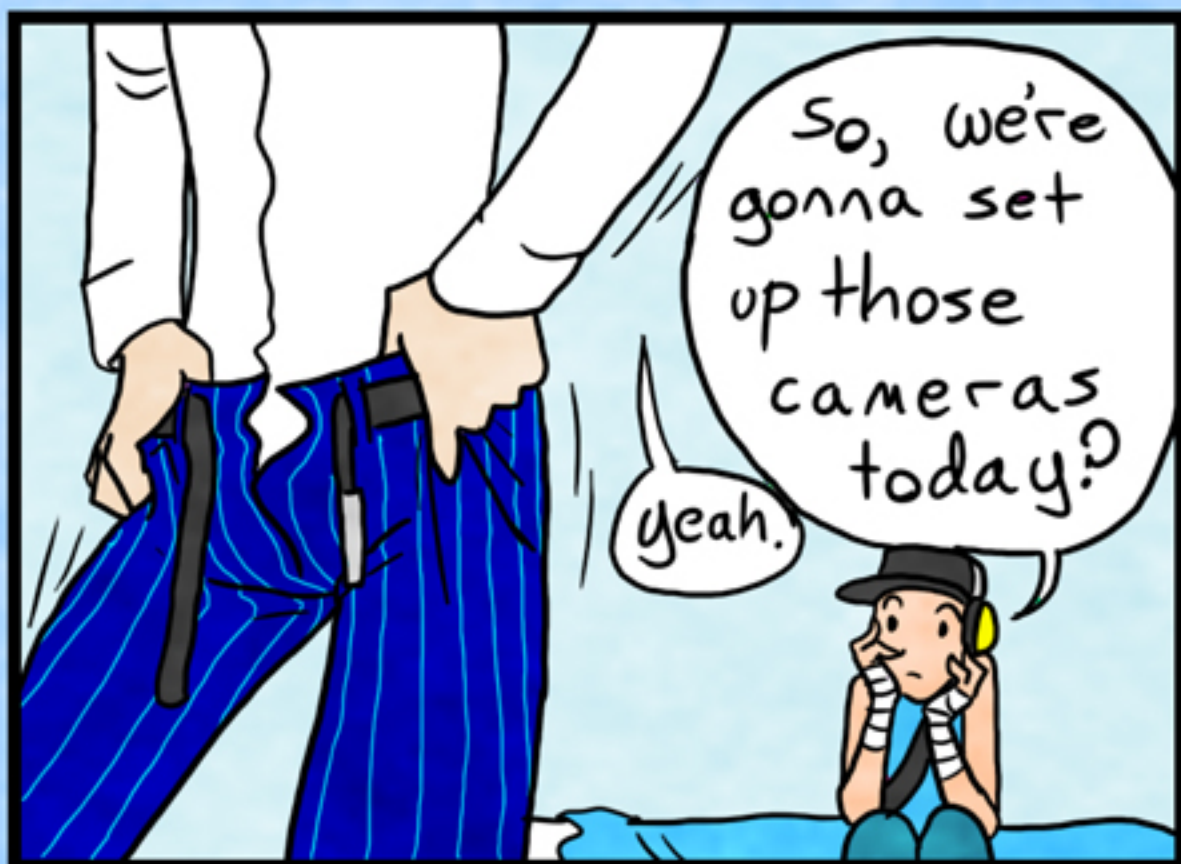




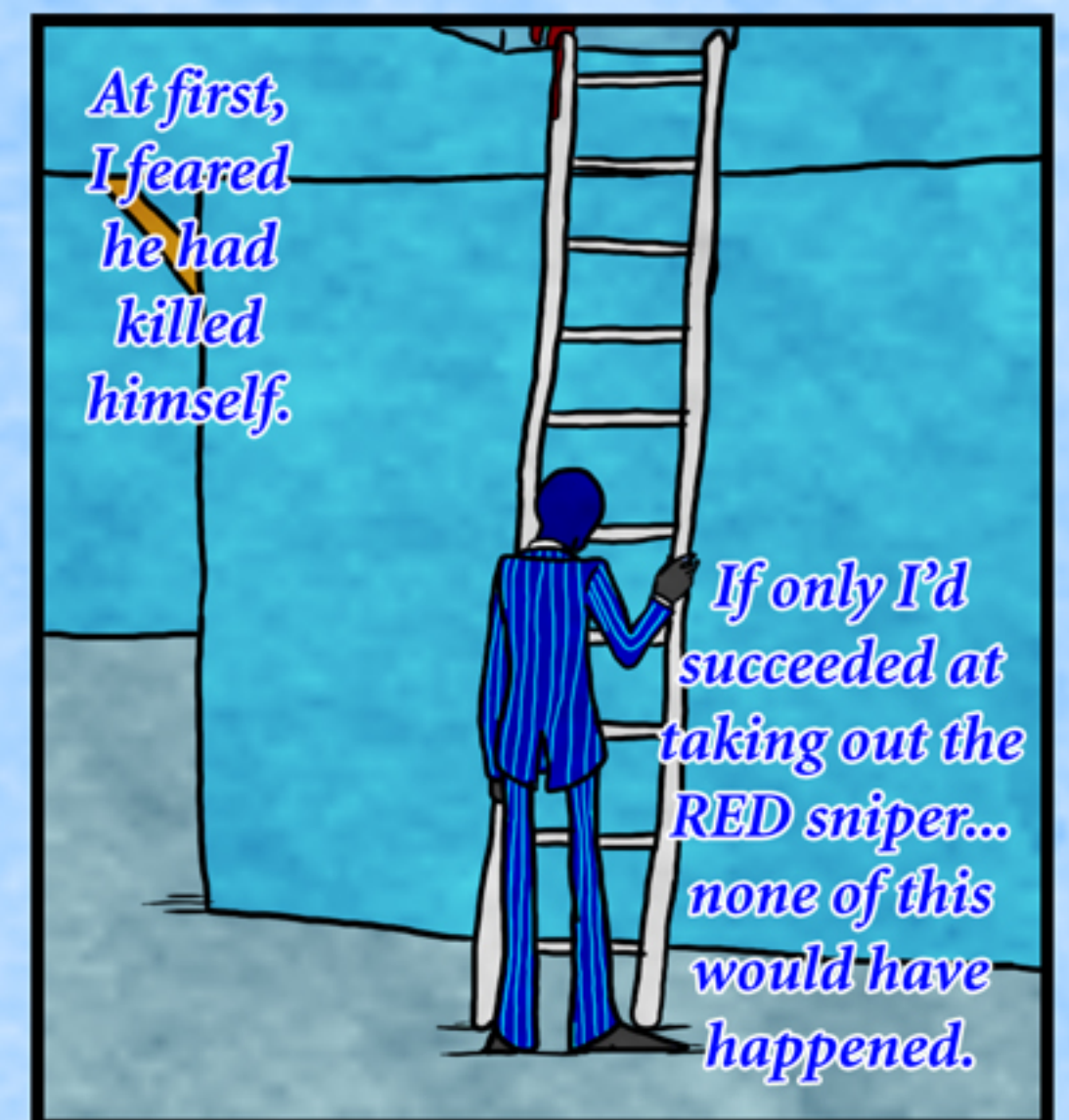
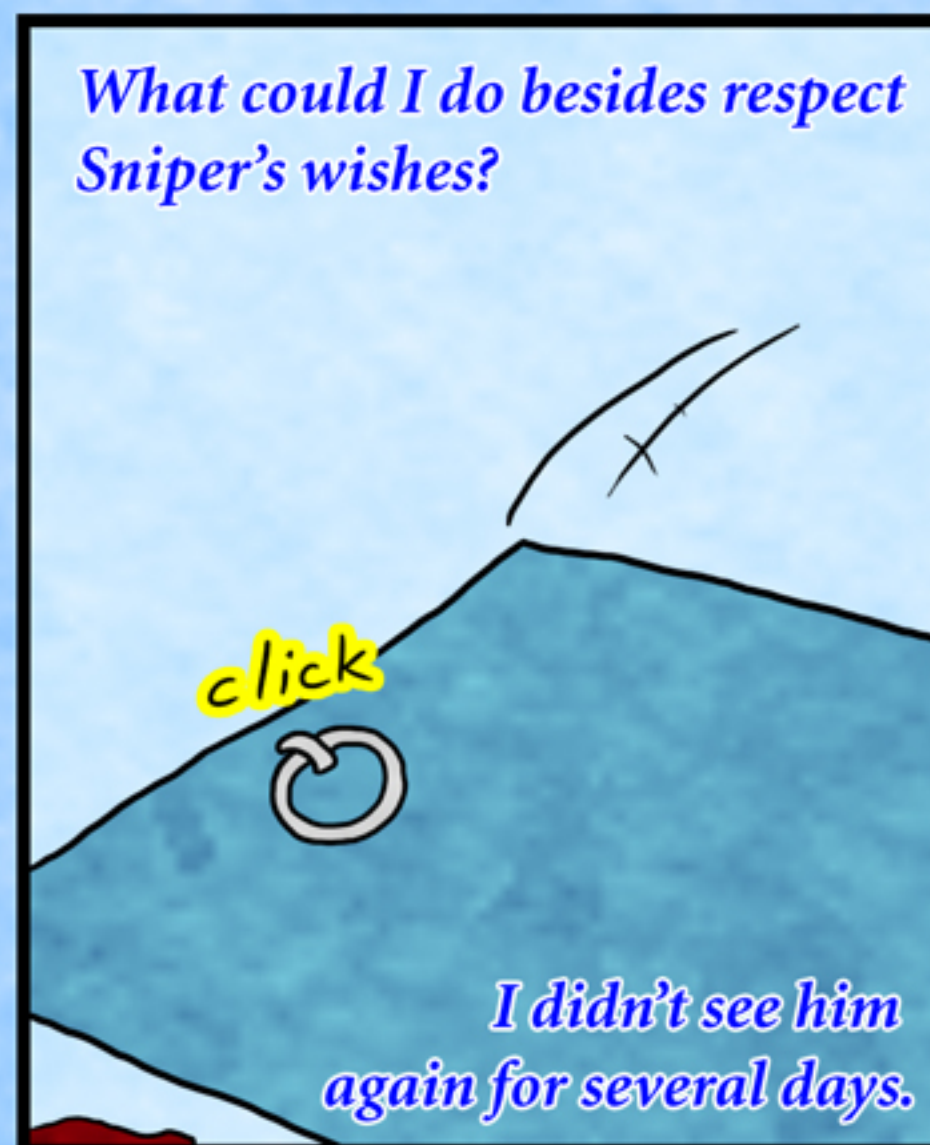
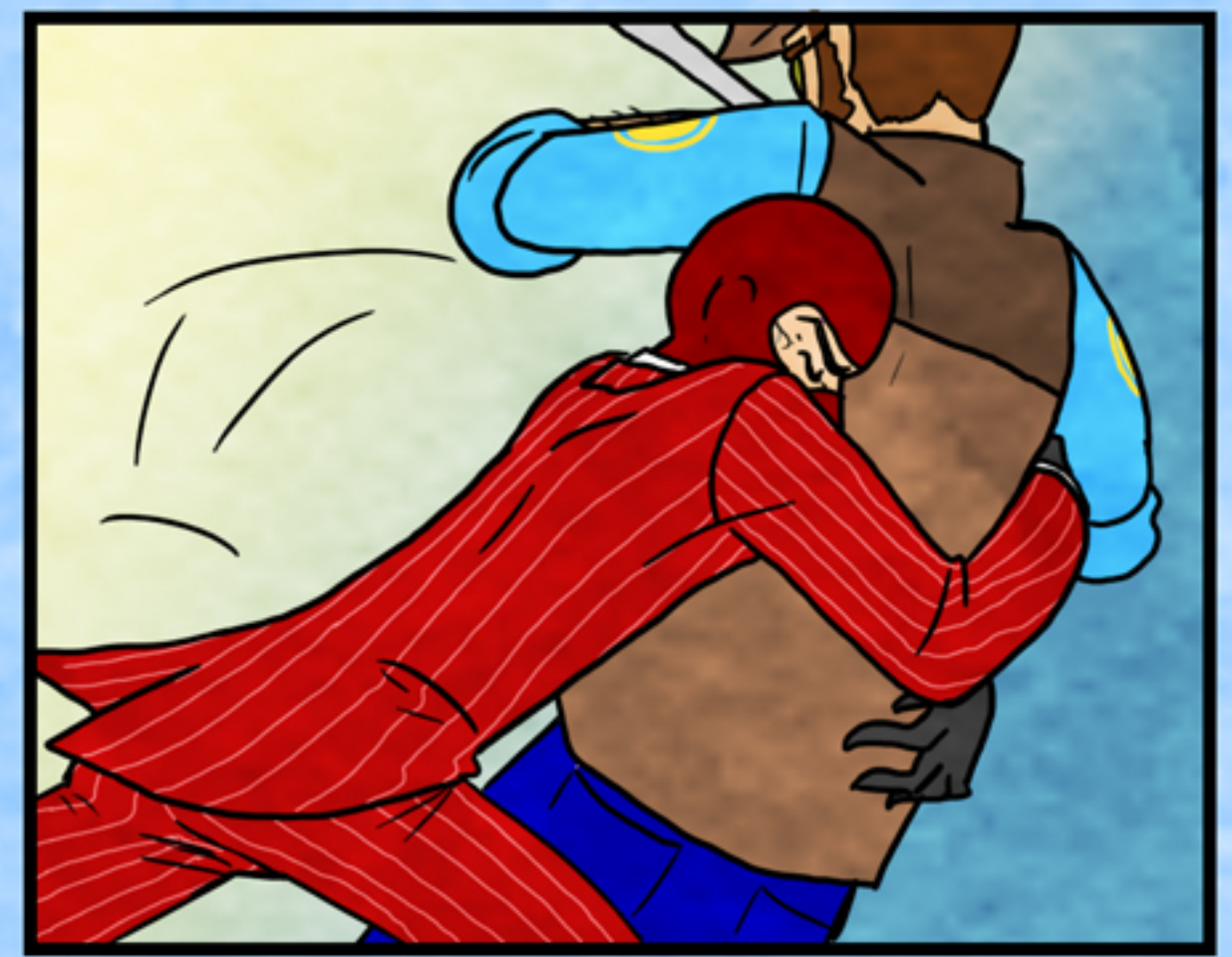




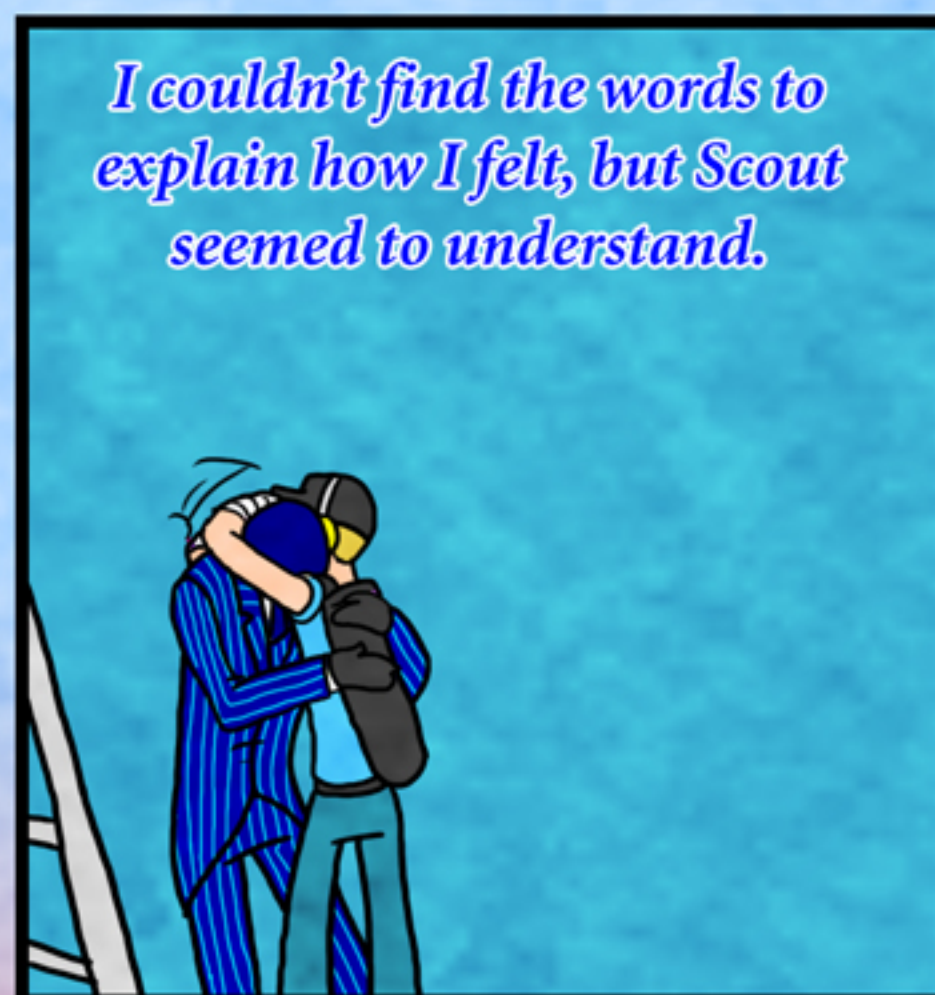




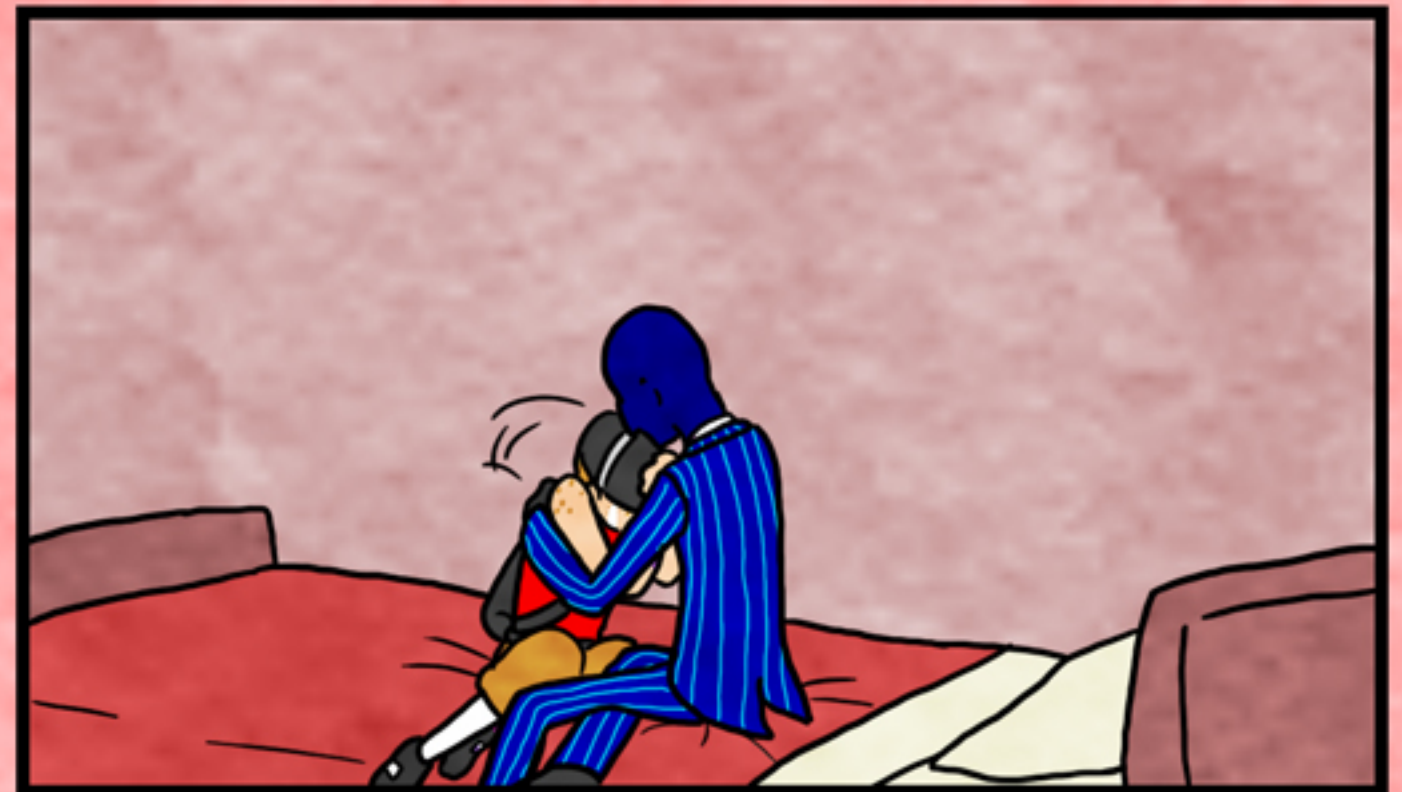
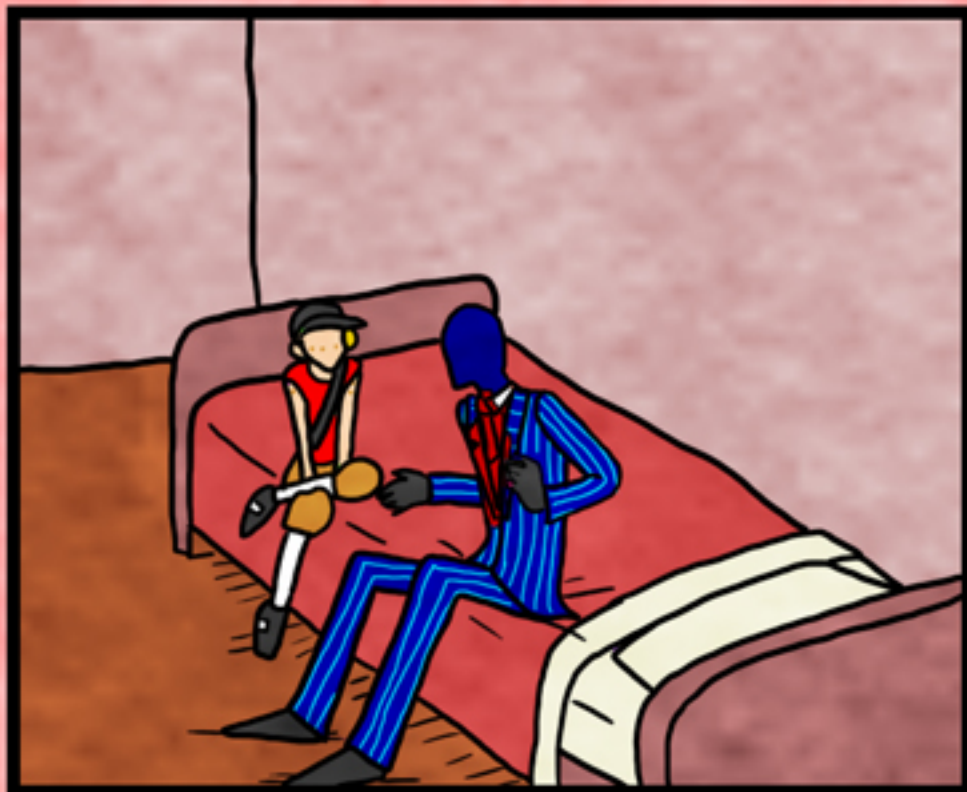
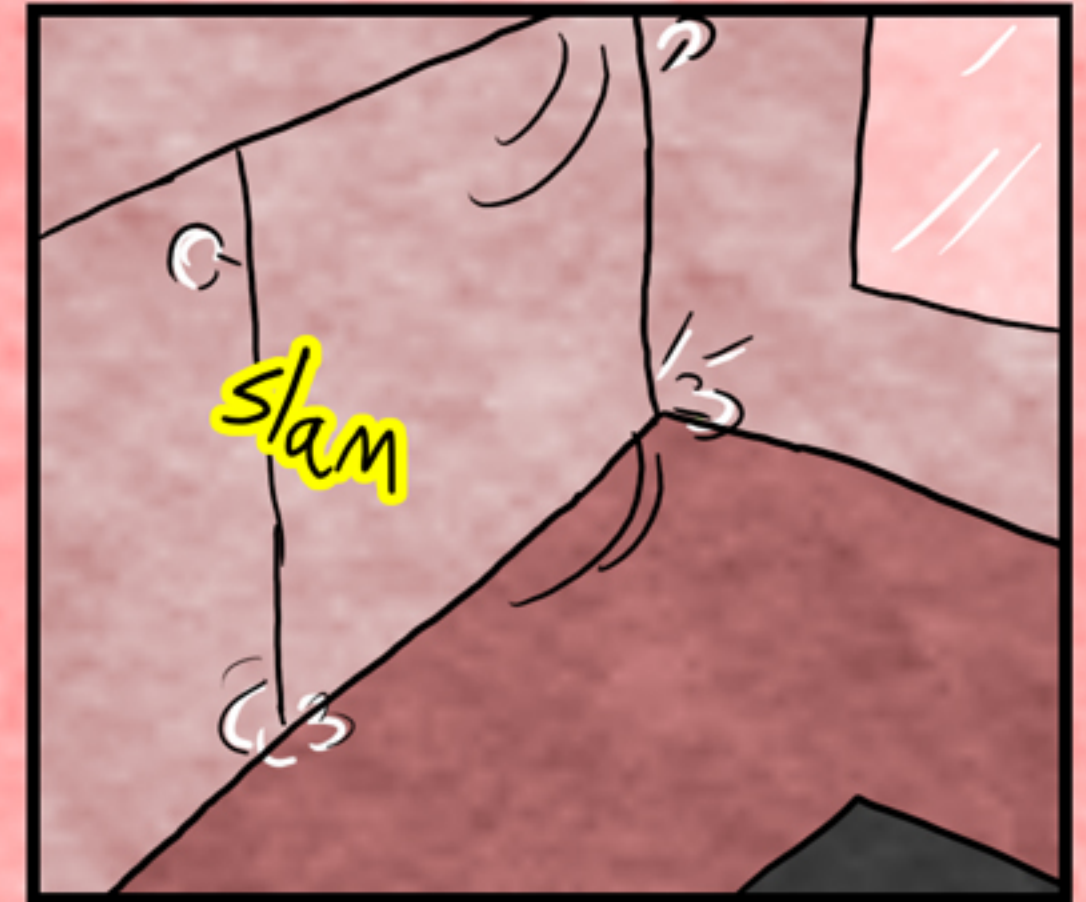














*It took the better part of a week before I went to set up the cameras.*



*I should have been more on top of things.*

*But, considering recent events, can you really blame me for being distracted?*



How far is this fuckin' place? We been walking all day!



It has to be far or we'll 'ave no time to react.

Don't mean I gotta like it.



Hey look! is that it?

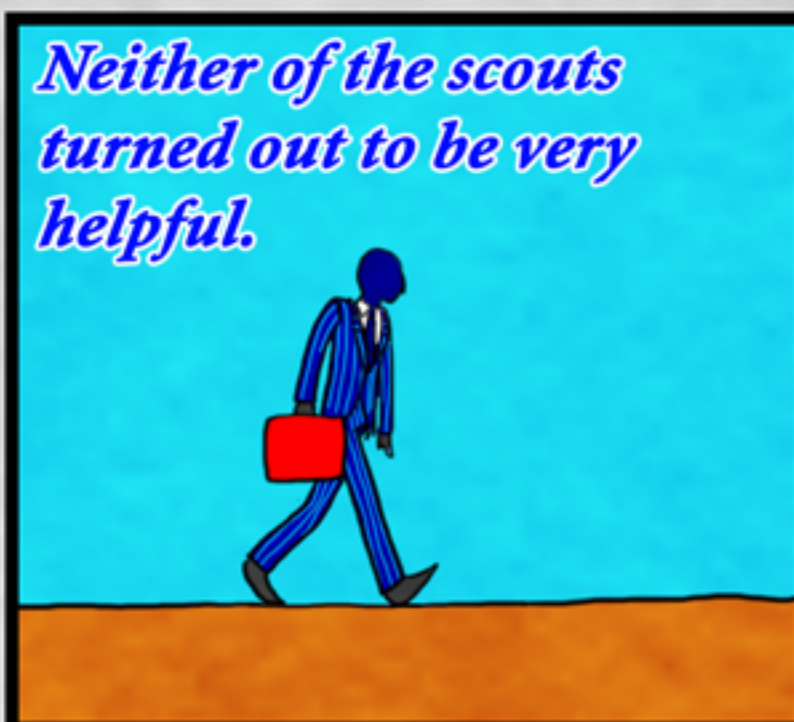


Looks like -



=sigh=

*Neither of the scouts turned out to be very helpful.*



*However, having some company made things a lot more pleasant.*



So how come you're so mean to spy all the time?

What?



You always yell at him and stuff.

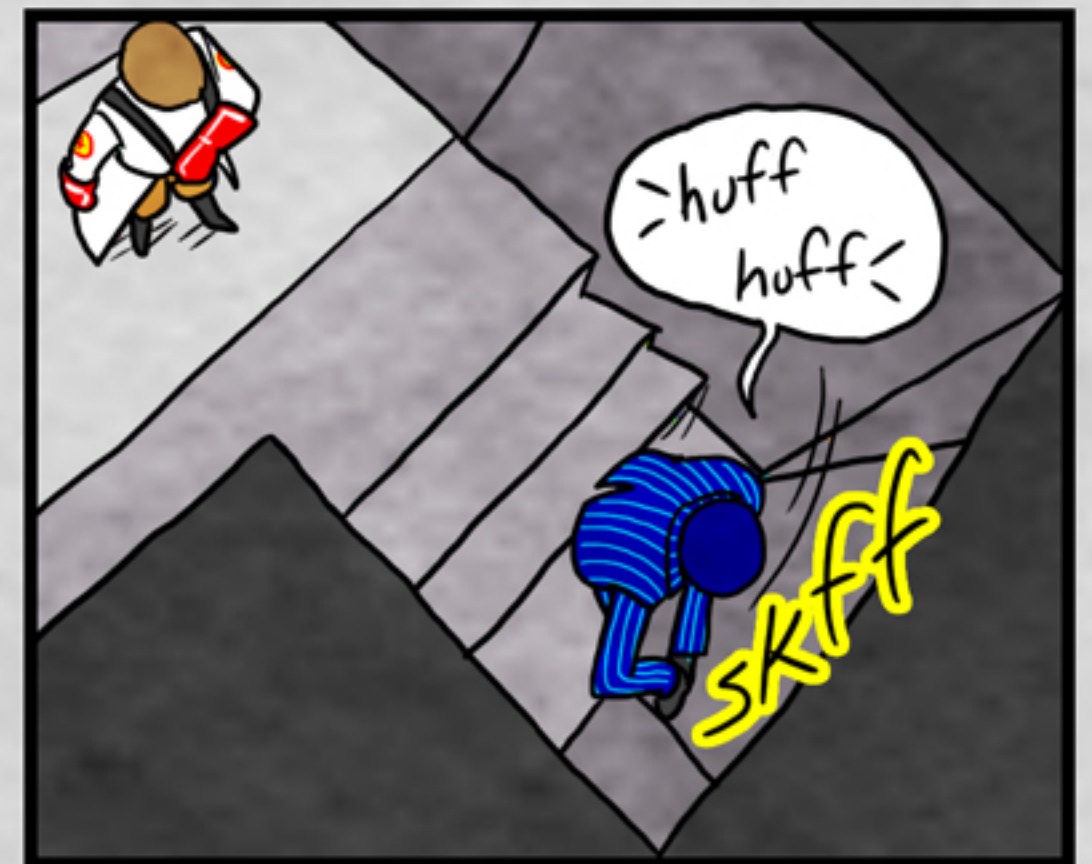
I can 'ear you, you kn-



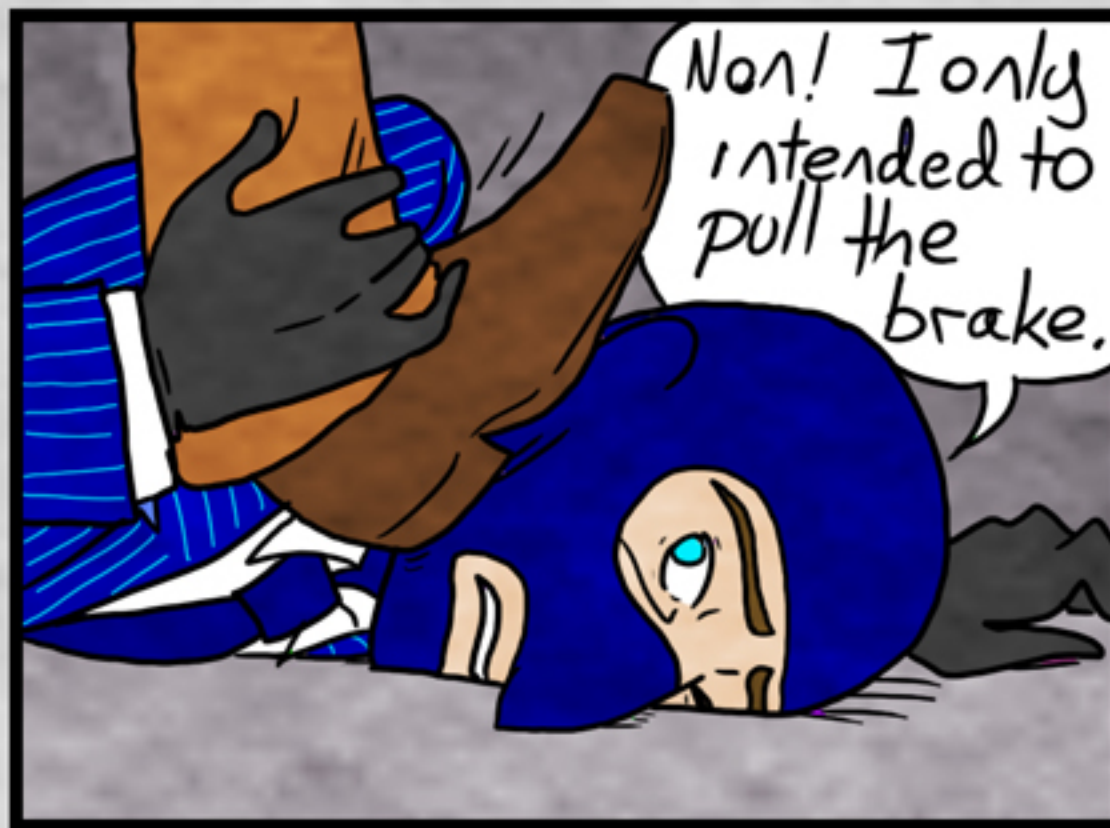
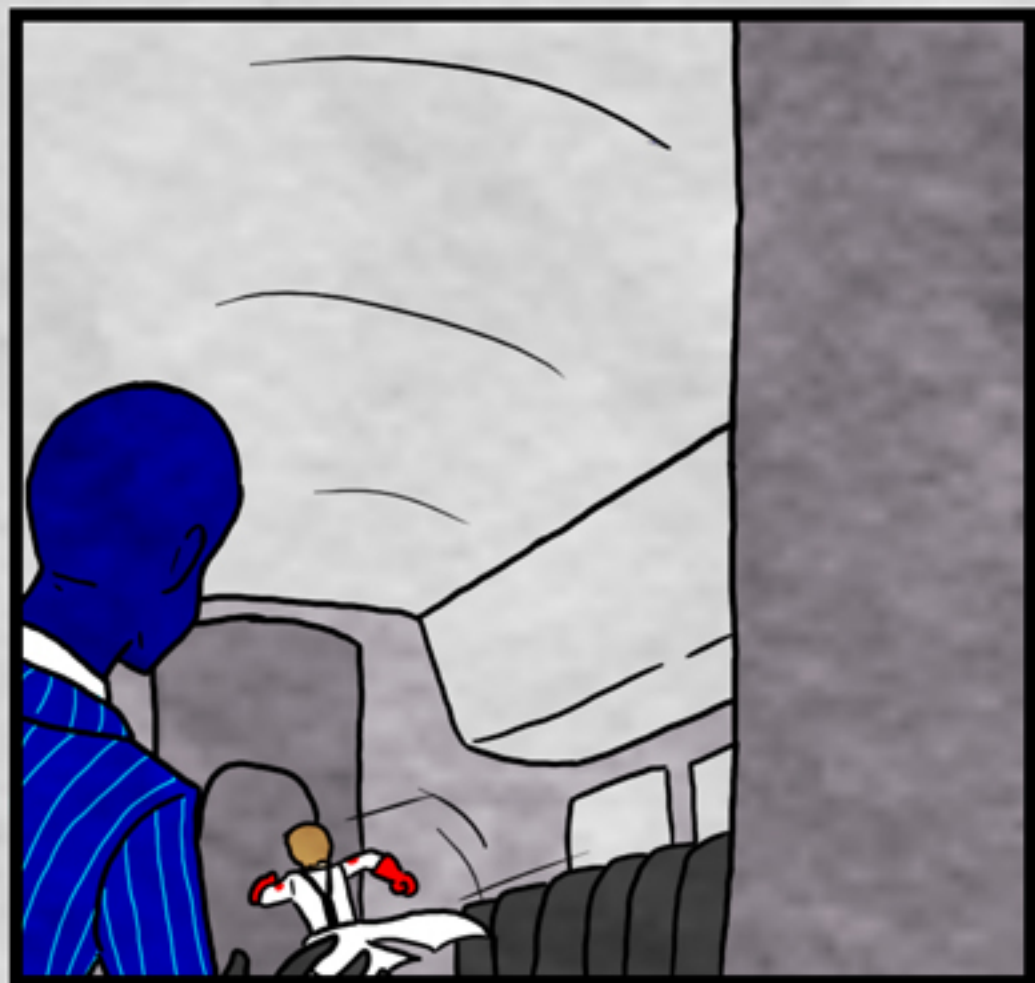
Merde.



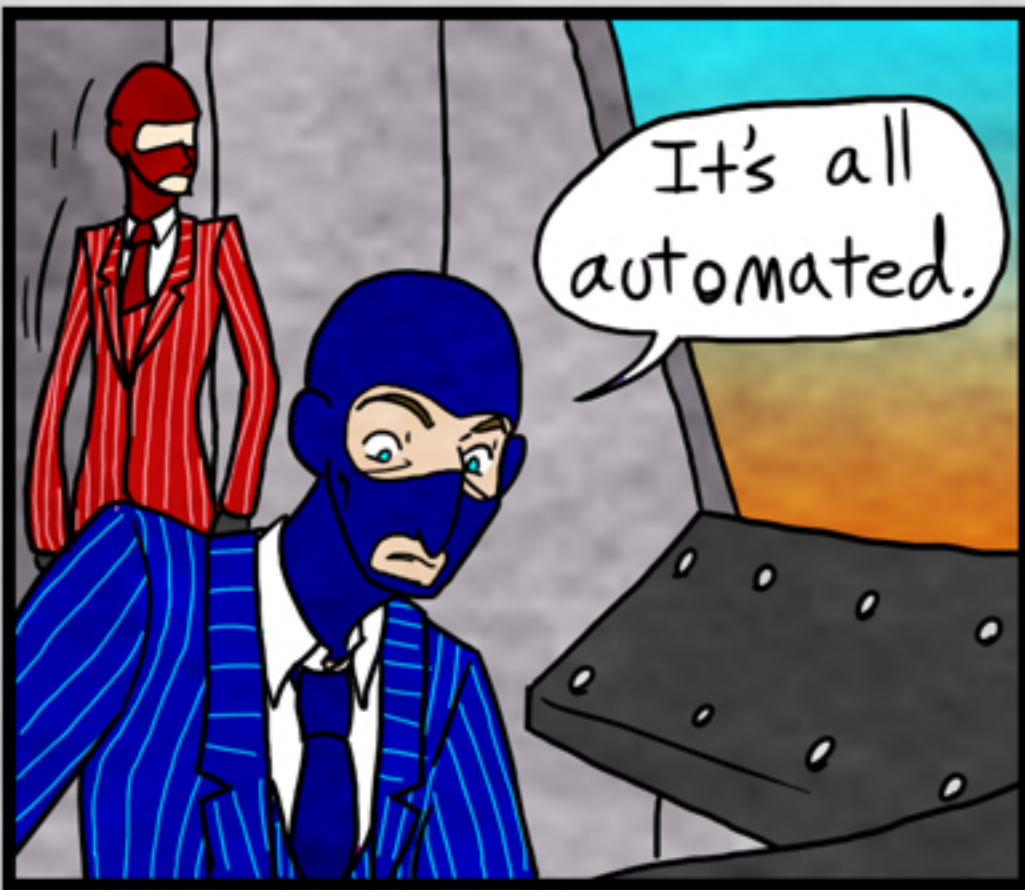
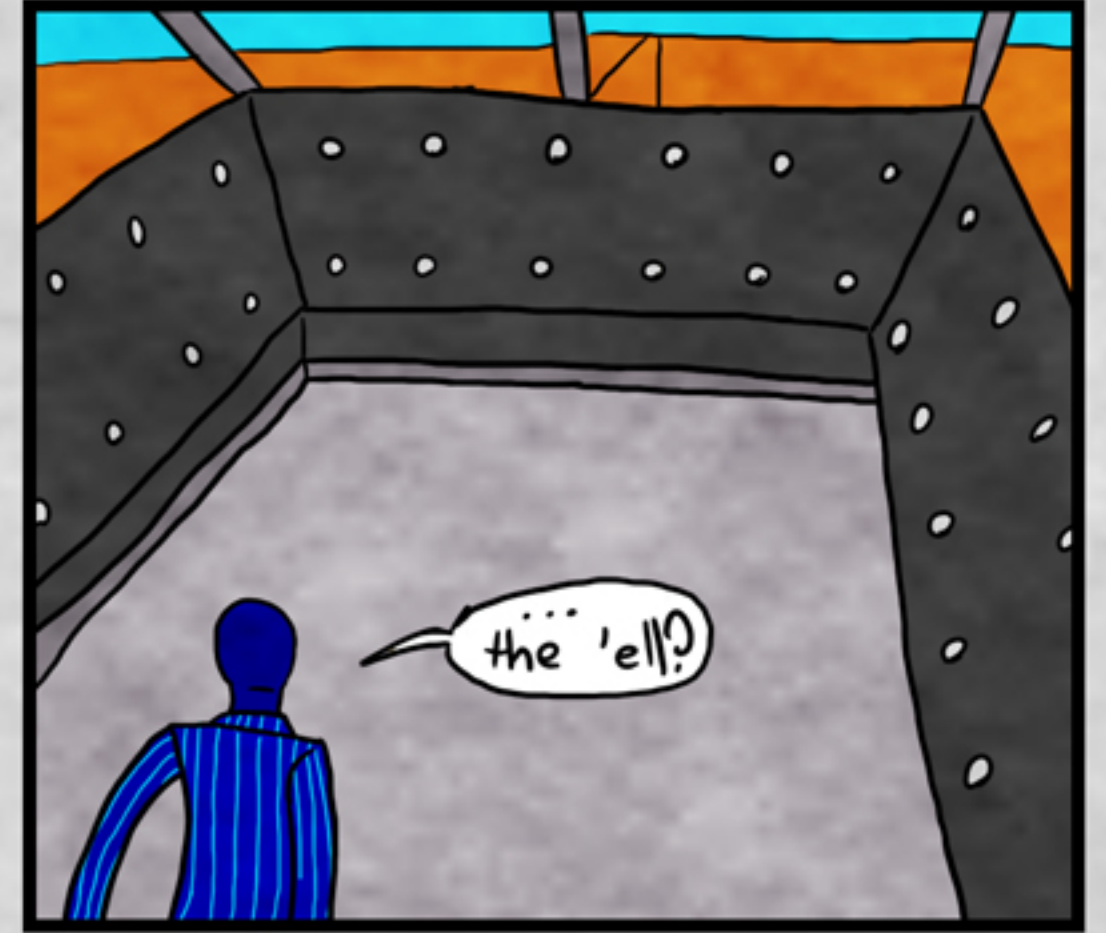
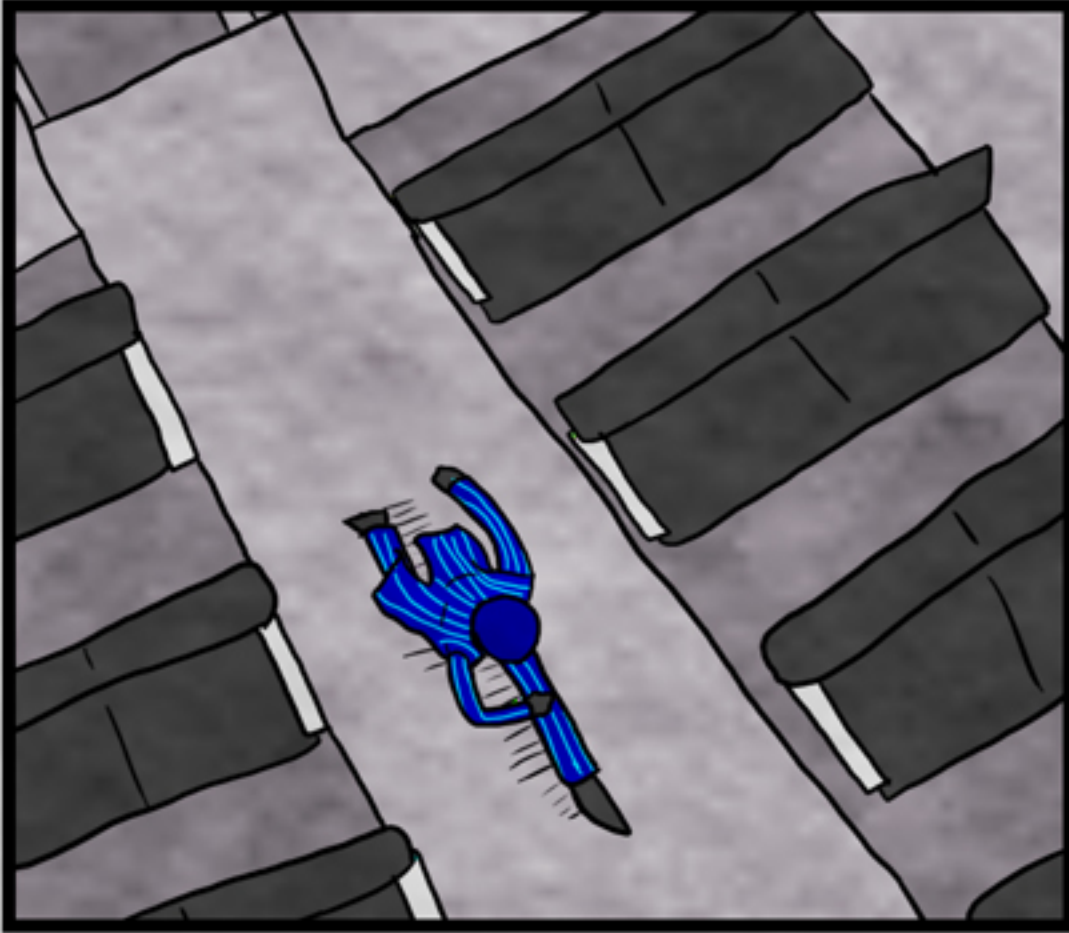












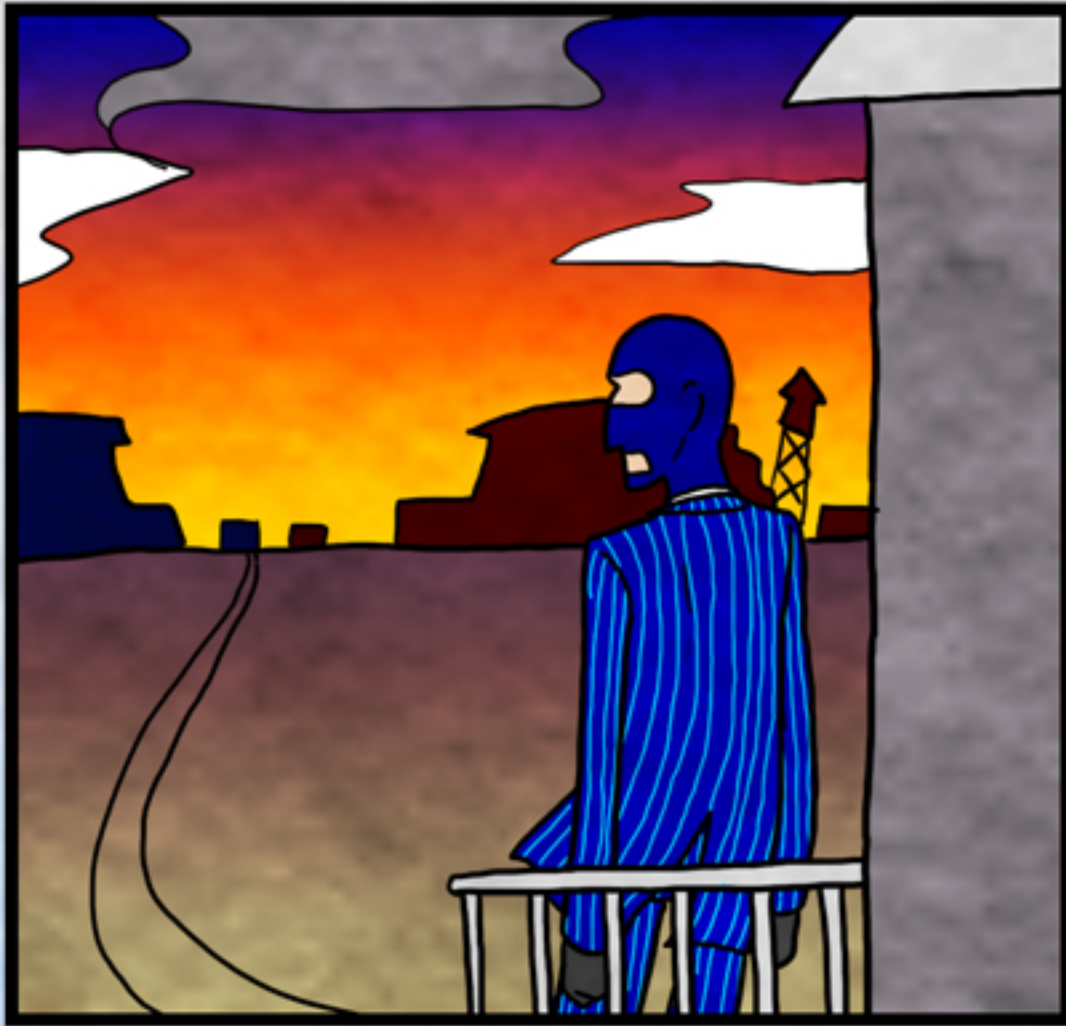




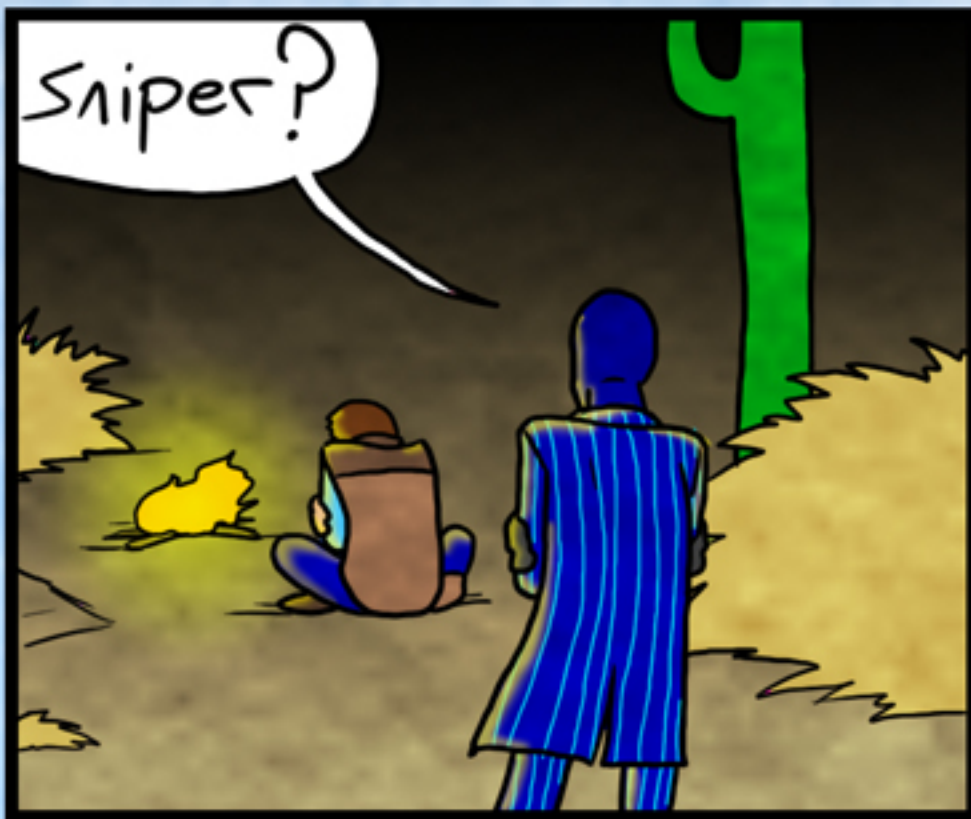
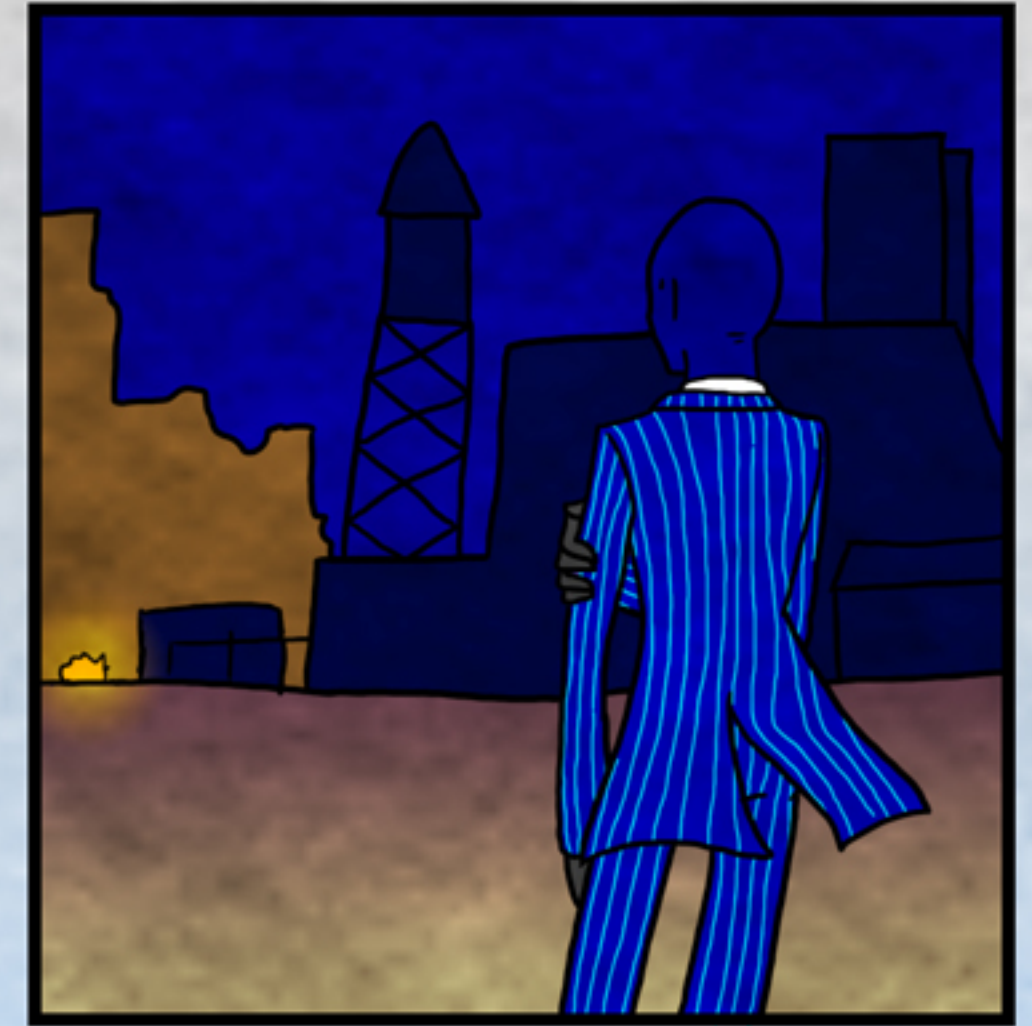
The train had begun to move again by the time I escaped my bonds.



You know, I think I liked the previous Red Spy better.



It was dark by the time I got back.



Sniper?



I 'adn't seen you since... you know I was worried.



I don't think Red would want you to be so sad.



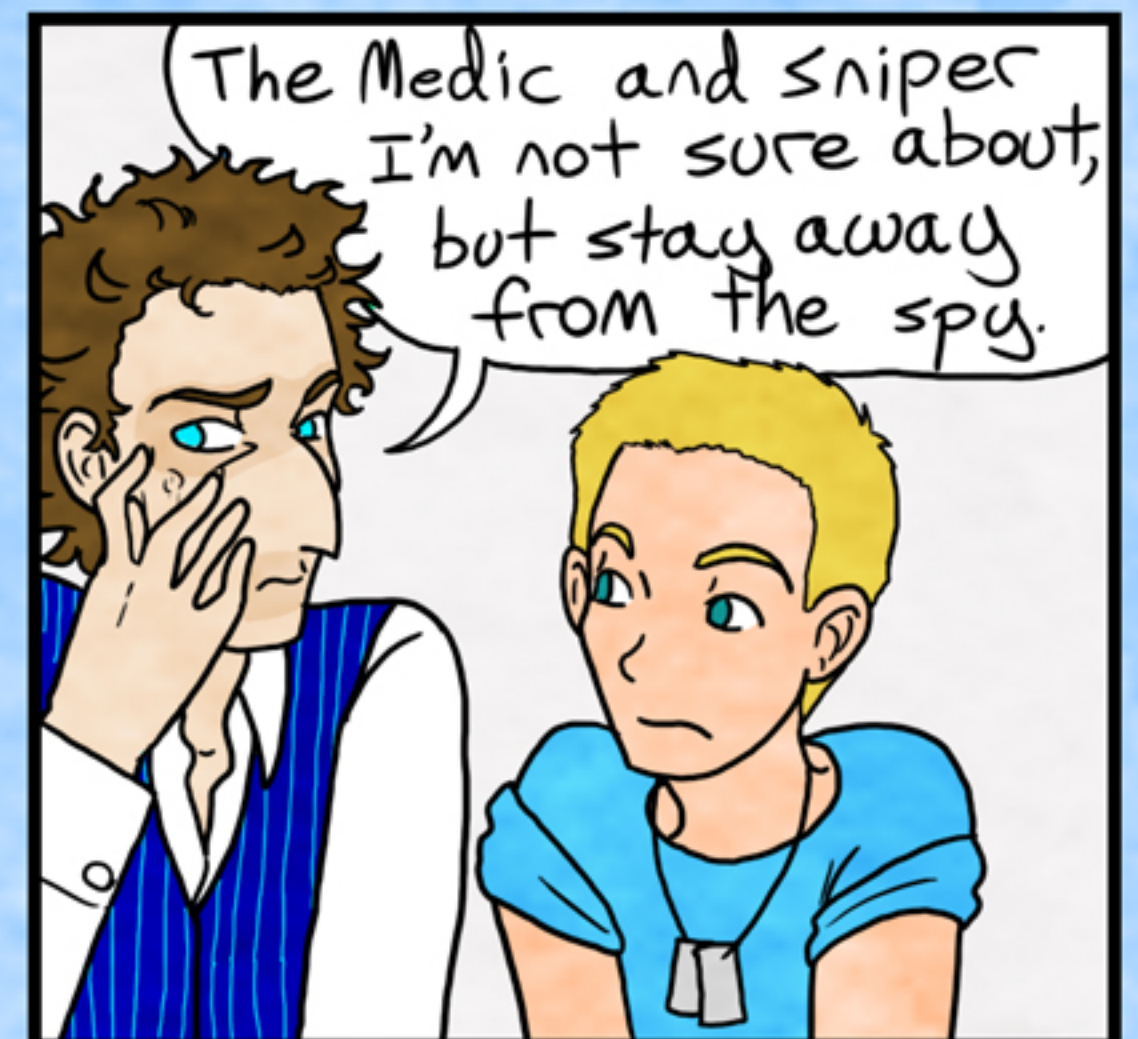
He didn't say anything to me.

But he did come back to the base.



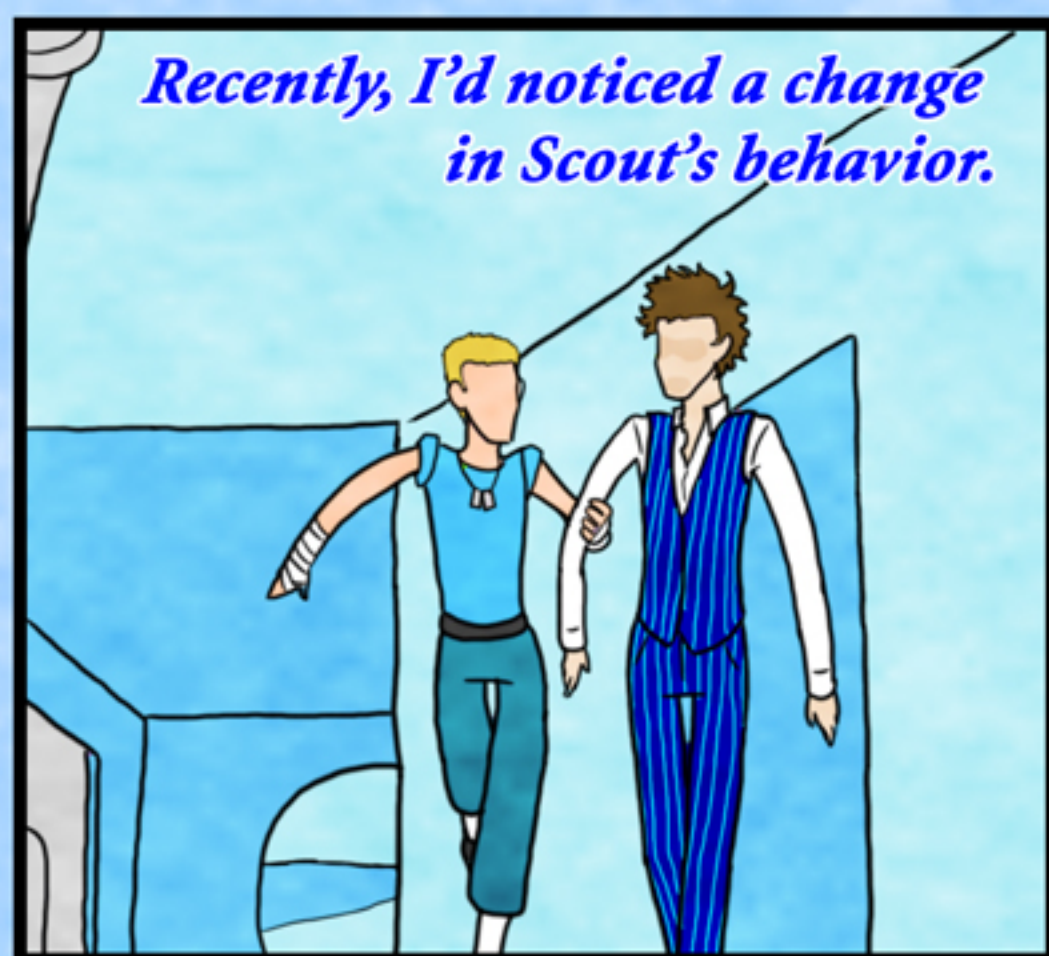
That new spy sounds like a dick.

'E did put a cigarette out on my face.



(The Medic and Sniper I'm not sure about, but stay away from the spy.





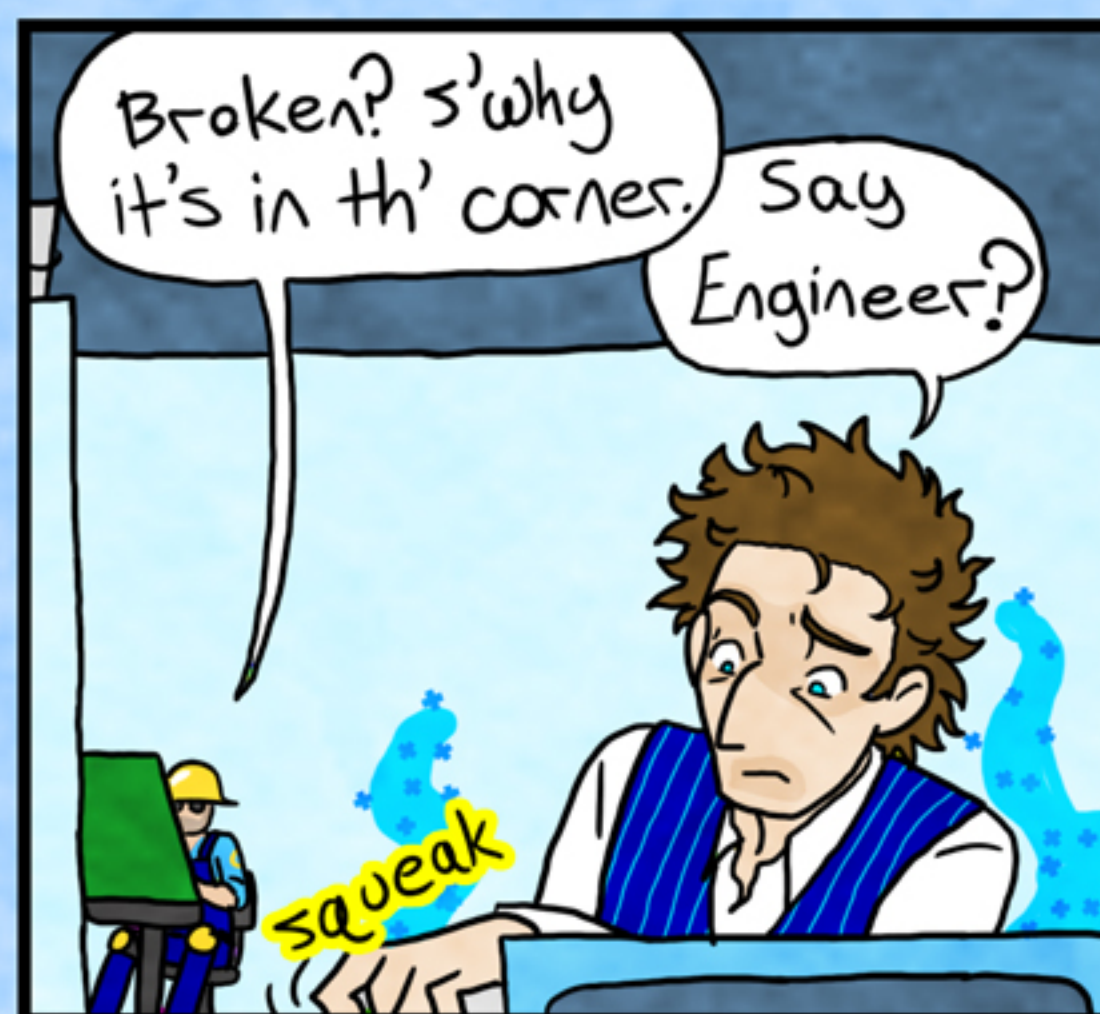
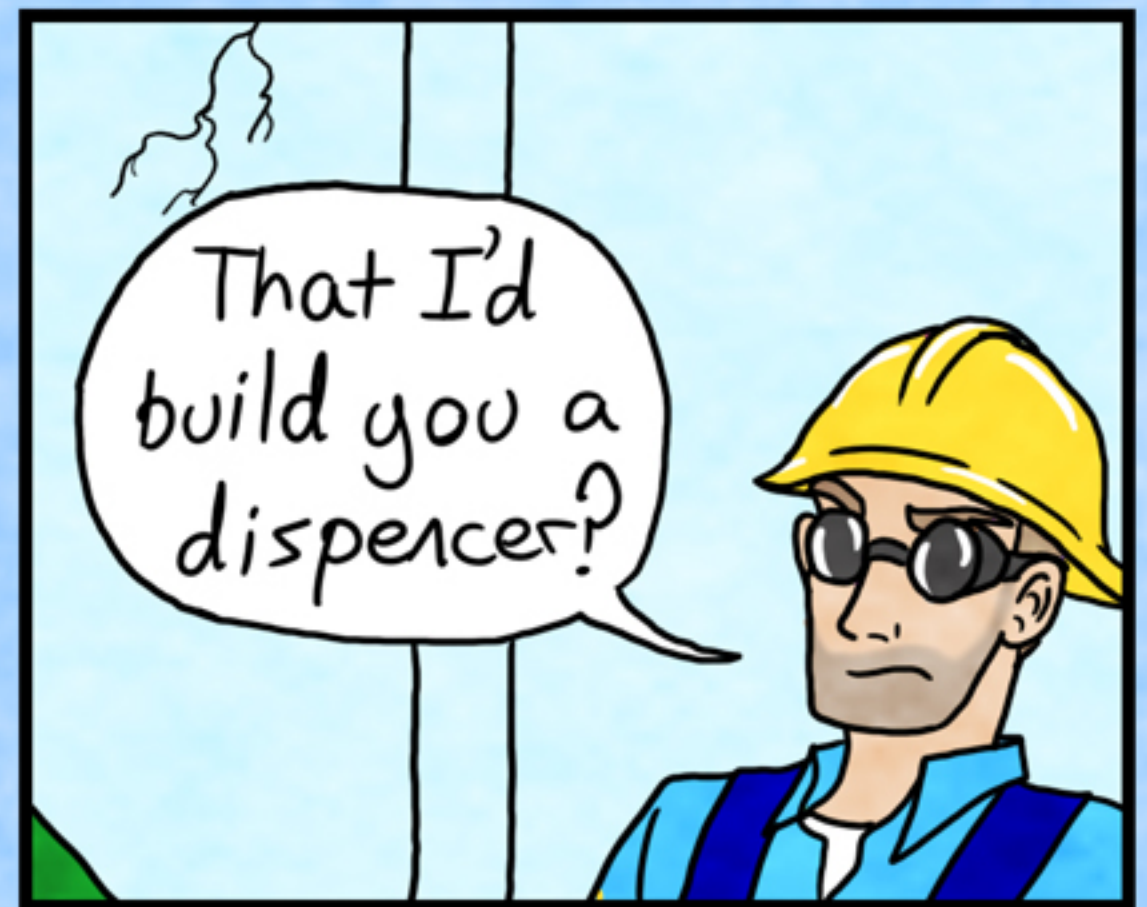
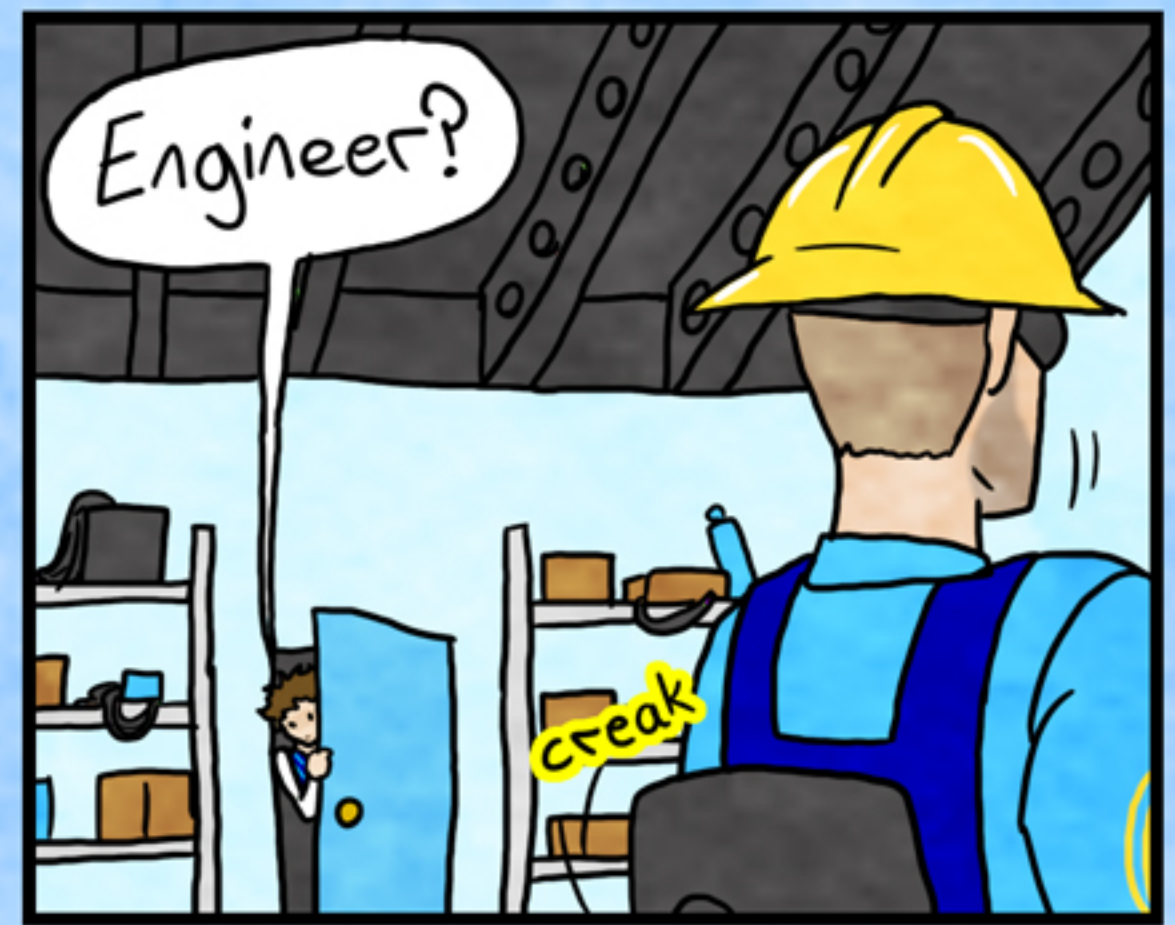




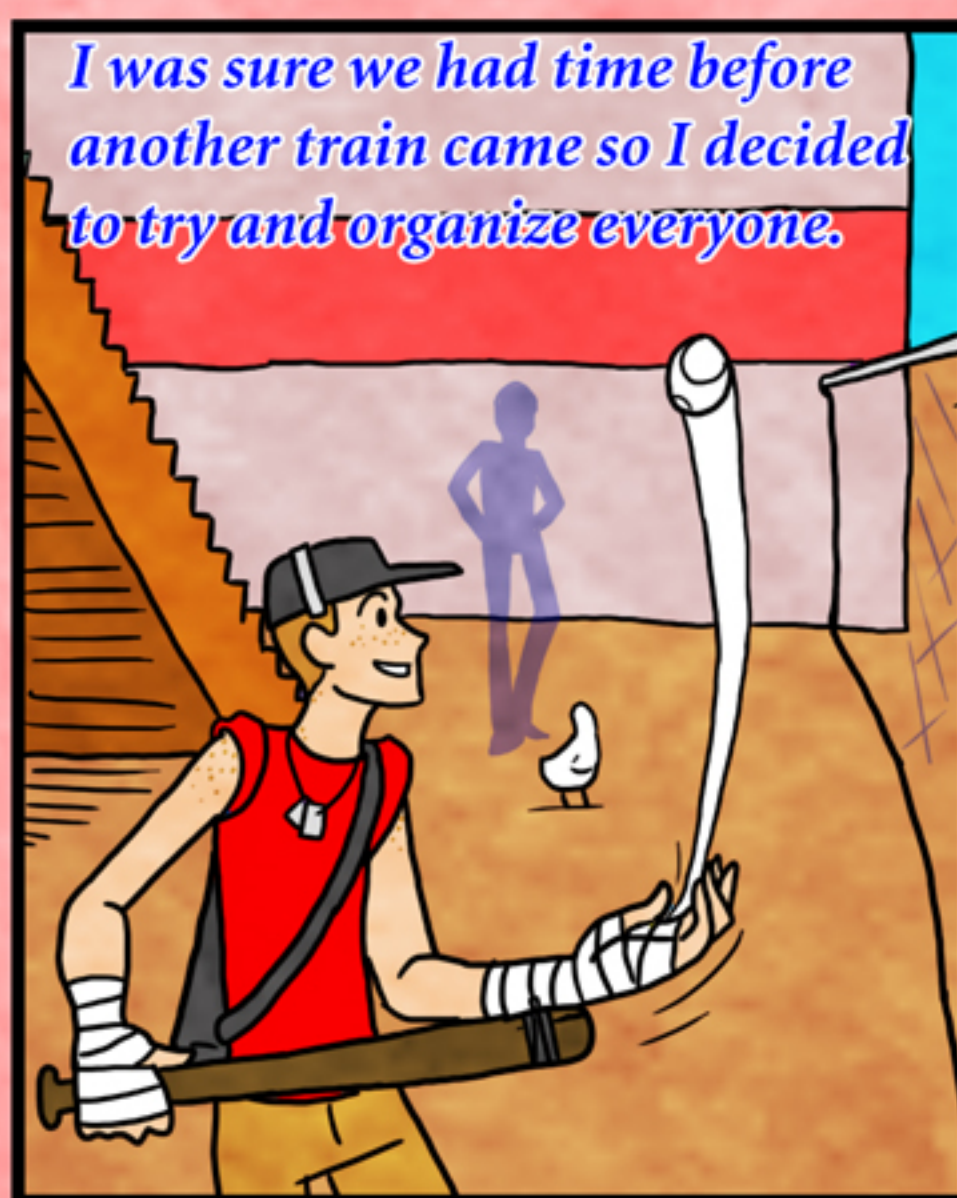
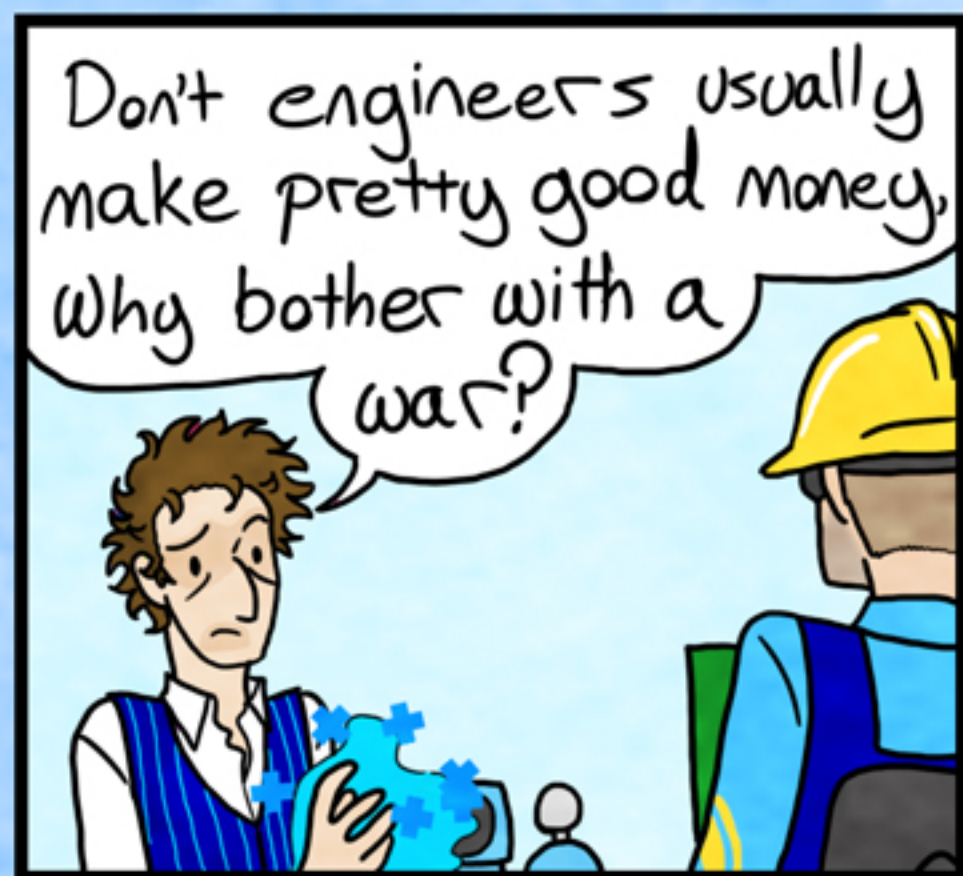




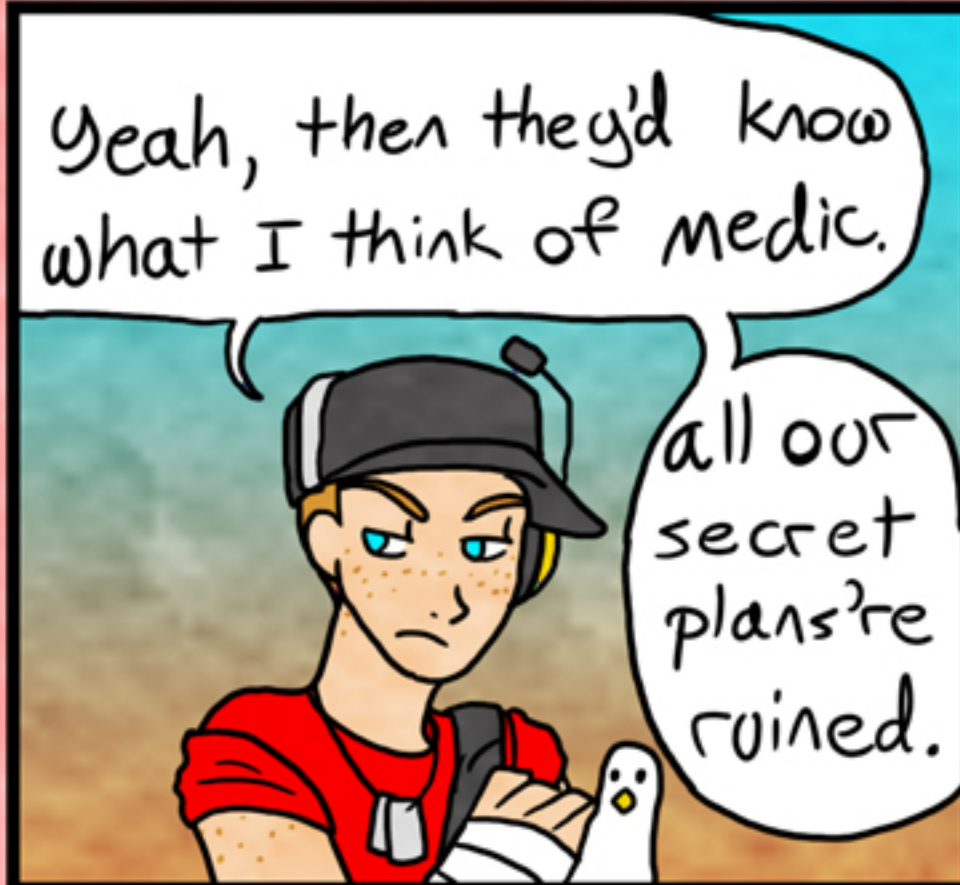
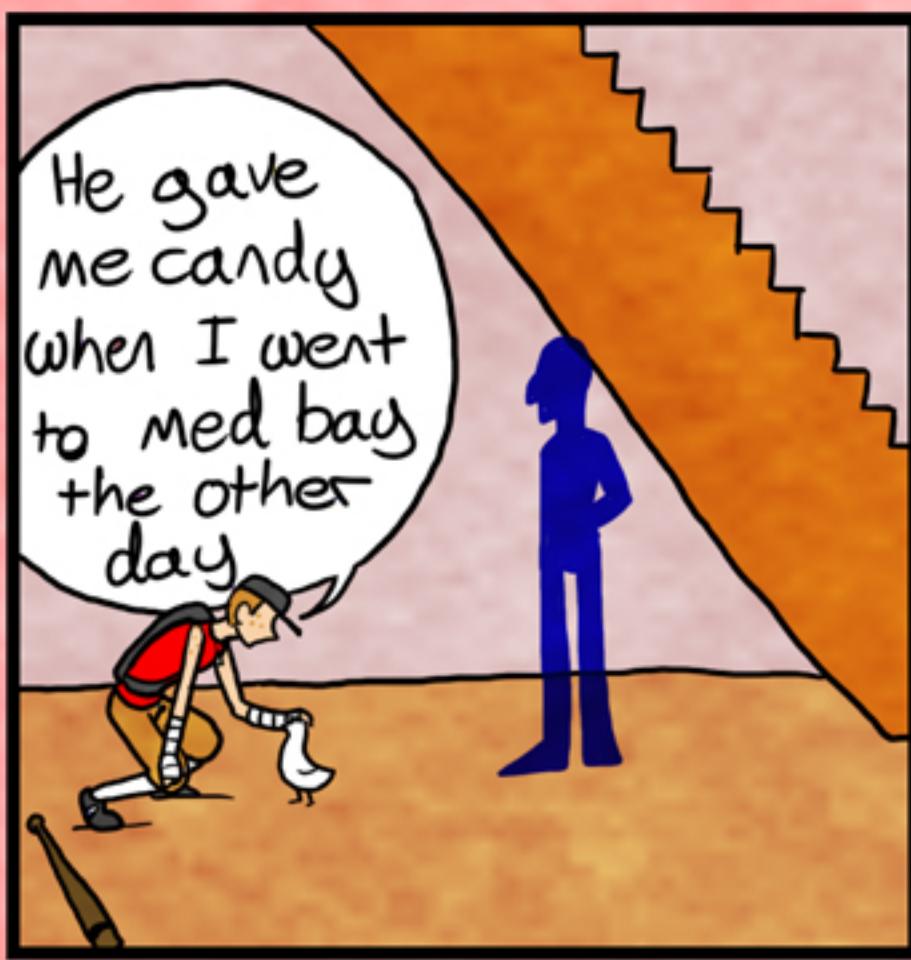


















Anyway, as soon as my cloak recharged, I ran back to my own base.



Without Red, I couldn't help but feel like it was my job to keep the group together.

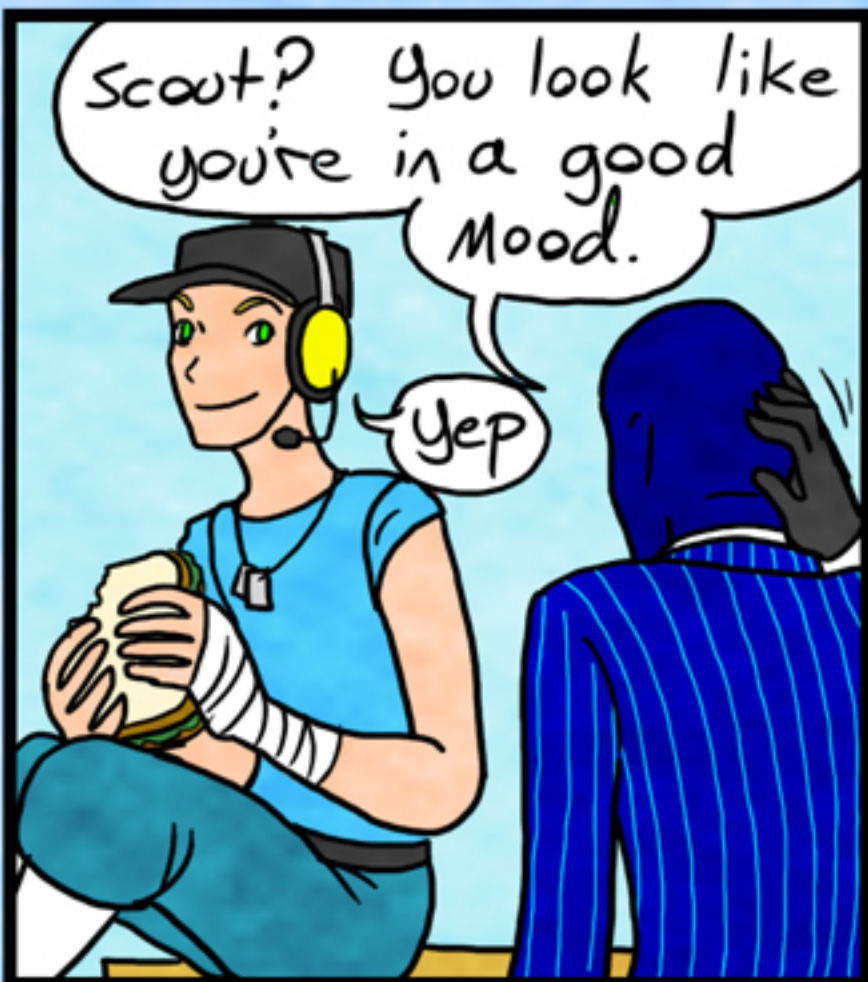


Hey, Spy.



Scout? You look like you're in a good mood.

Yep



Well, you seemed kind of upset the other night.



Hm? Uh, I forgive you I guess.



anywho, Spy, I'll see ya later.

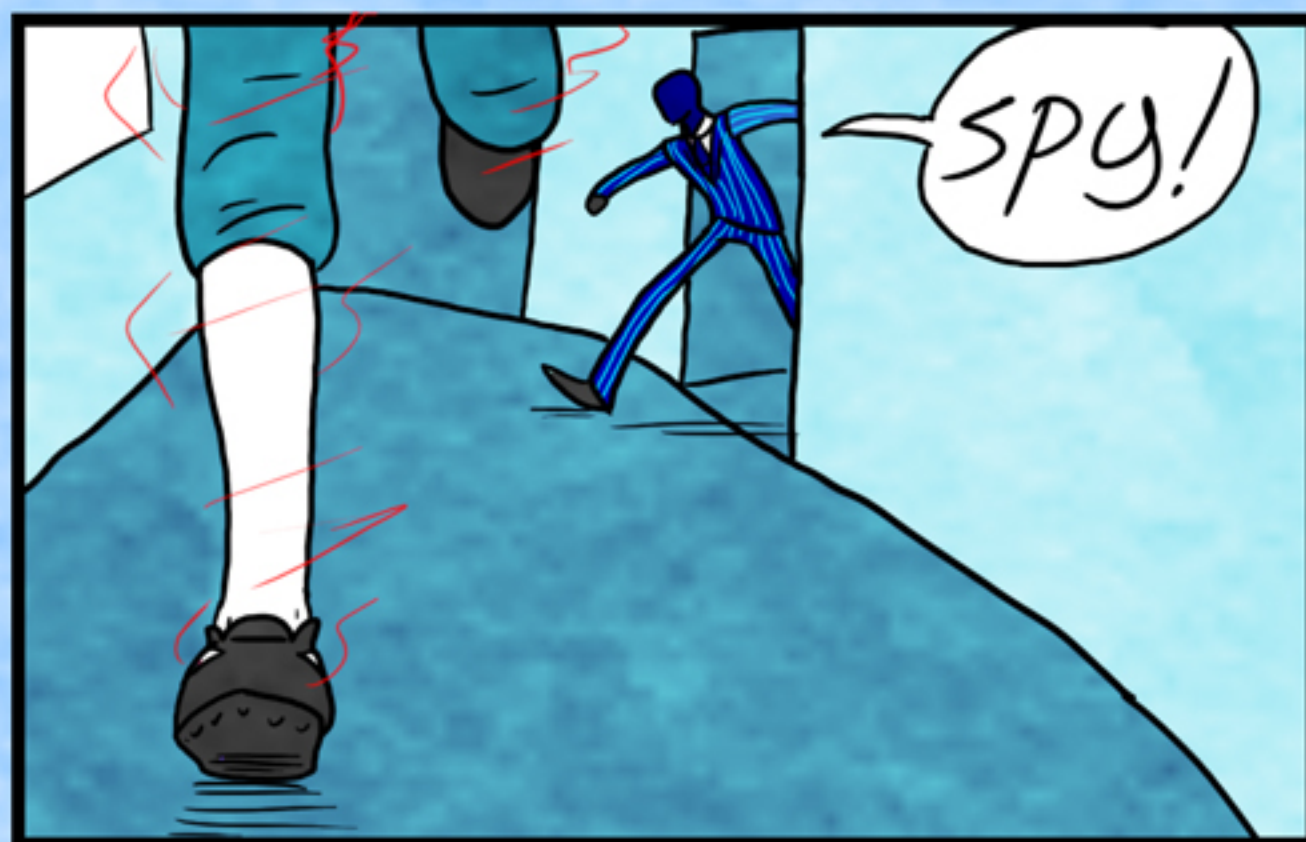


It took me a moment to realize what was off about Scout...

... wait.



SPY!



You're more clever than I thought, Urdin.



Aio!



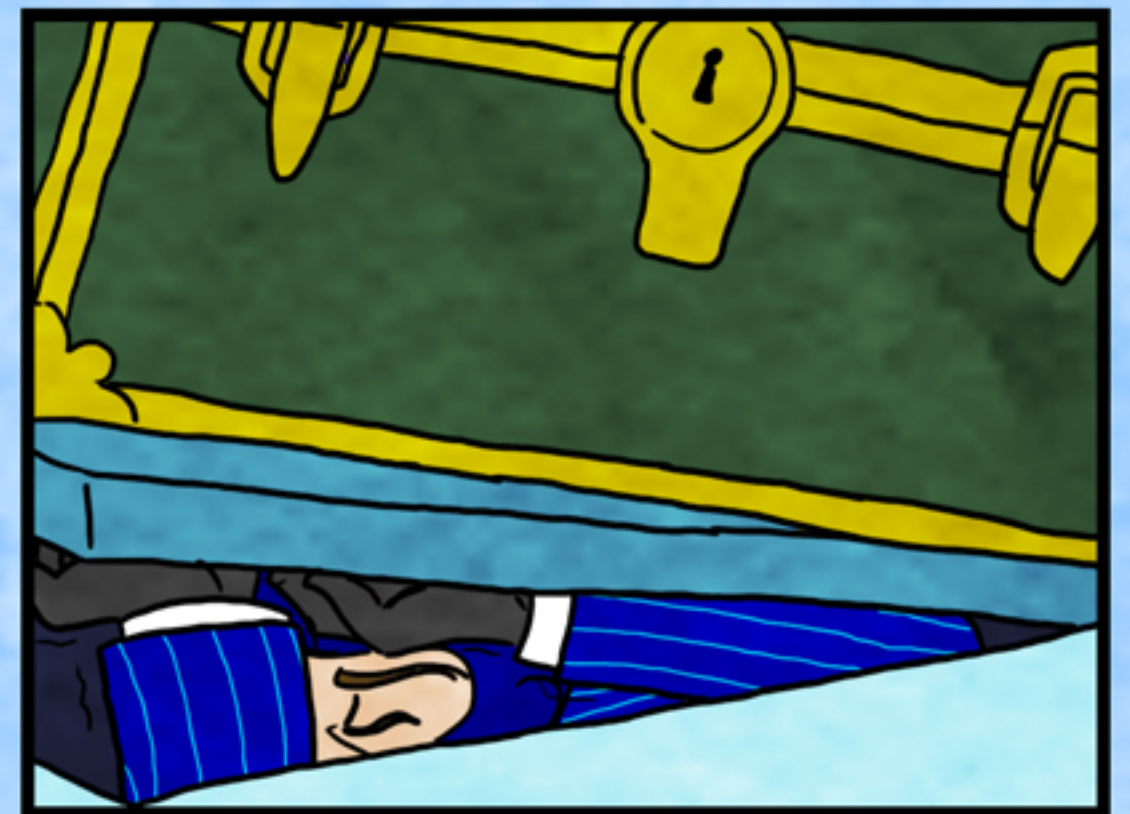
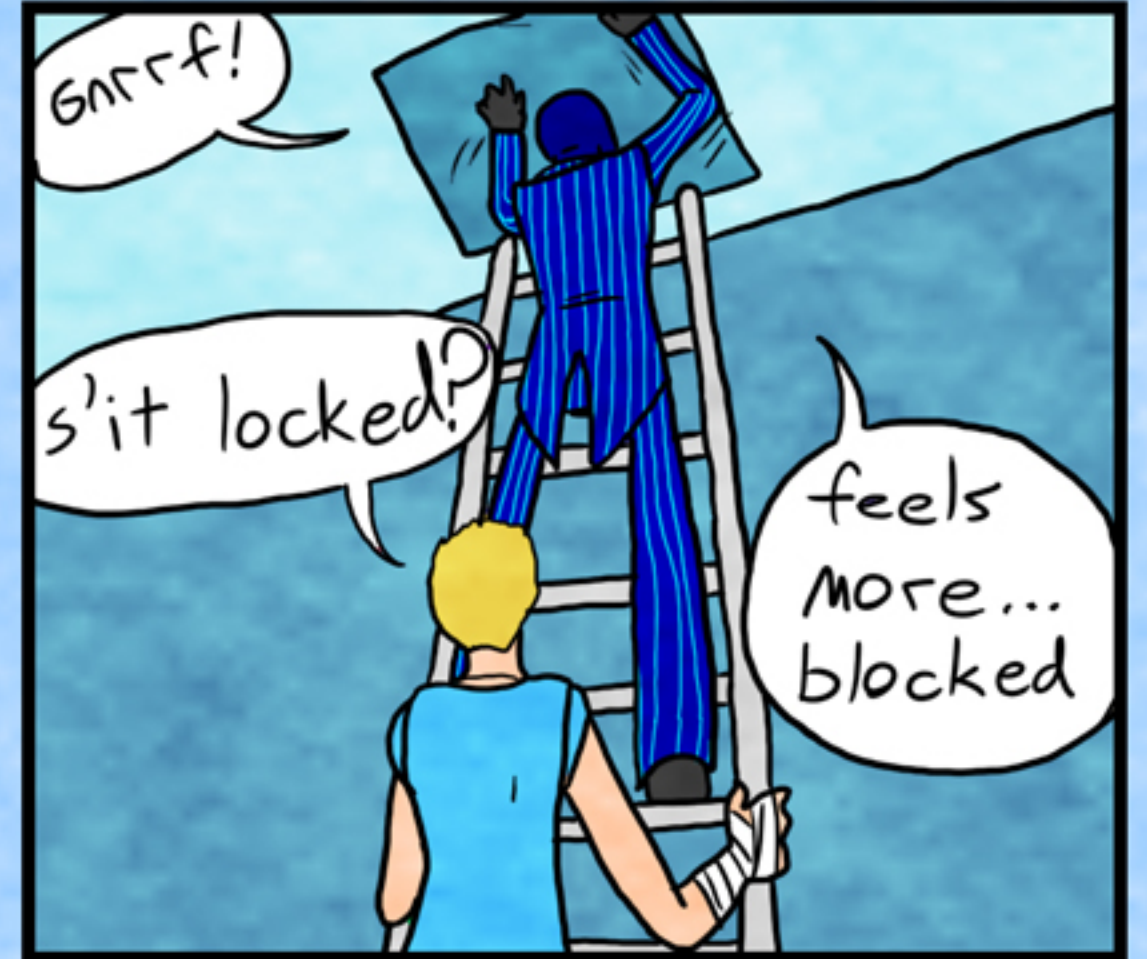
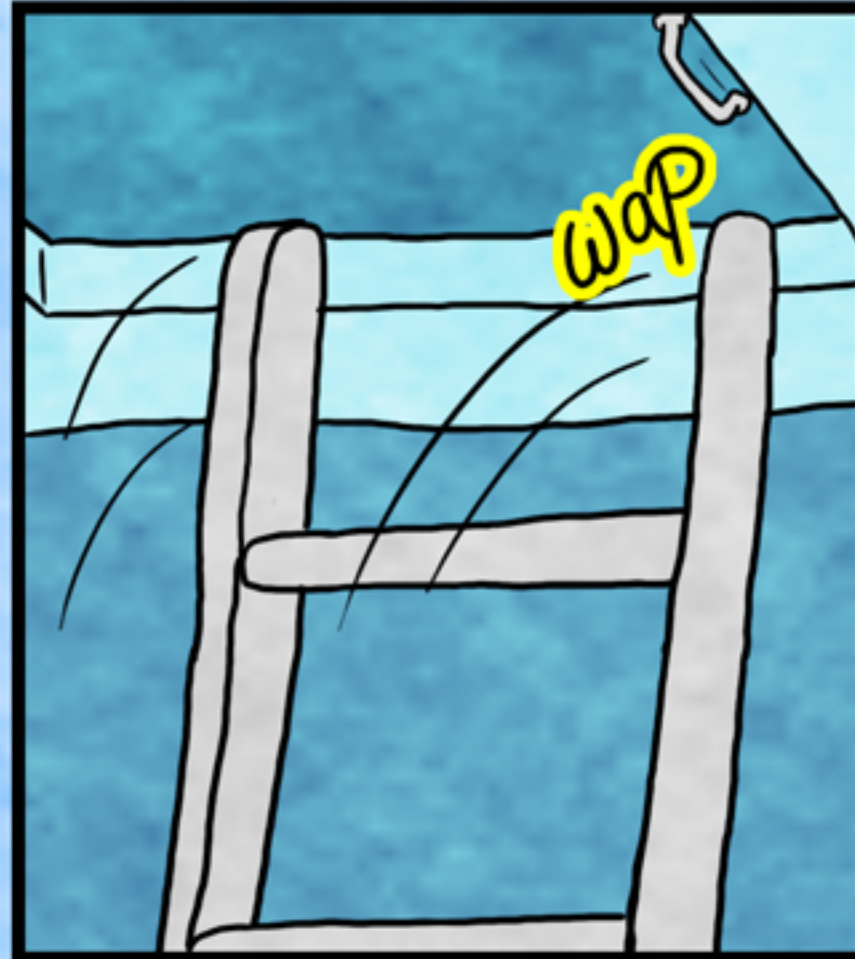
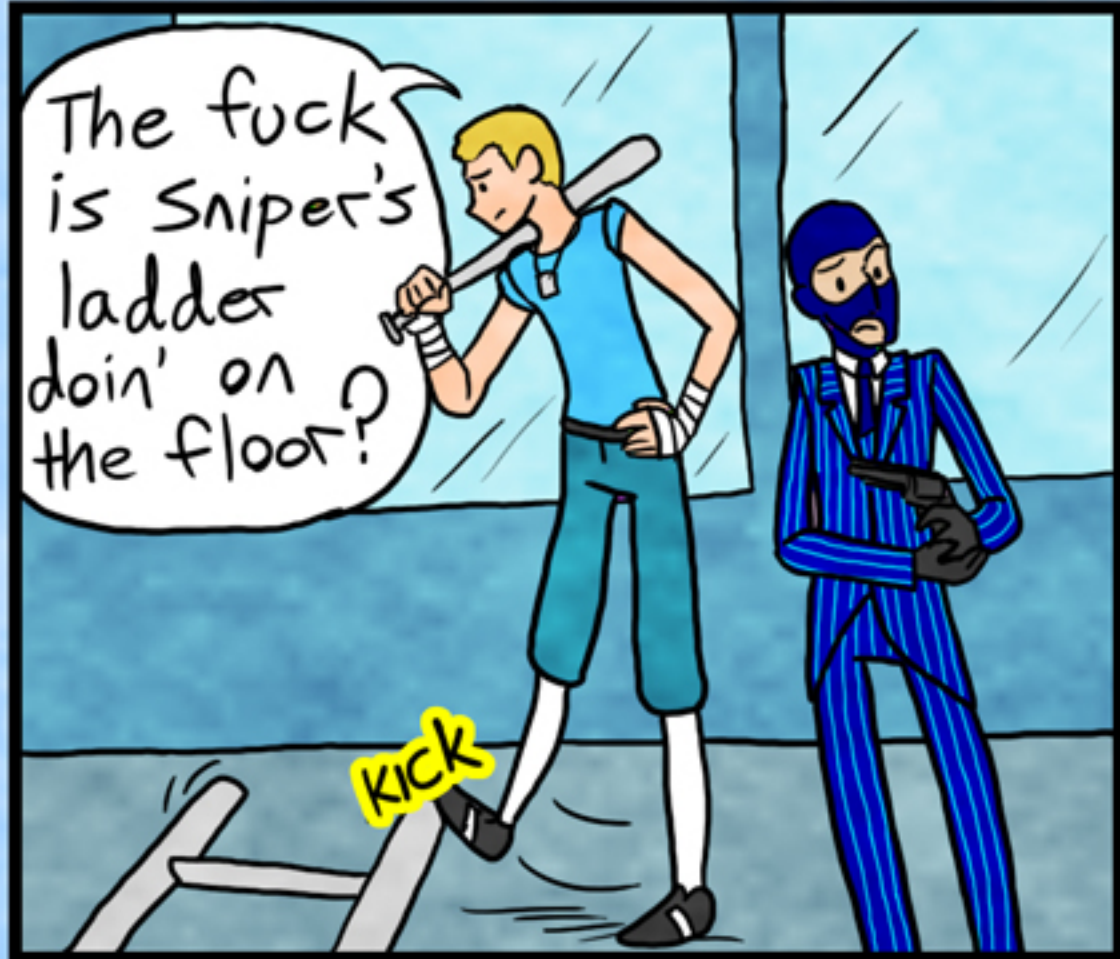
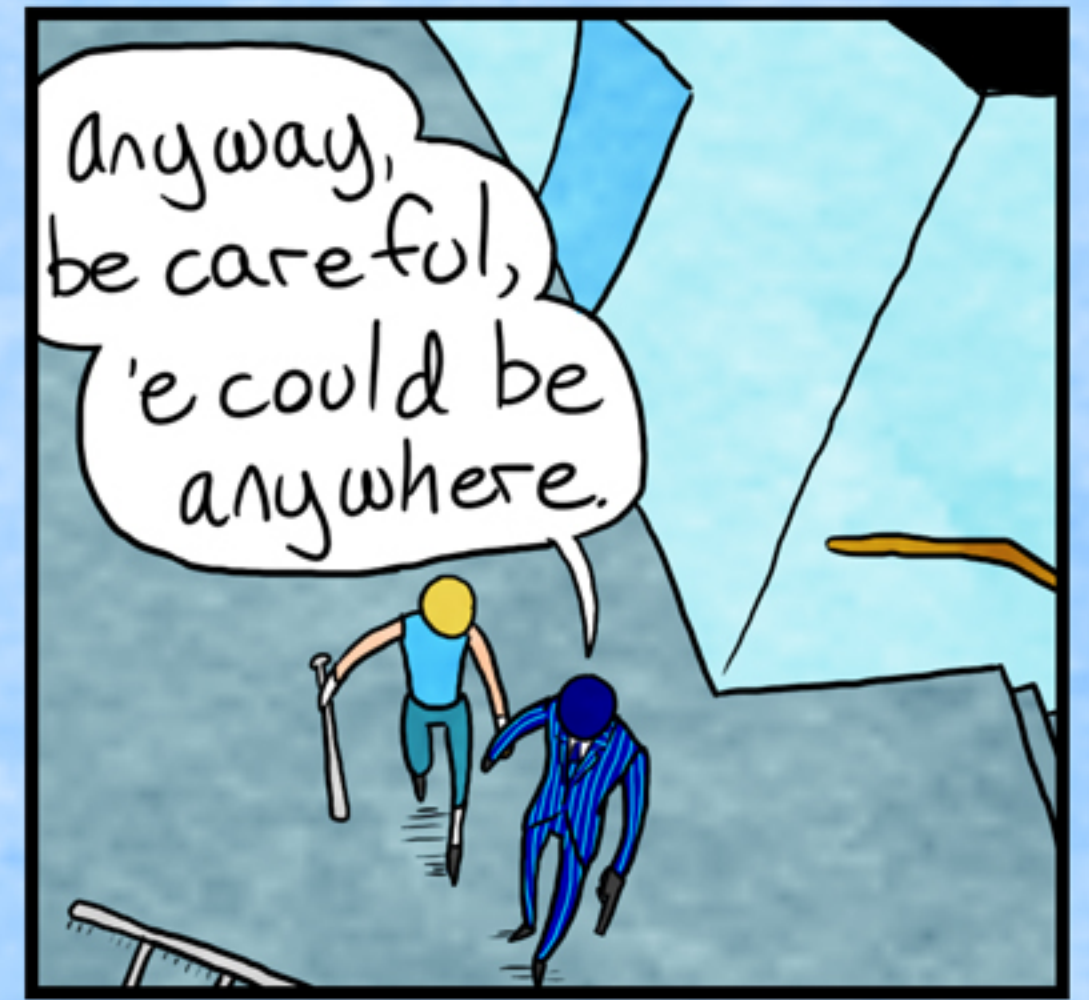
FWSH



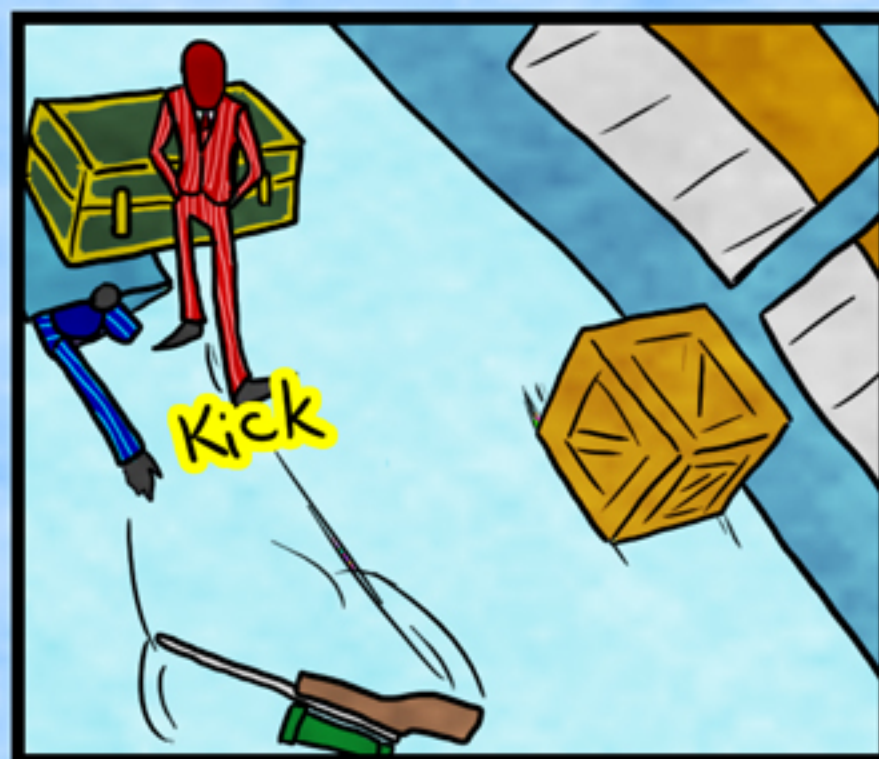
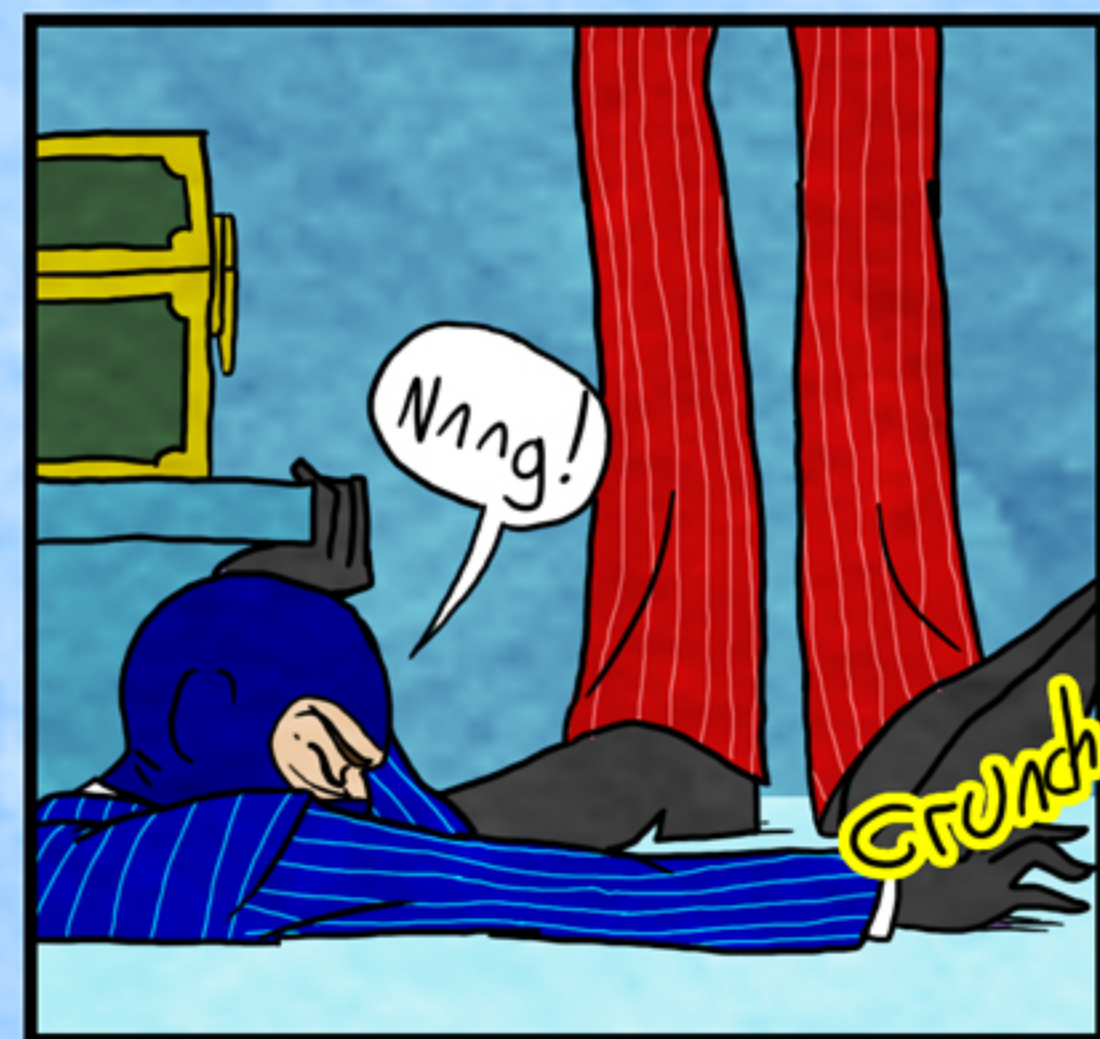
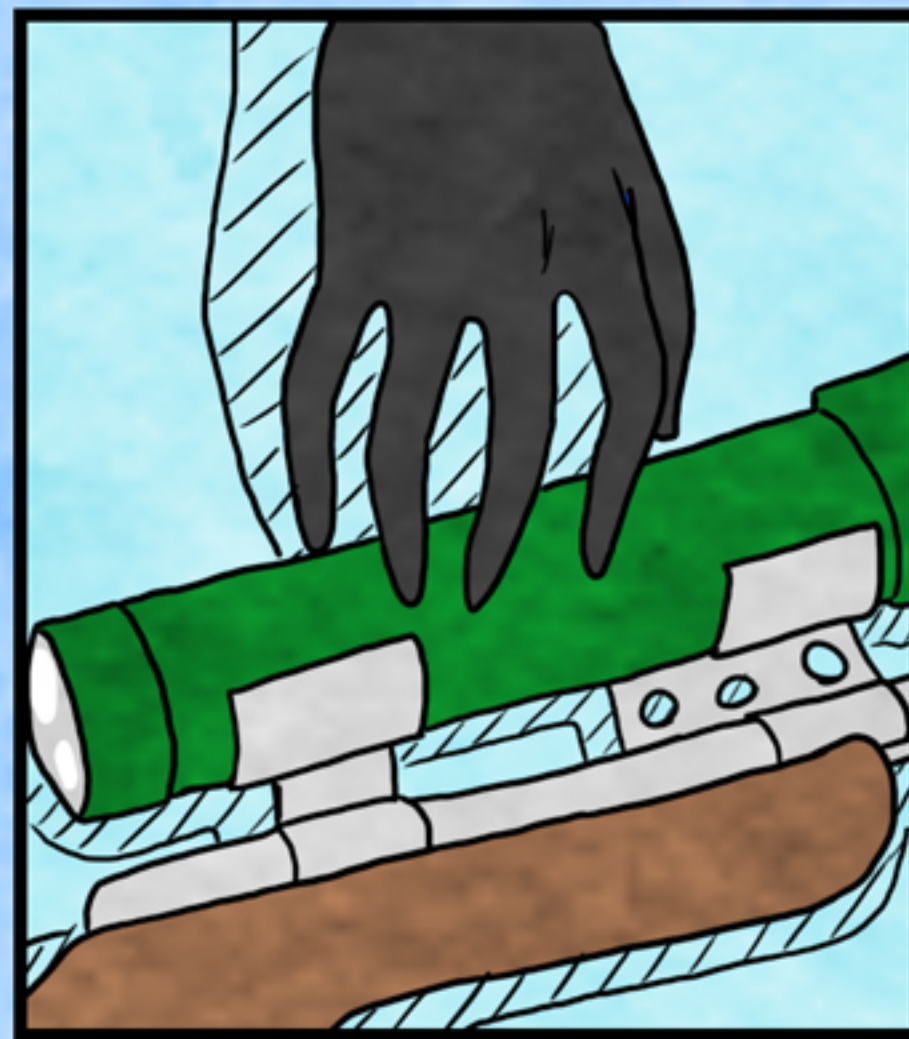




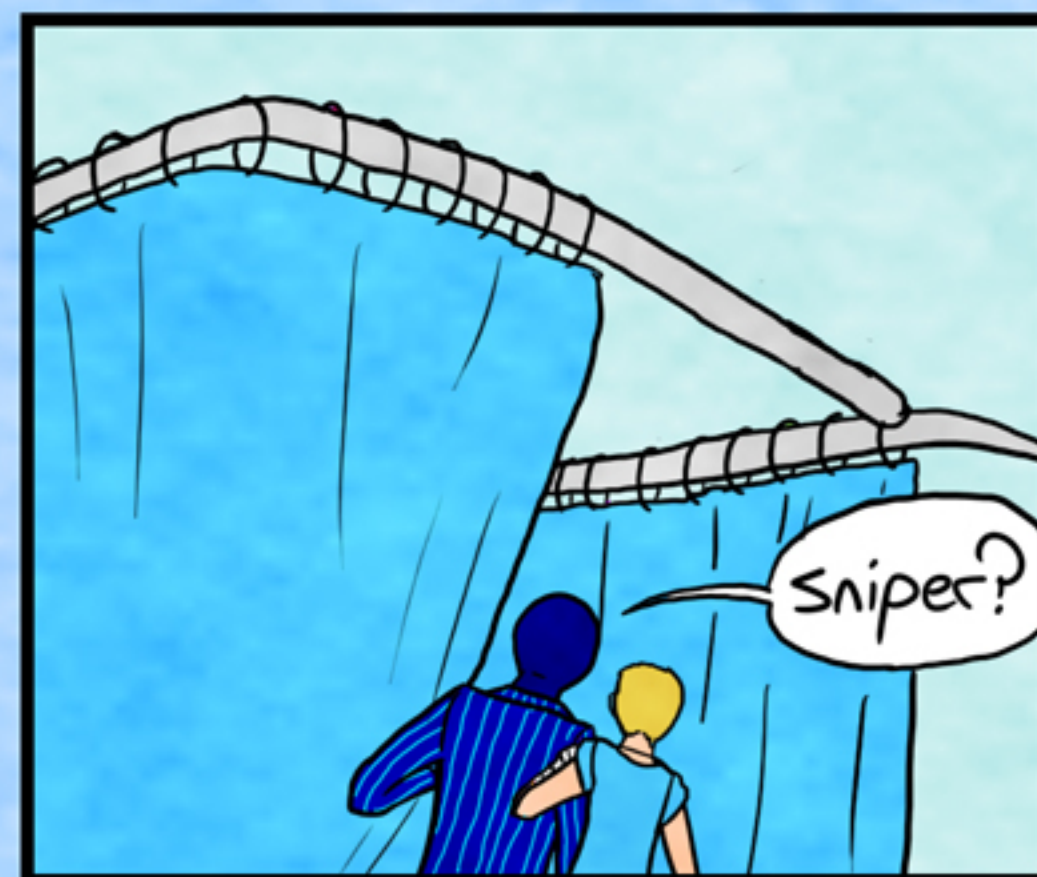
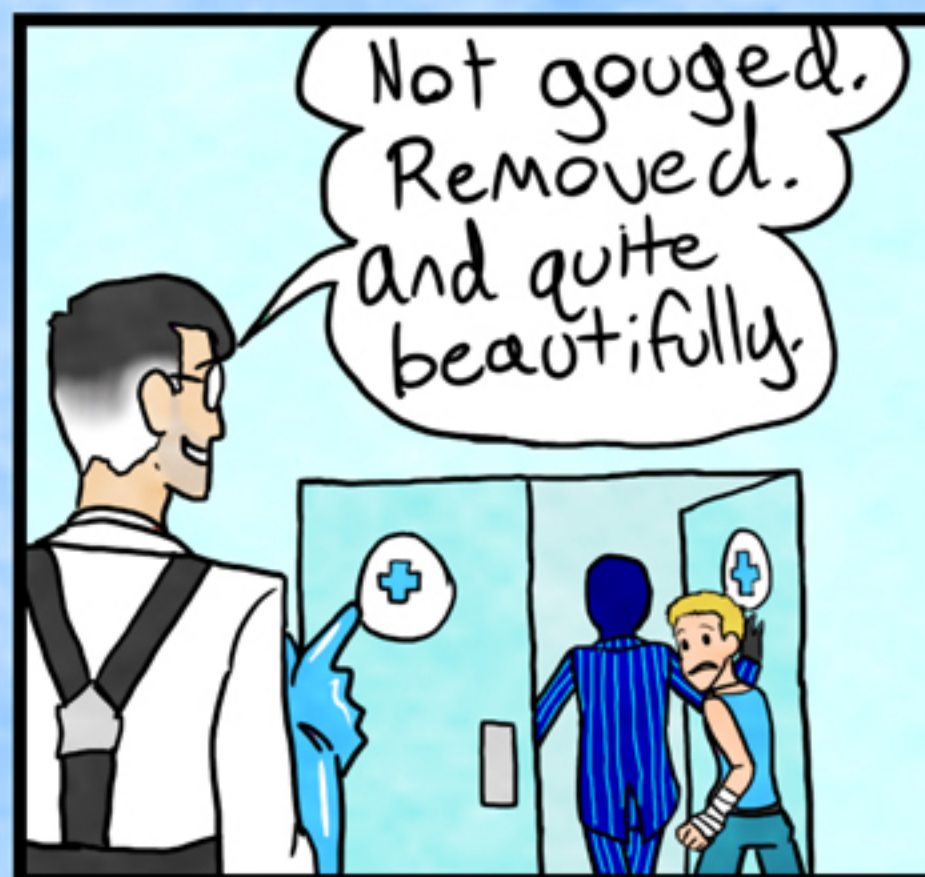














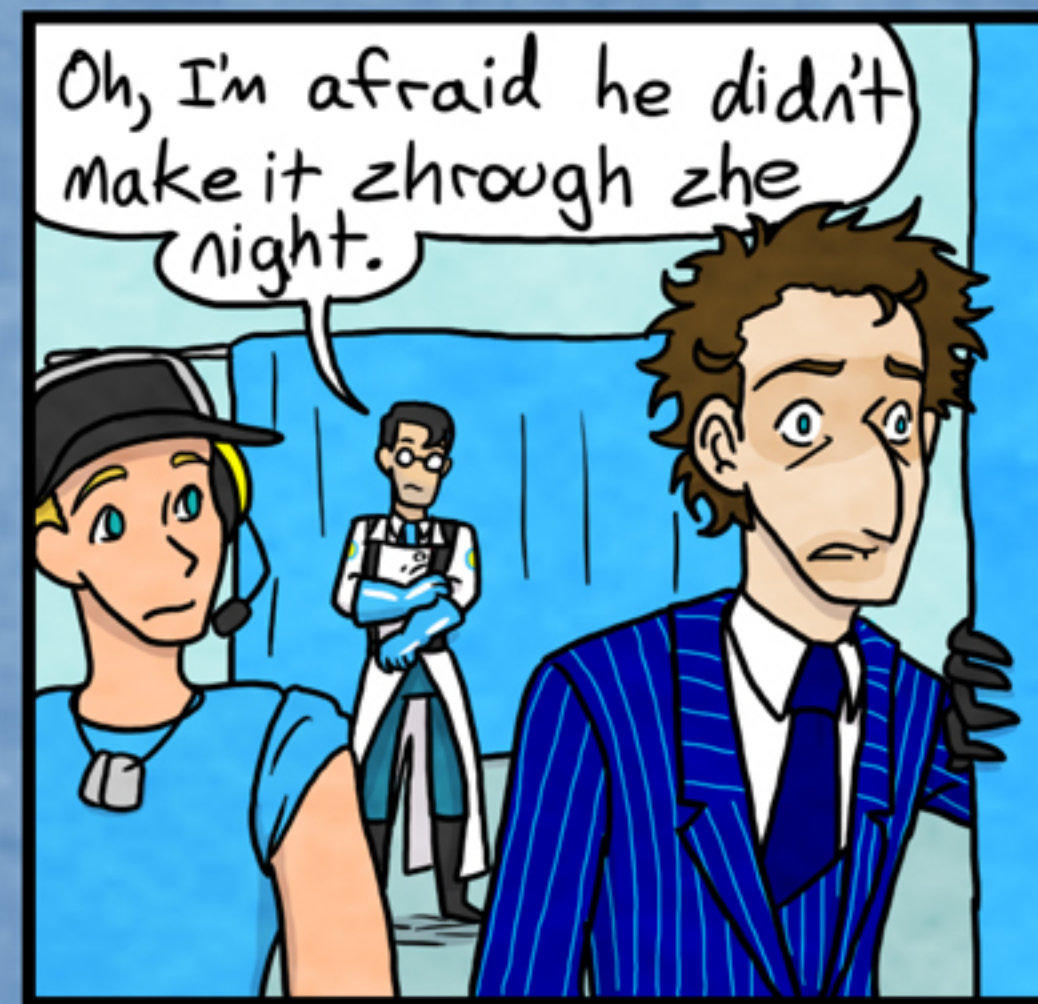
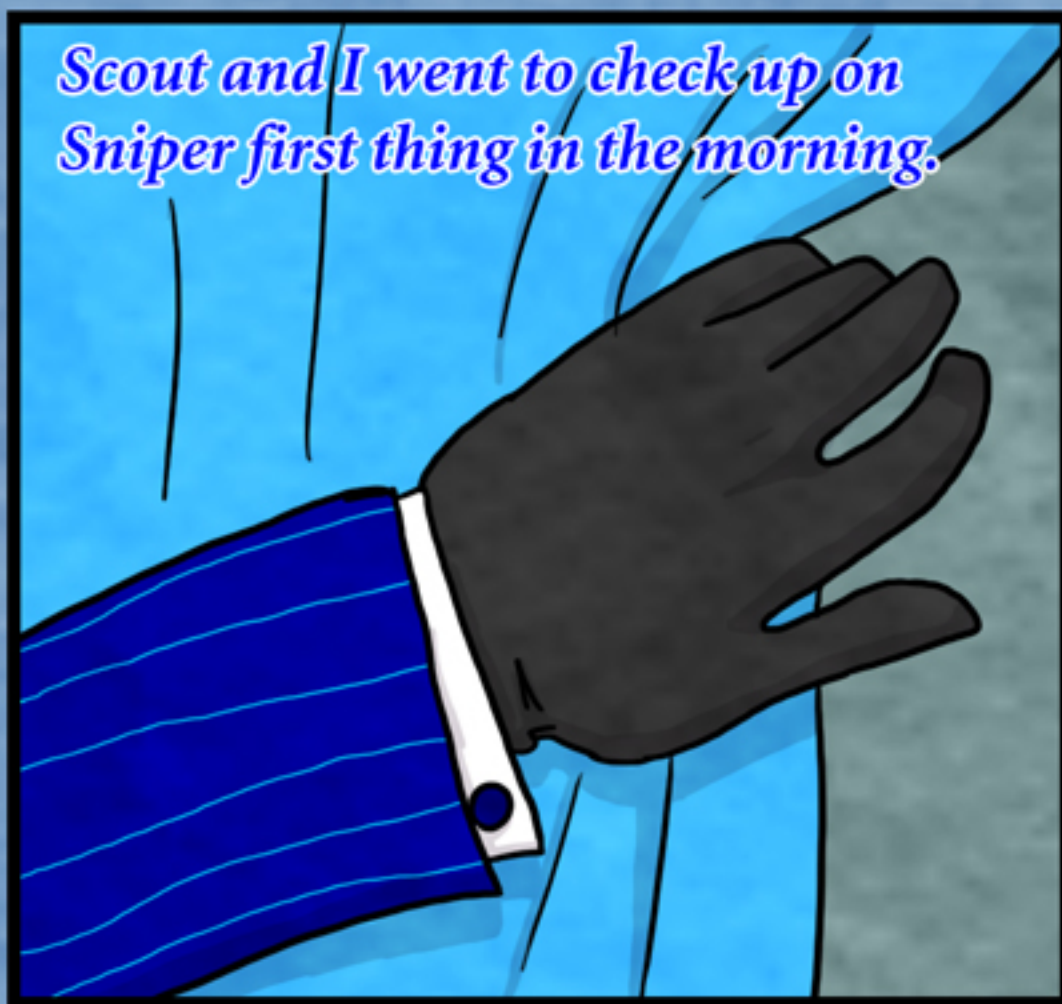
*I didn't want to leave Sniper alone, particularly with Medic, but he insisted.*



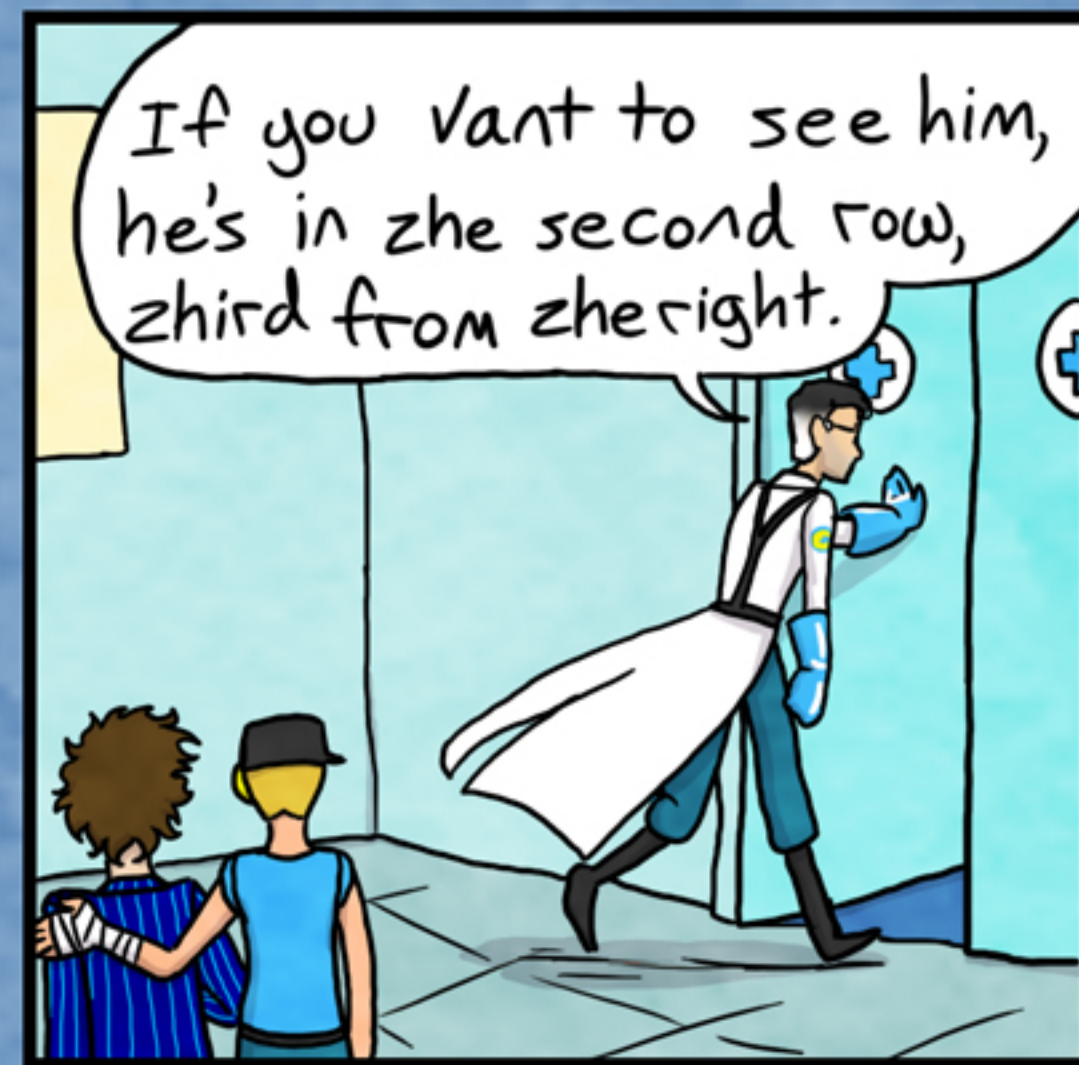
*I regret not trying harder to stay.*



*Scout and I went to check up on Sniper first thing in the morning.*



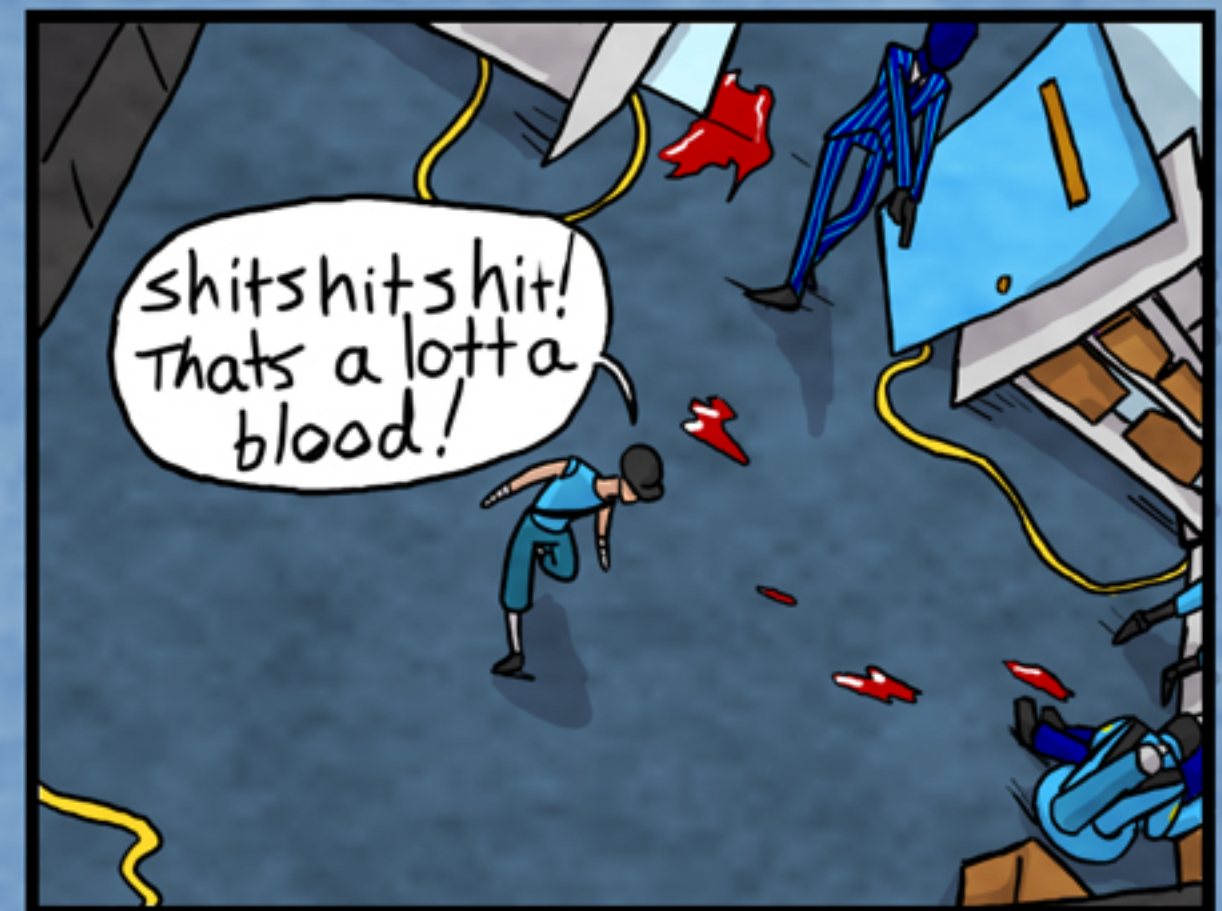
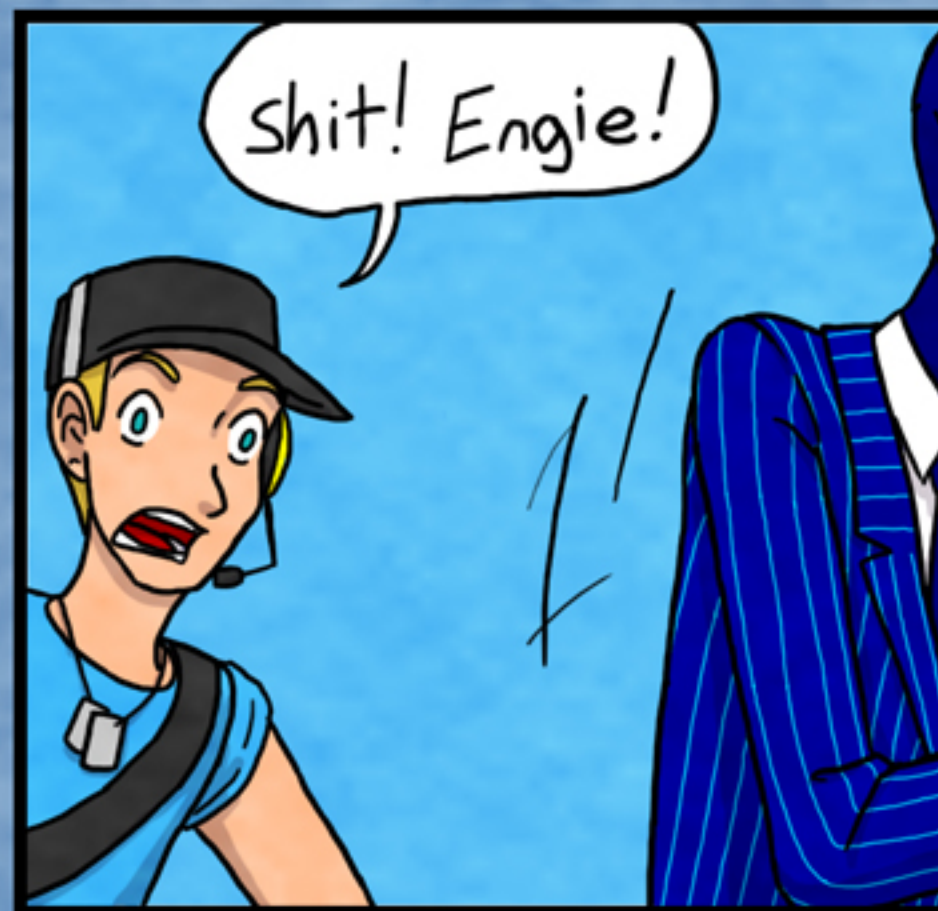
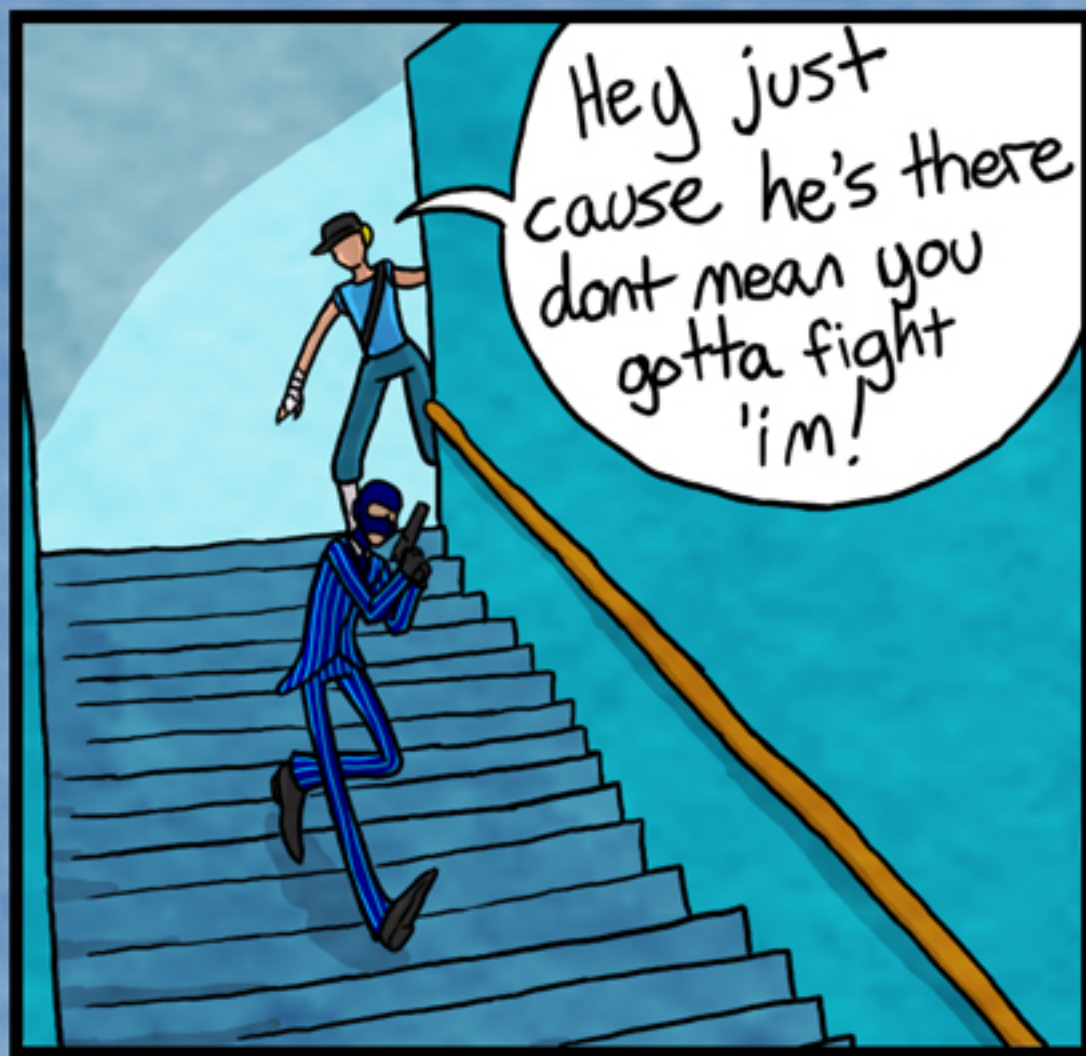




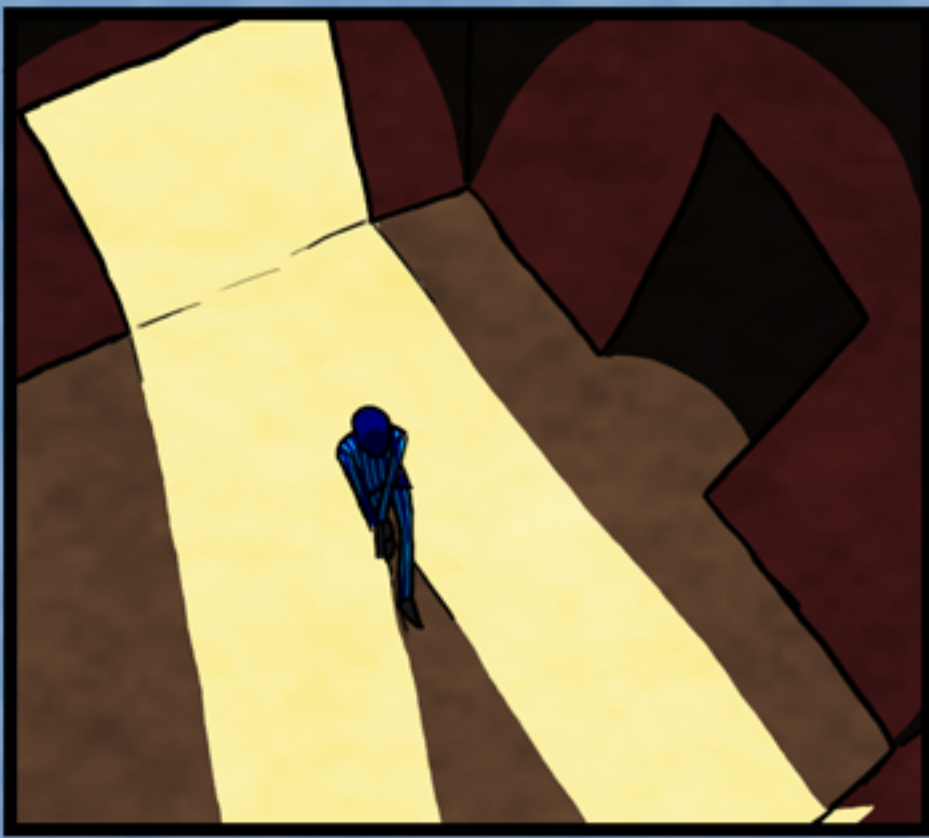
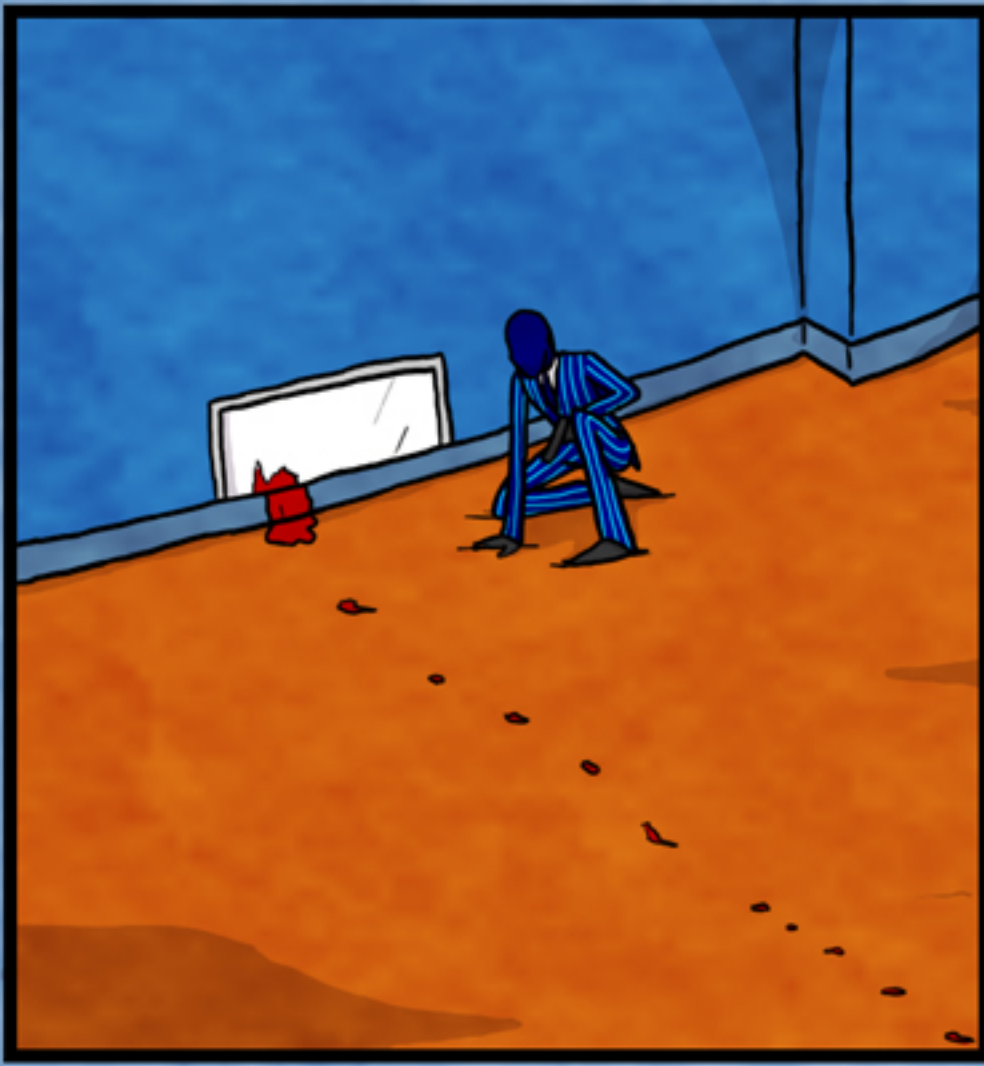




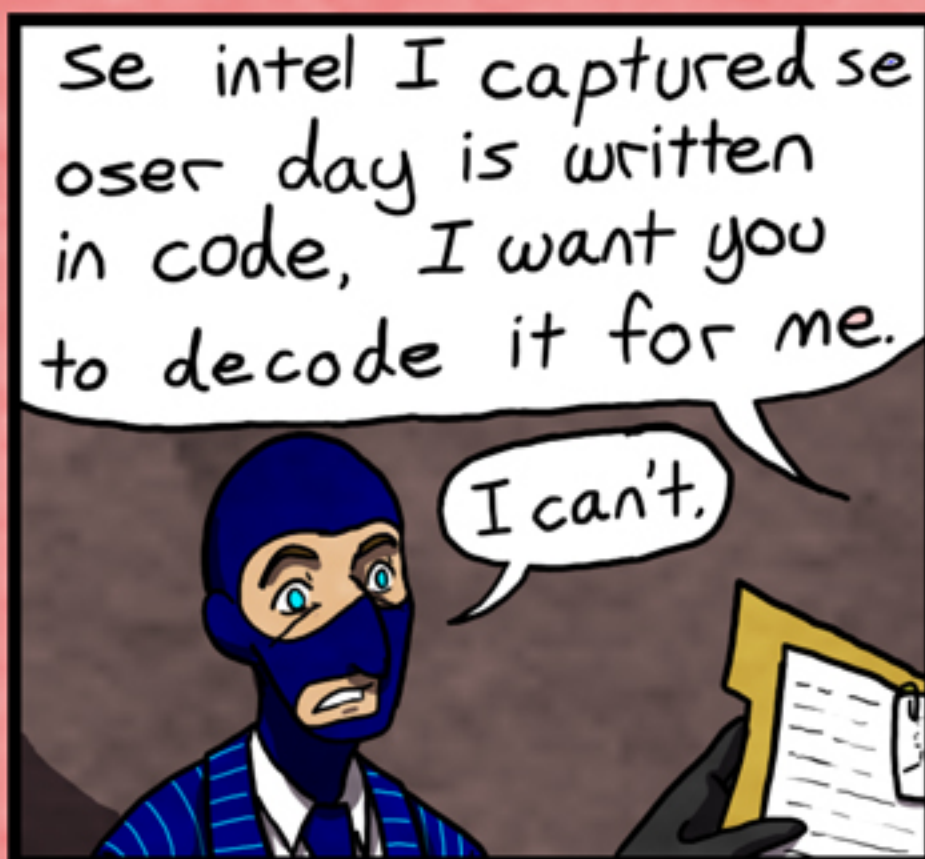
















No one will come looking for you.



or escape.



... ja.



I don't know.



I-I can't.

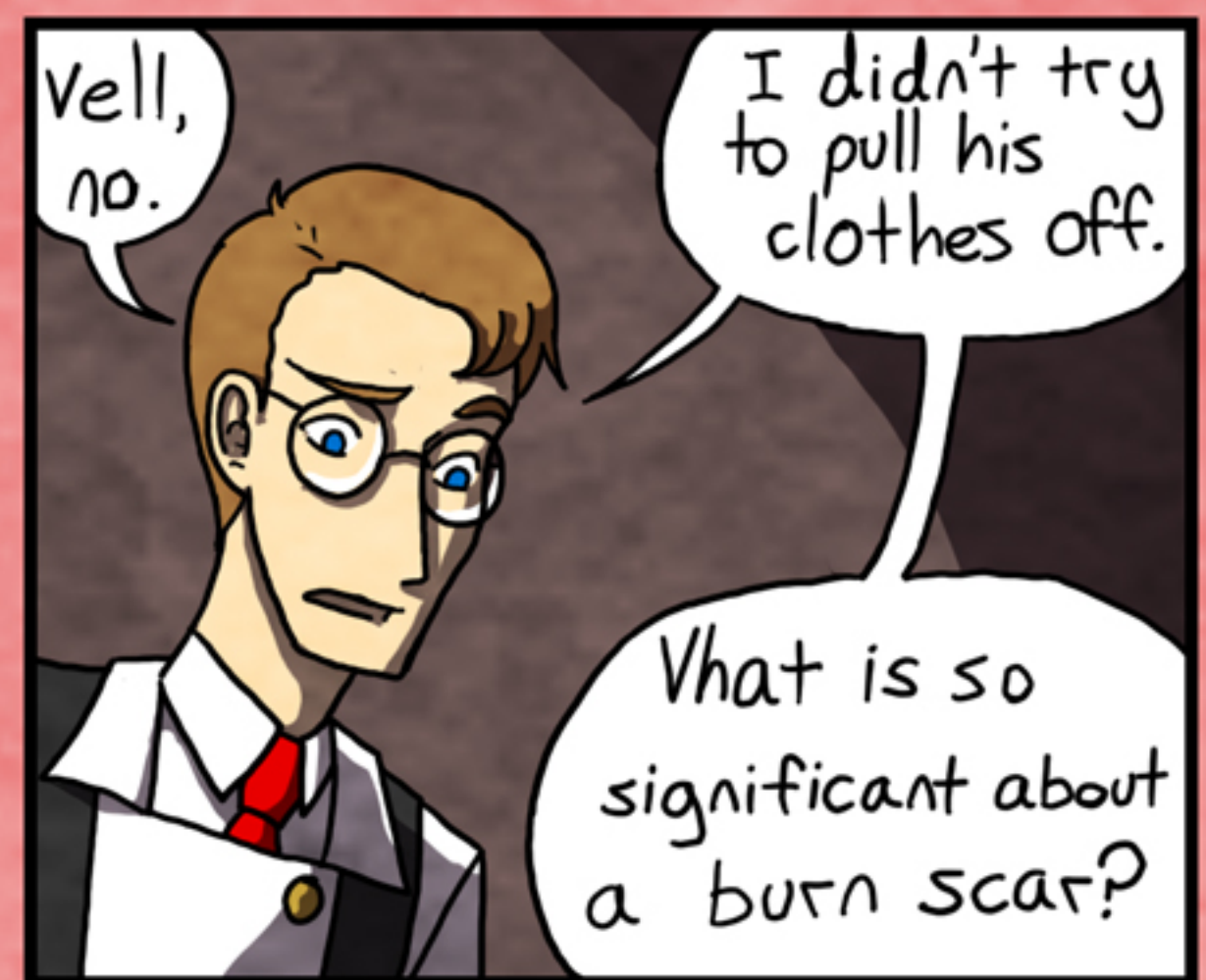
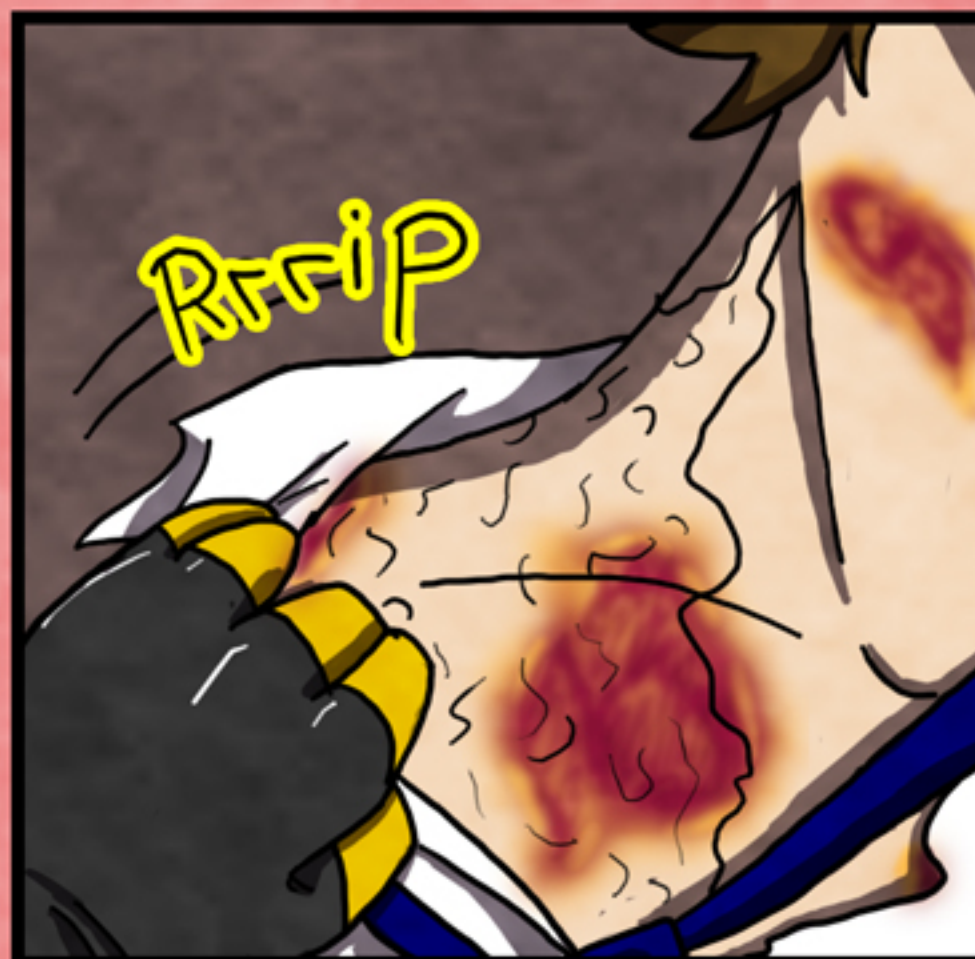
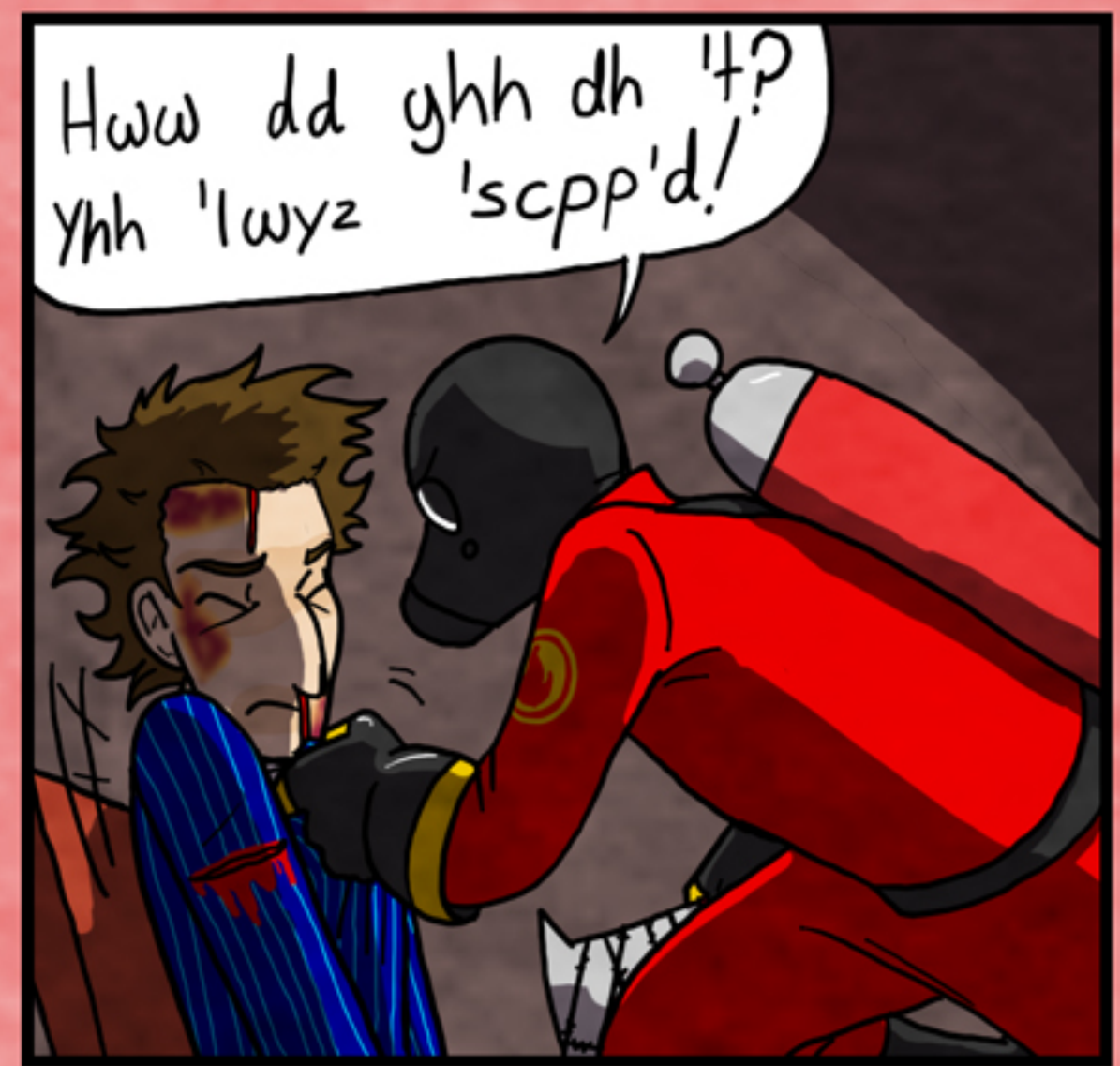




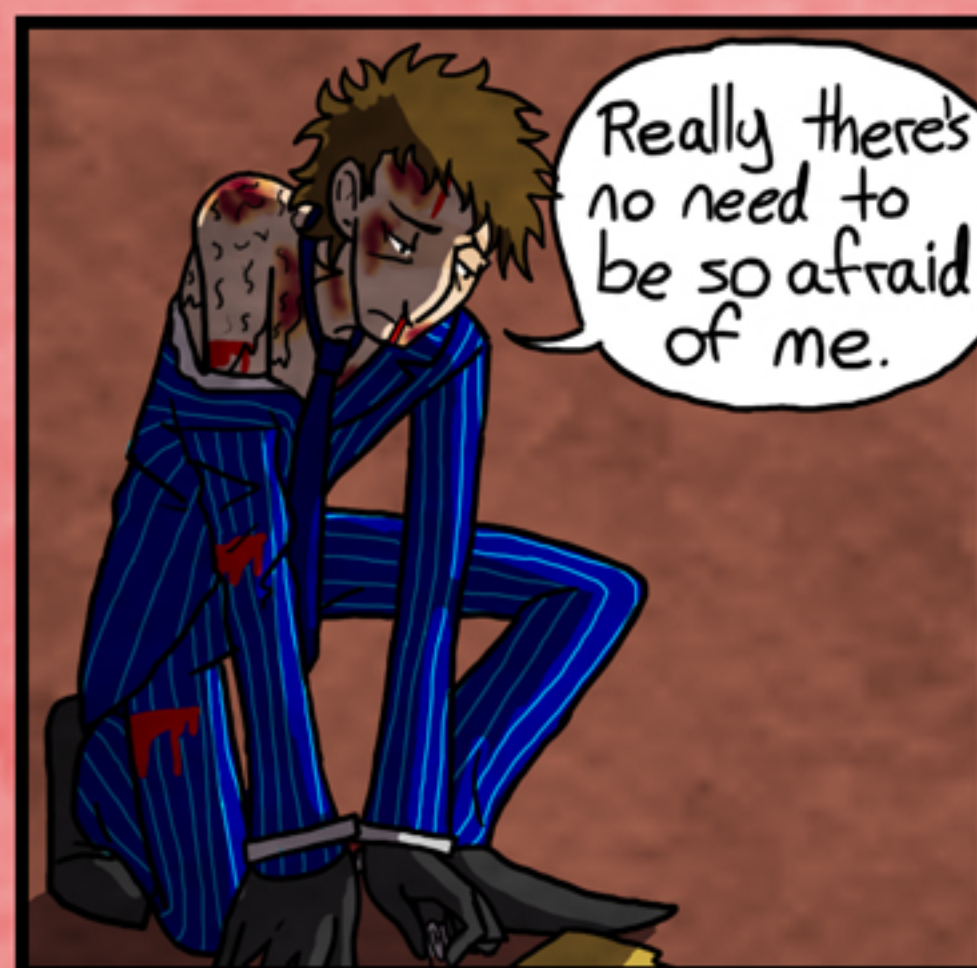
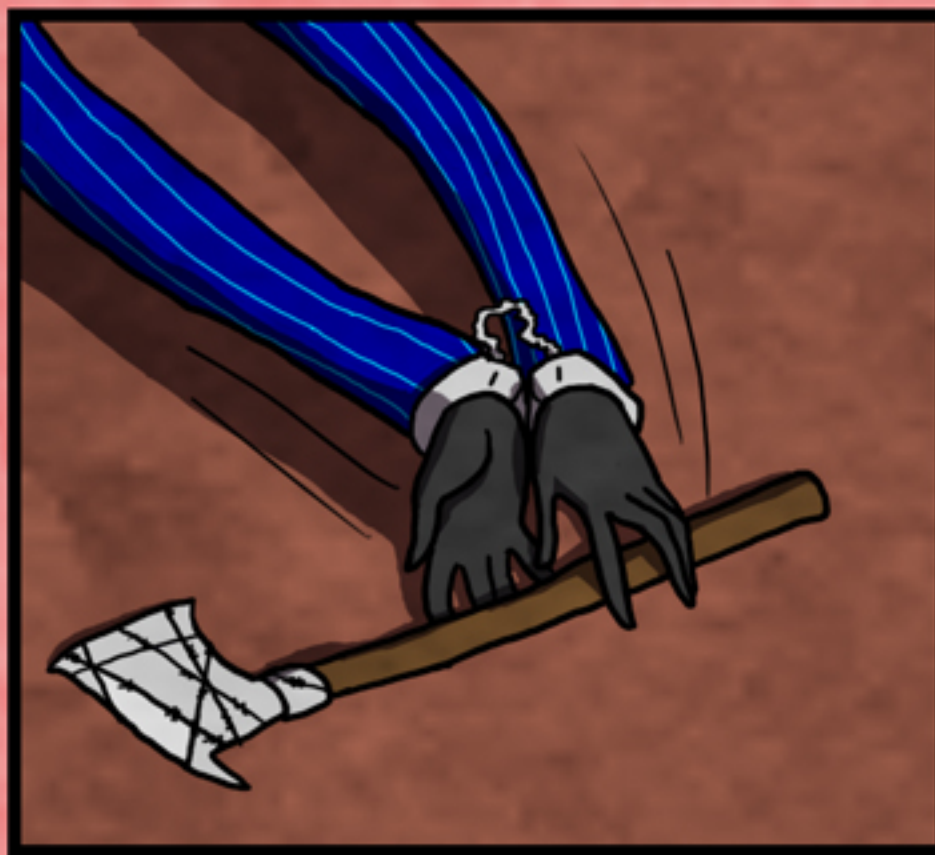




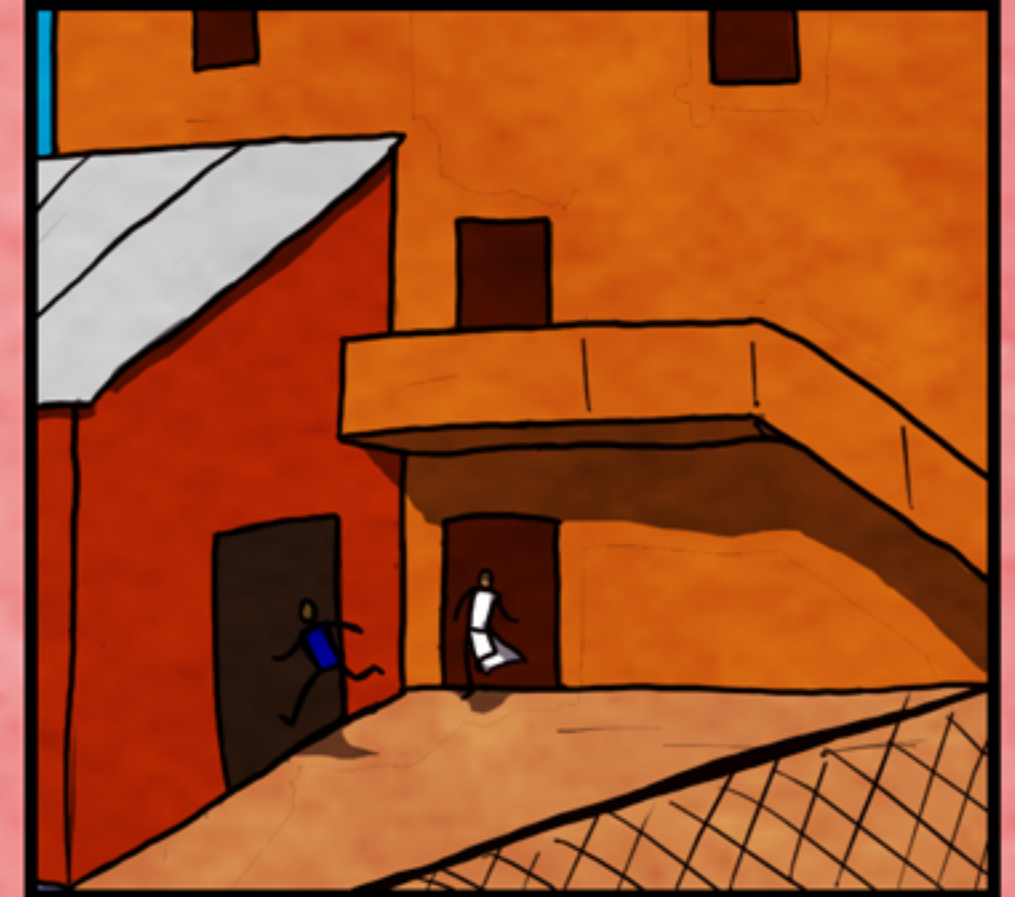




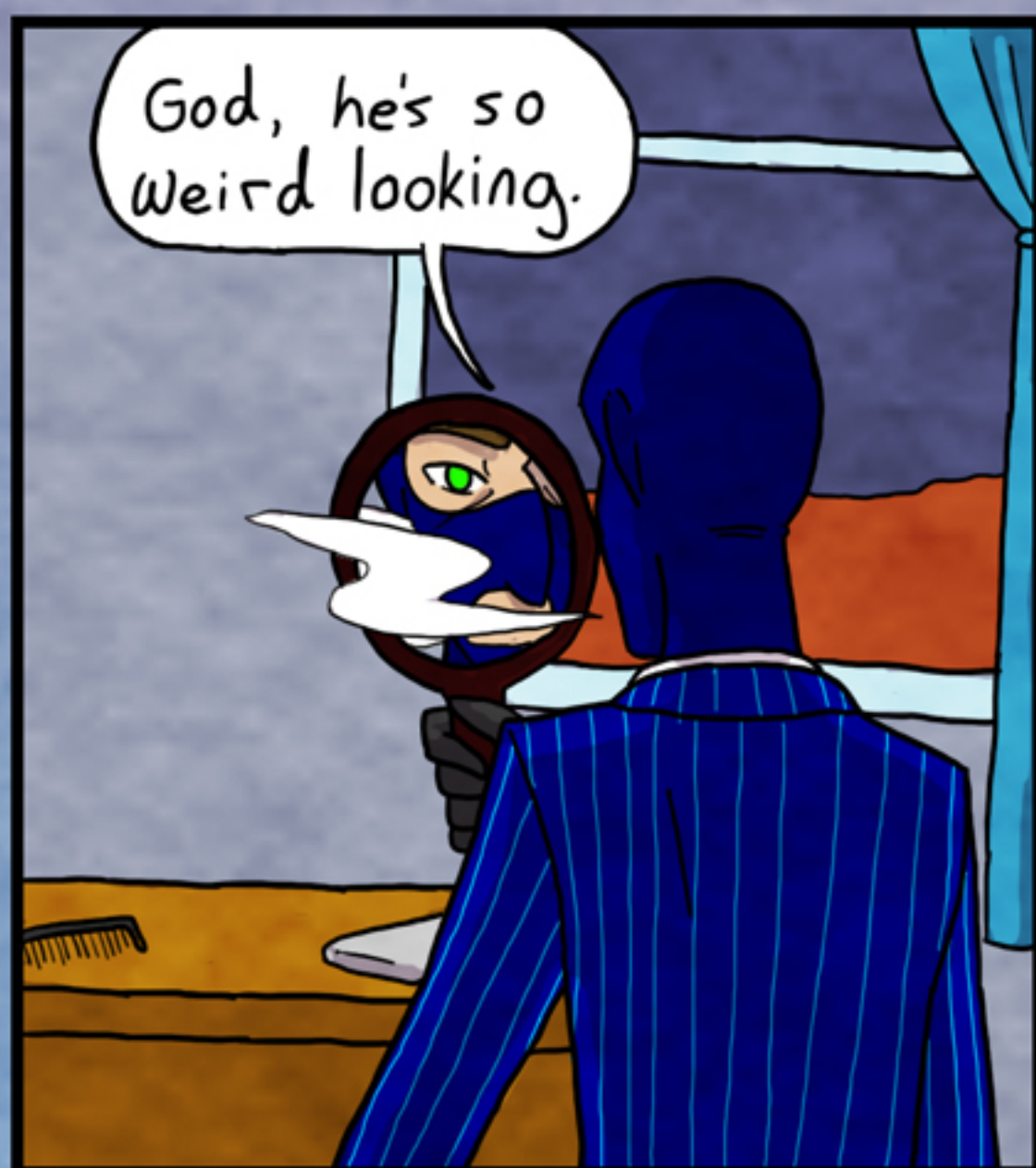




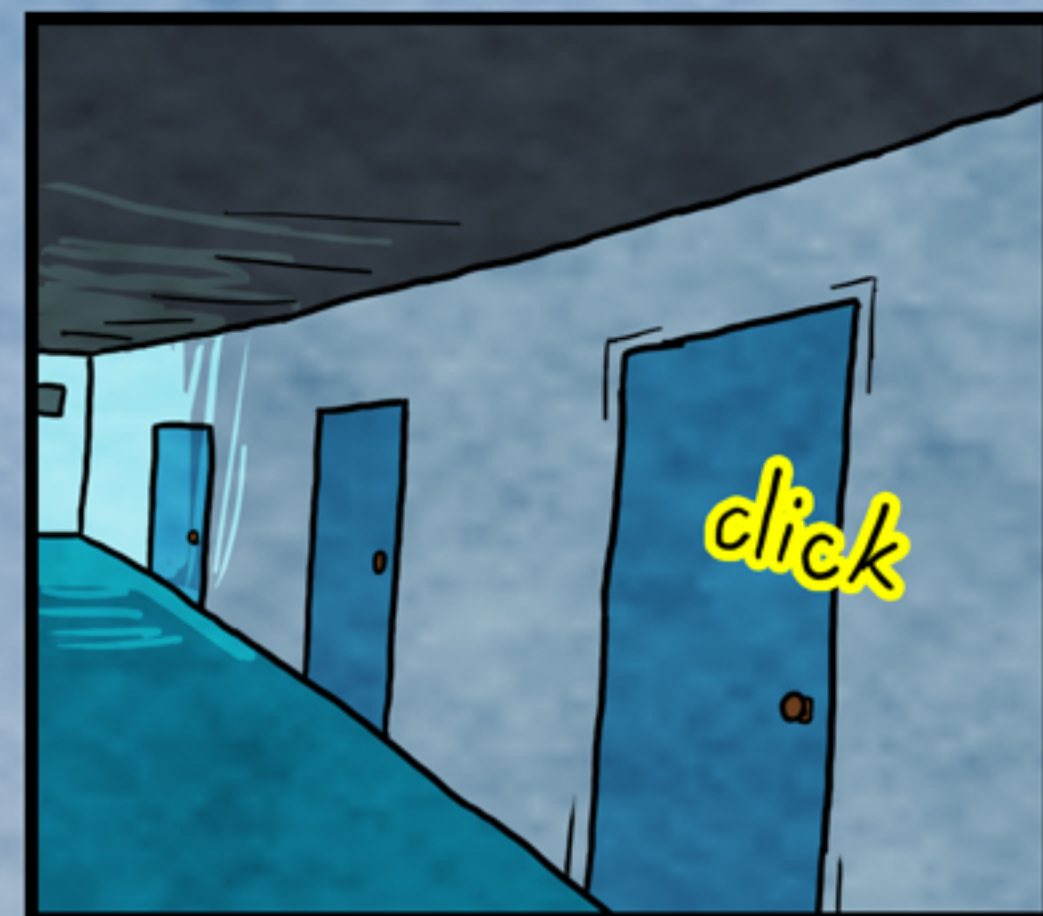




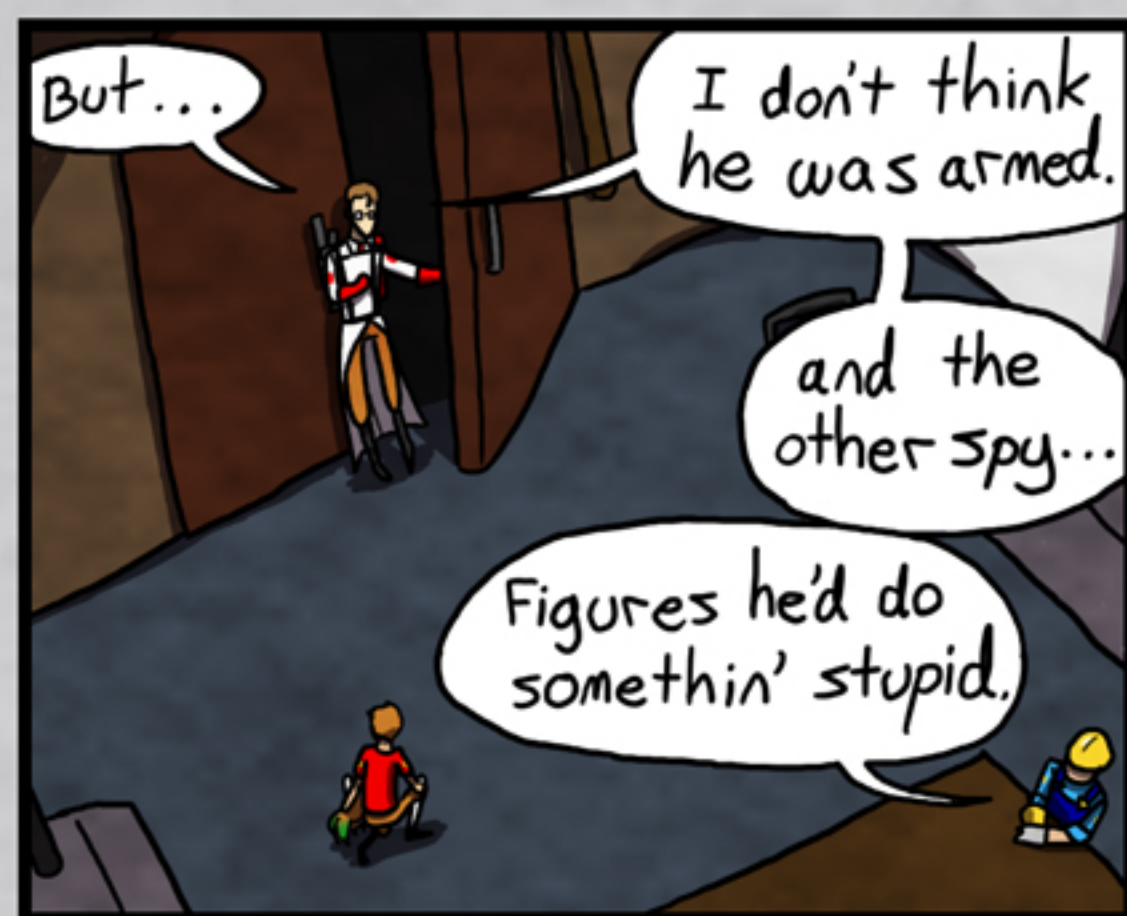








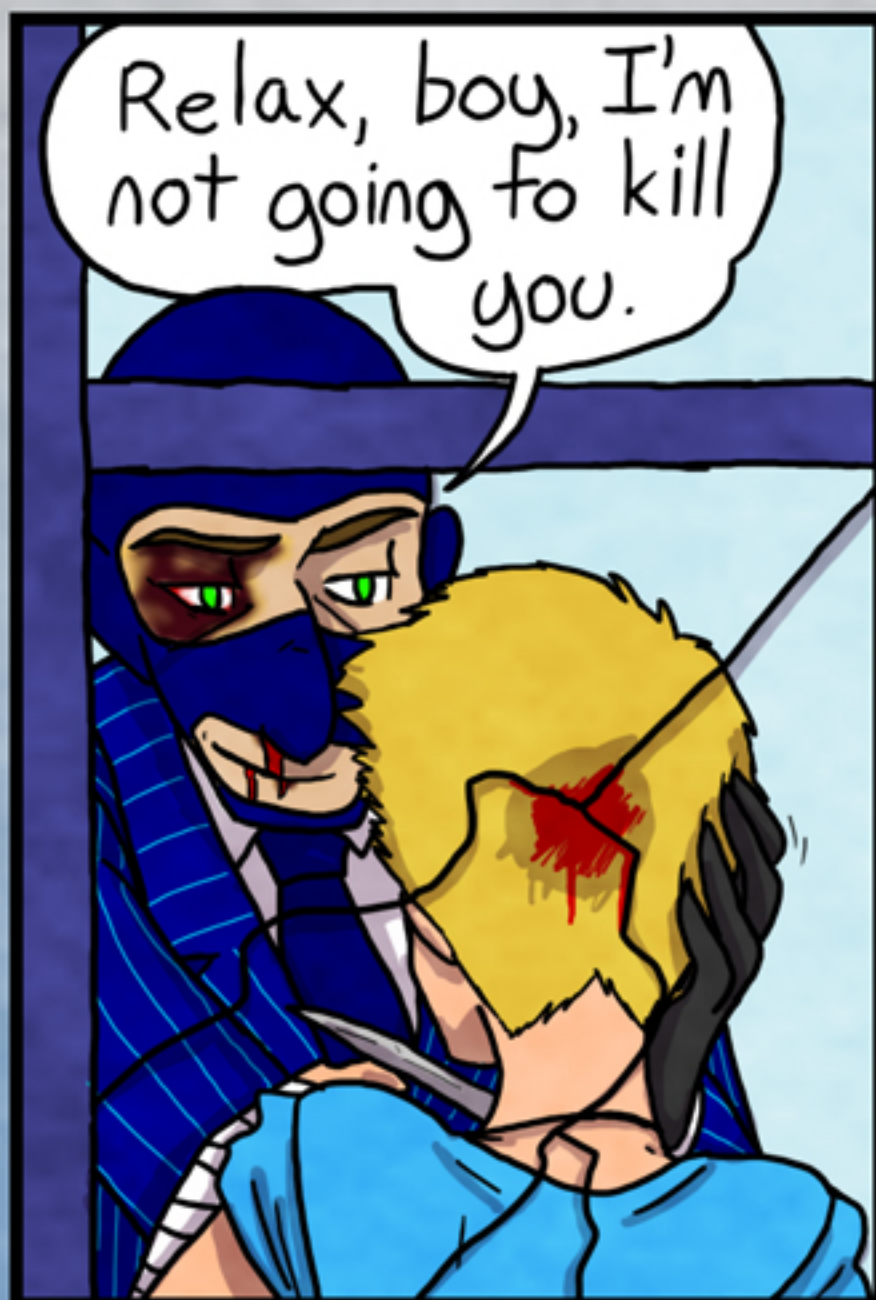




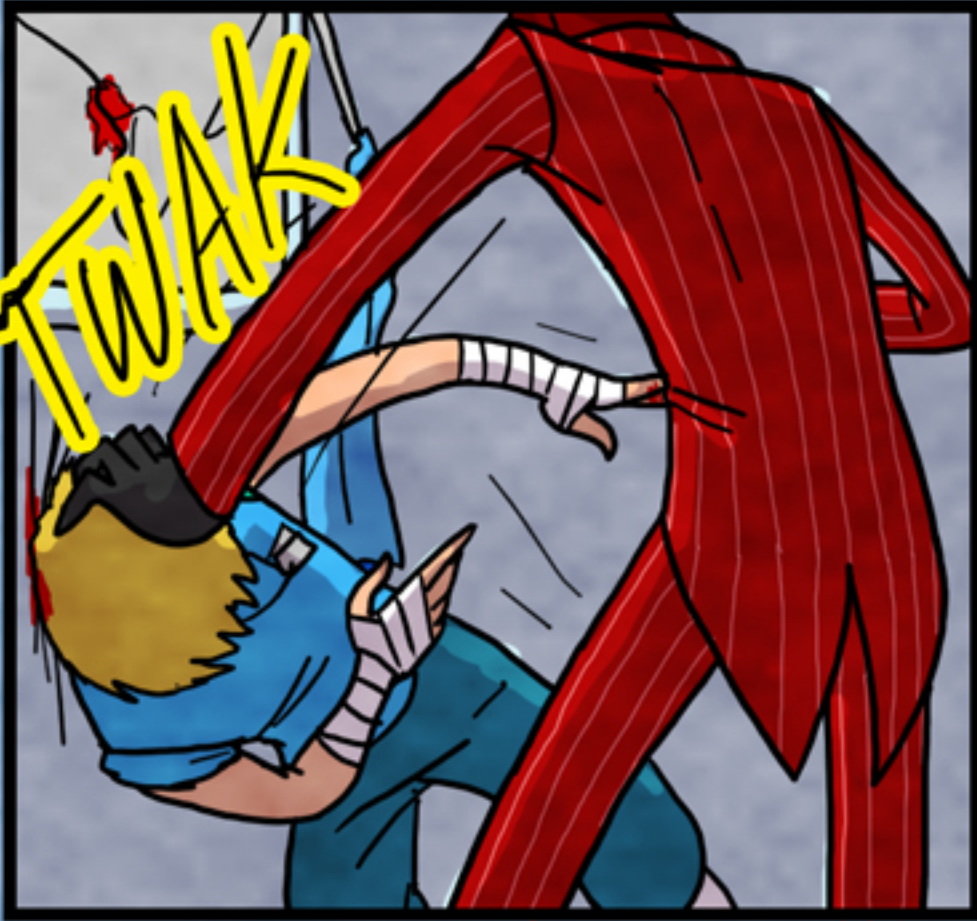
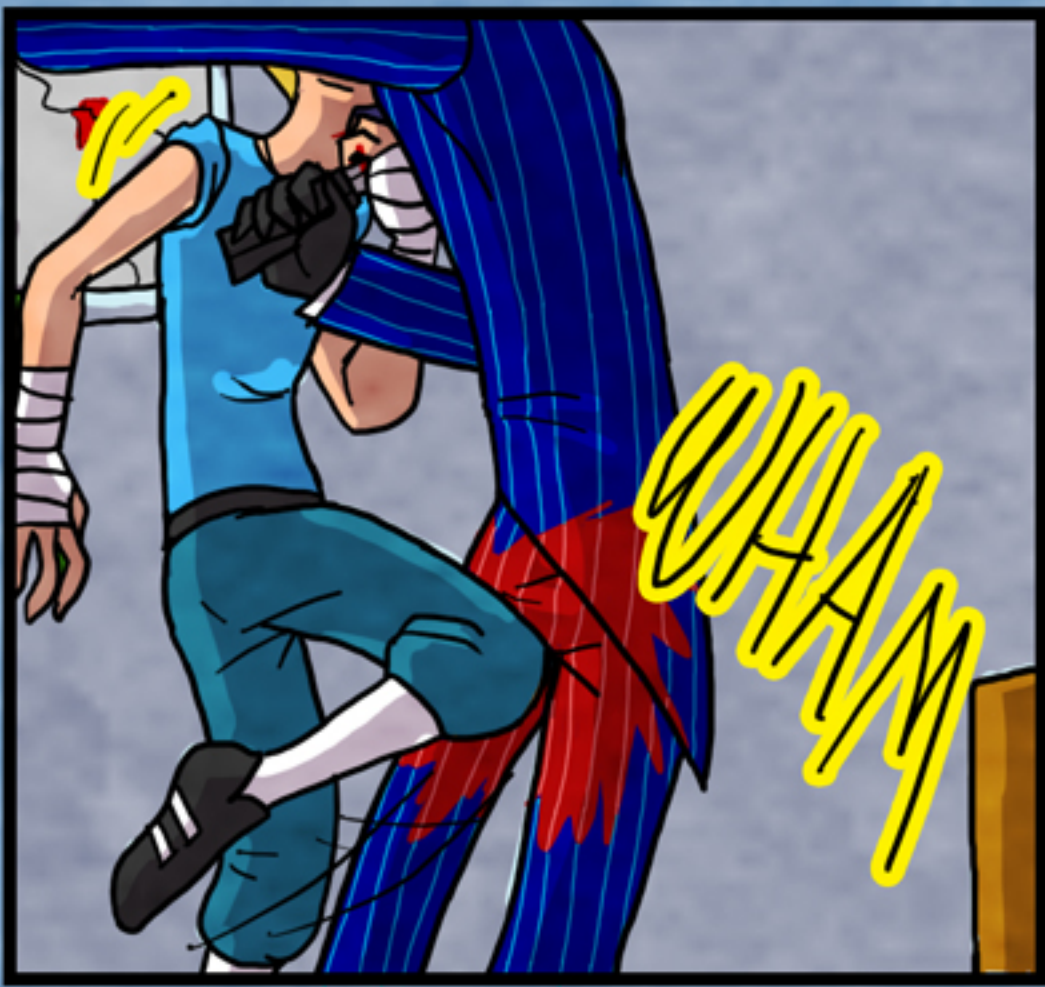




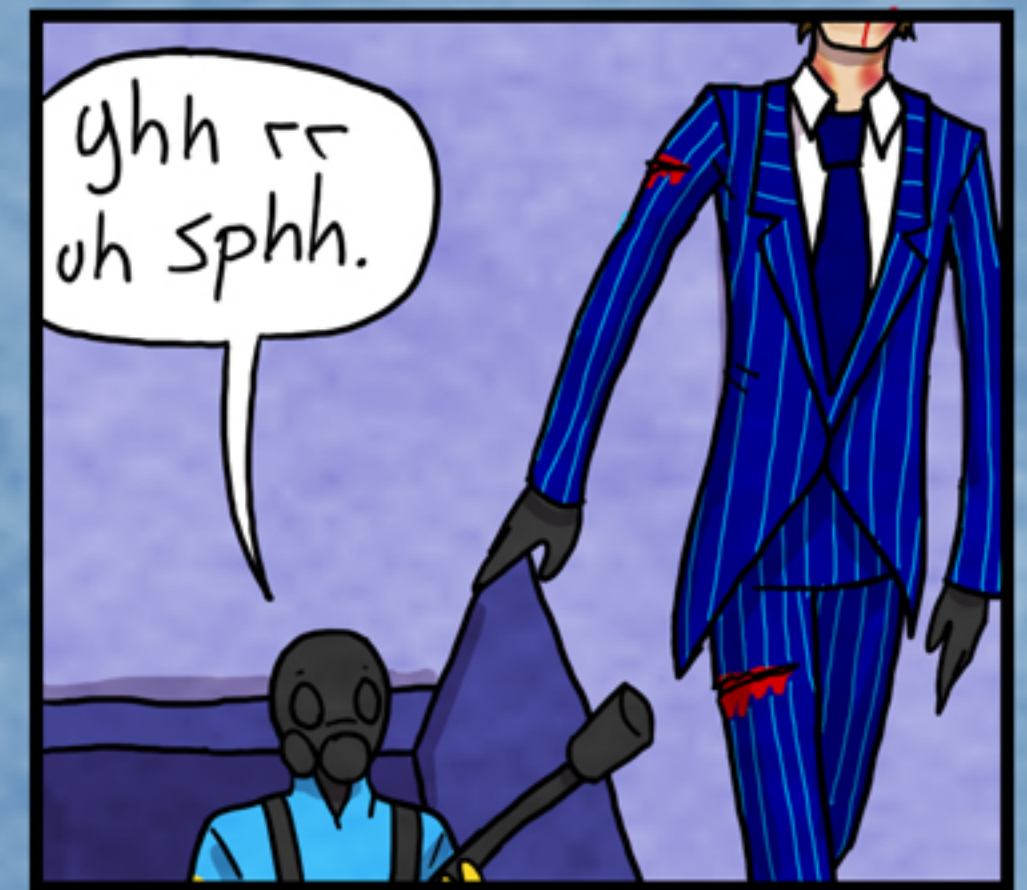




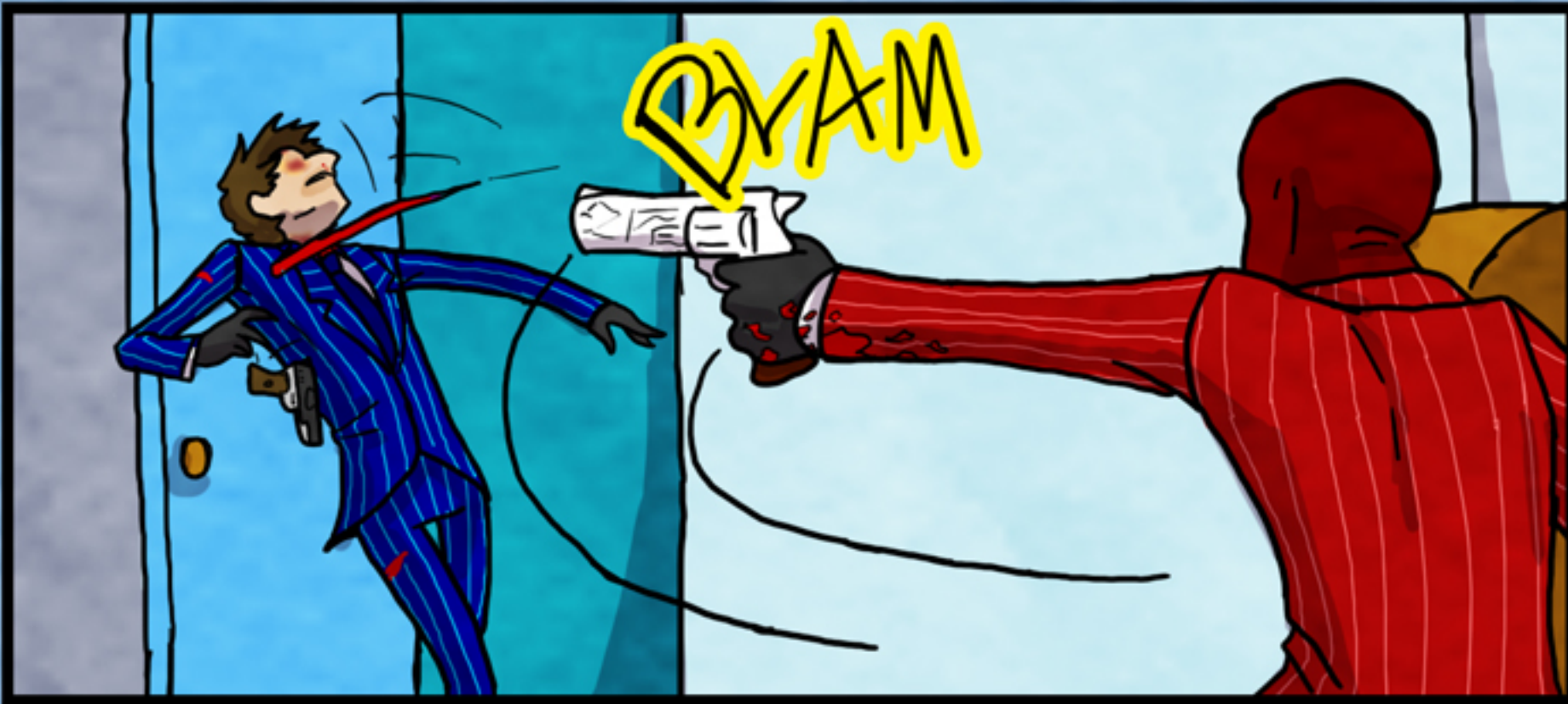
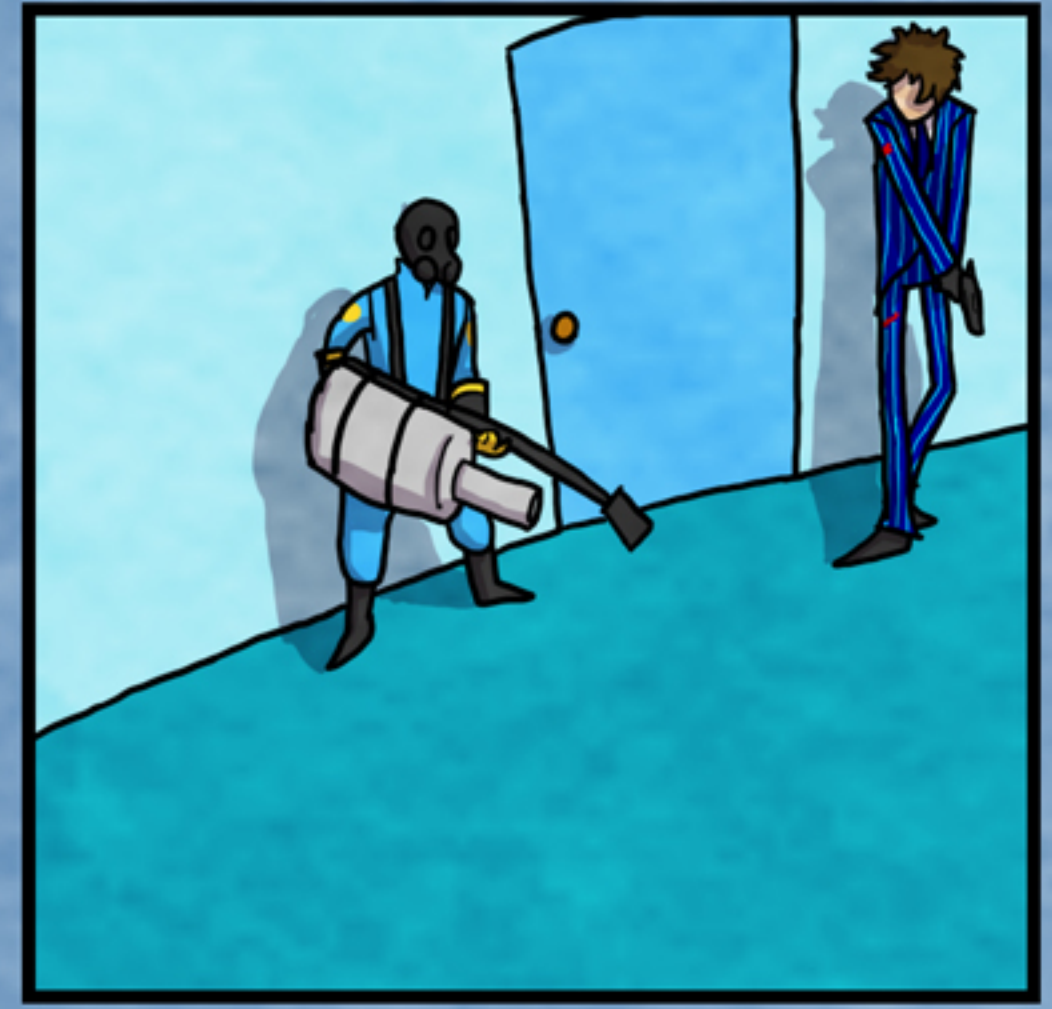
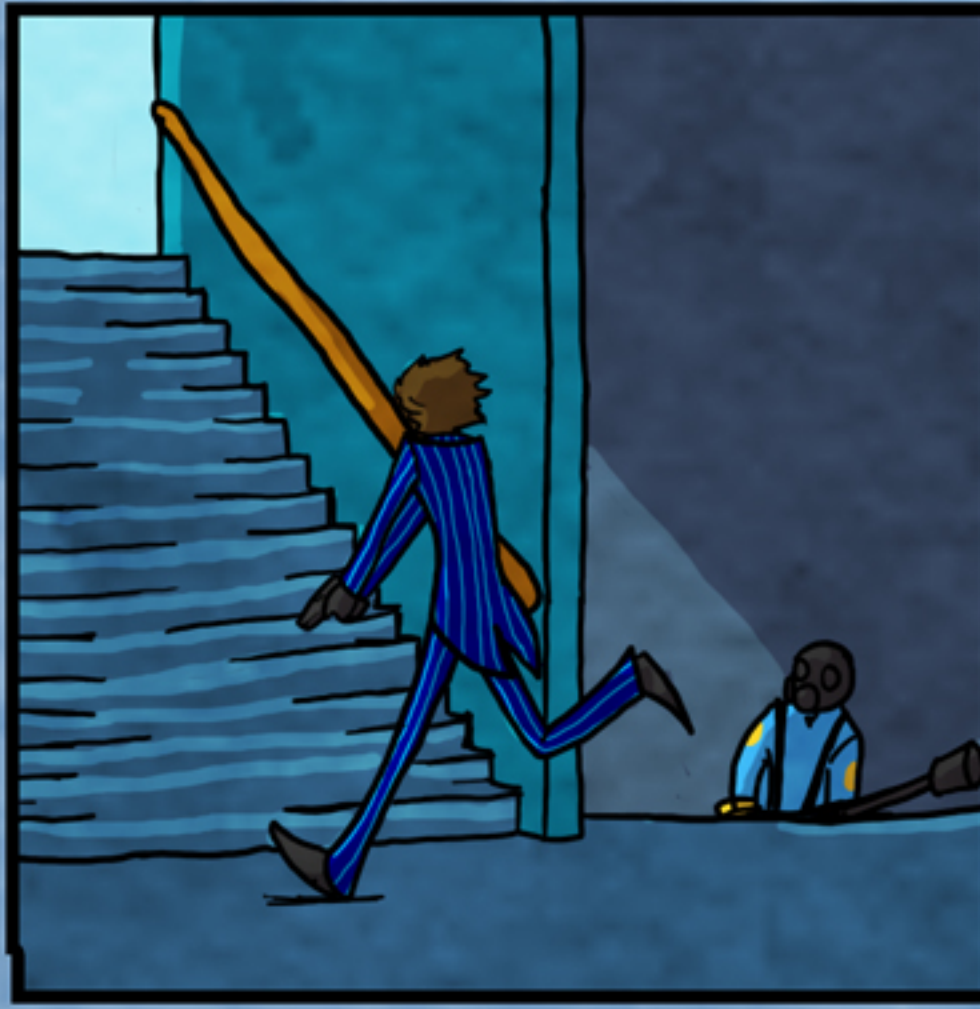




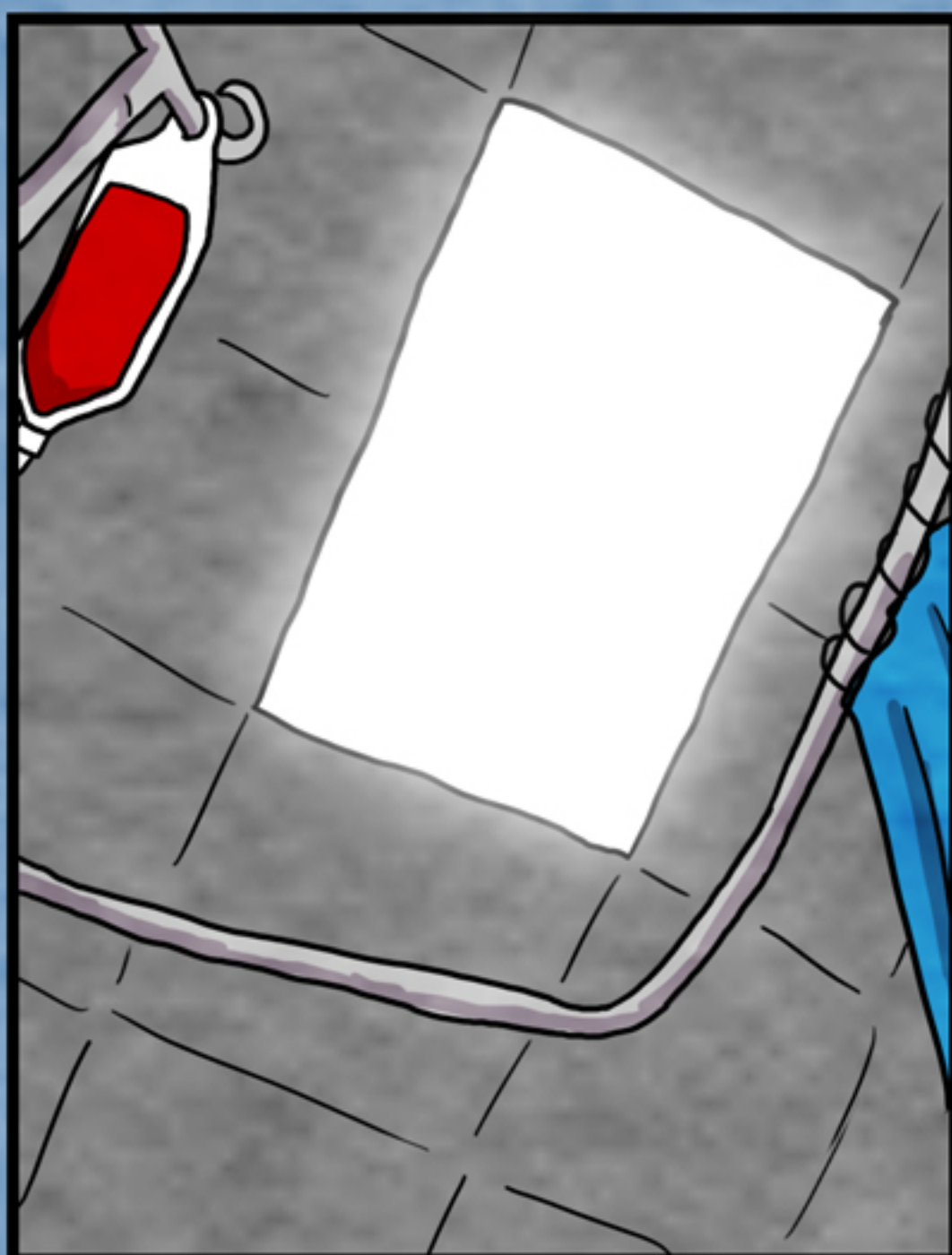
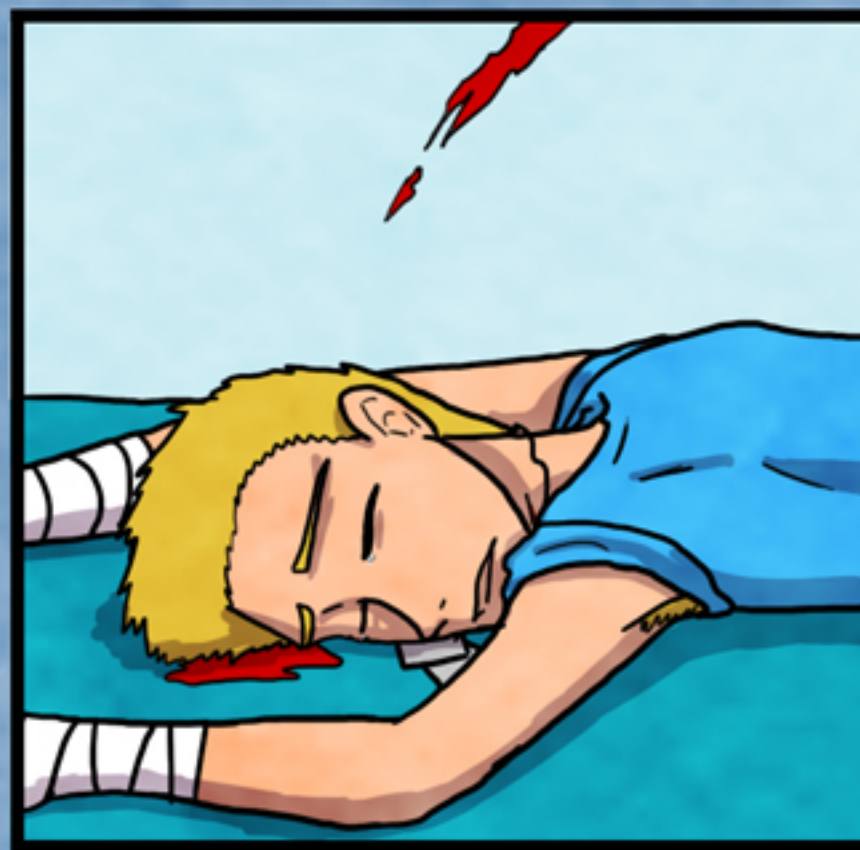
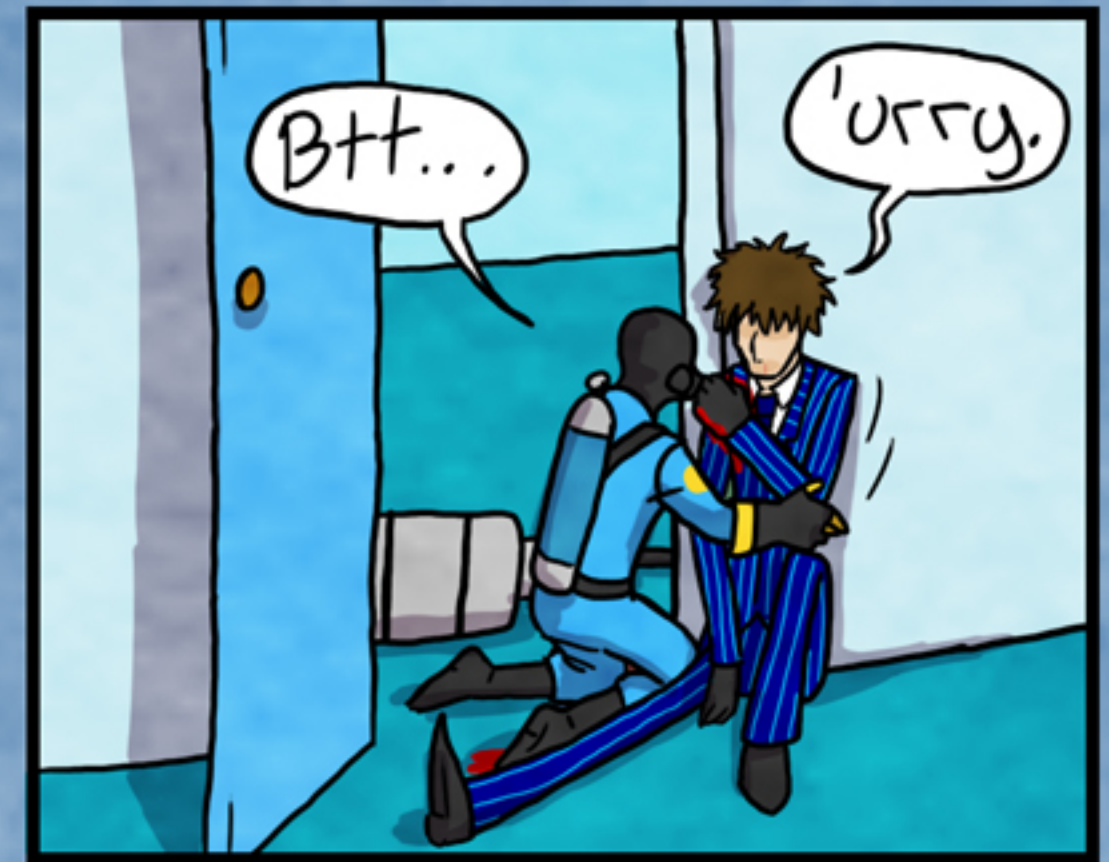
Where would I be?



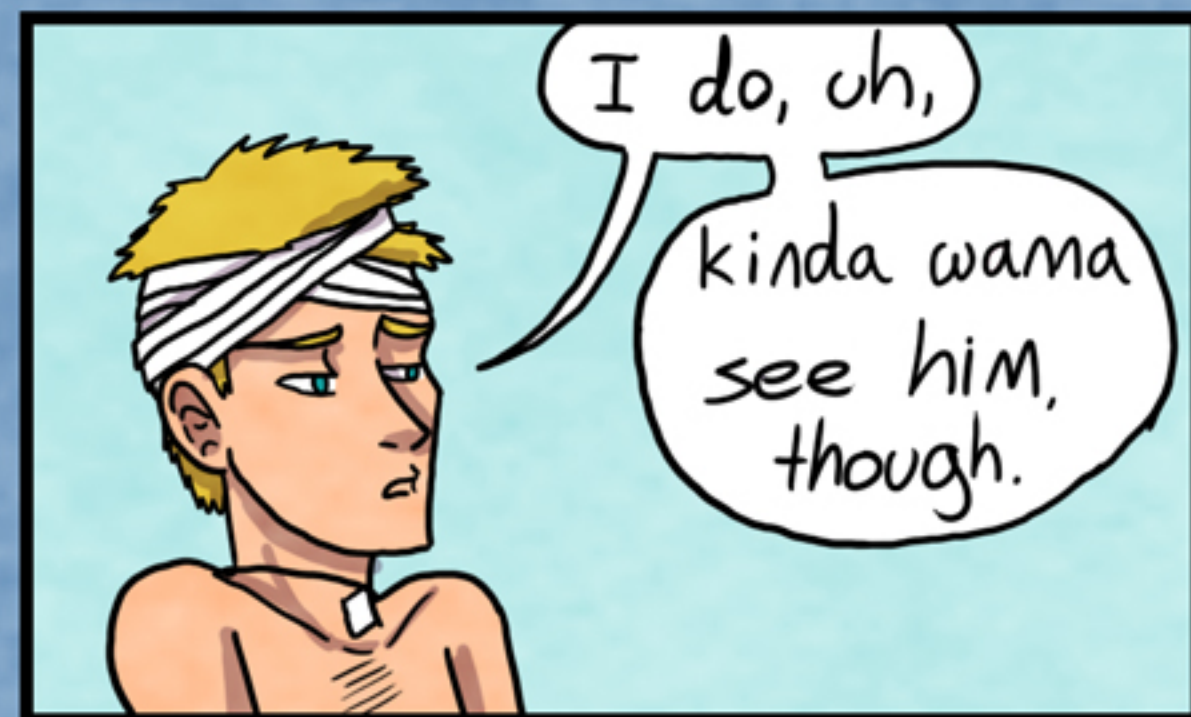
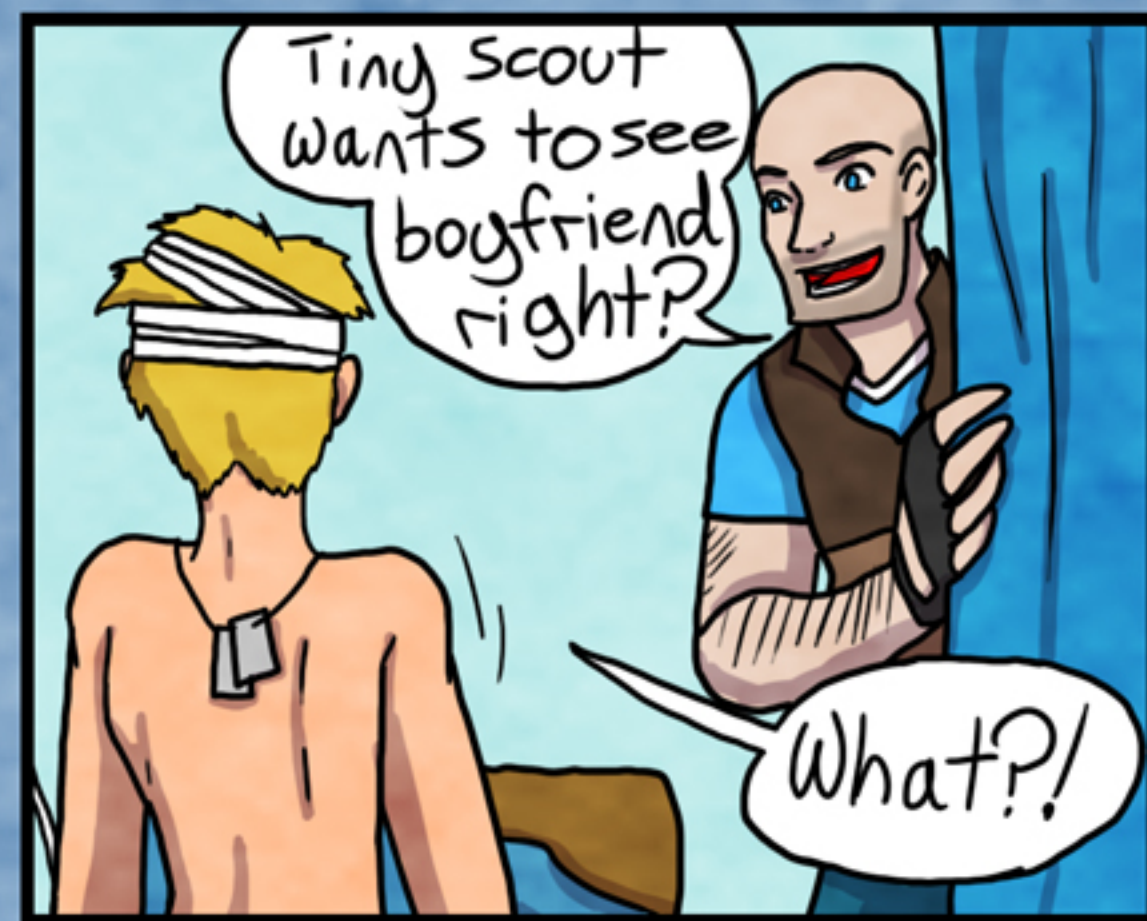
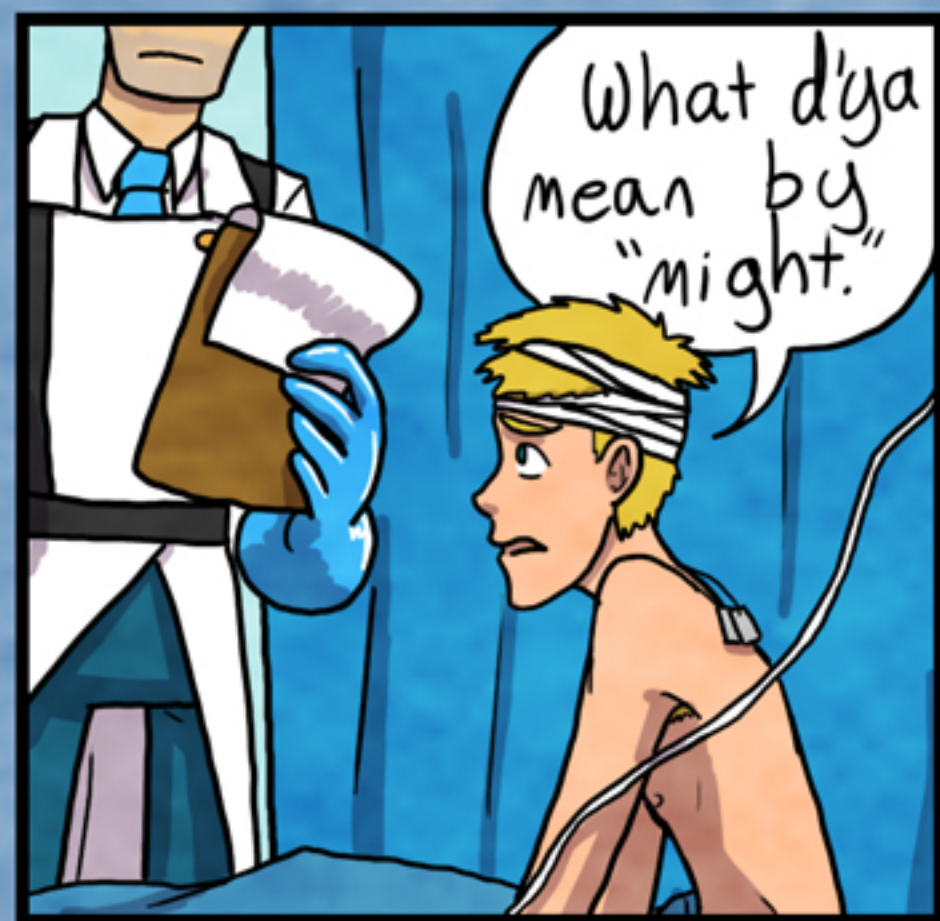
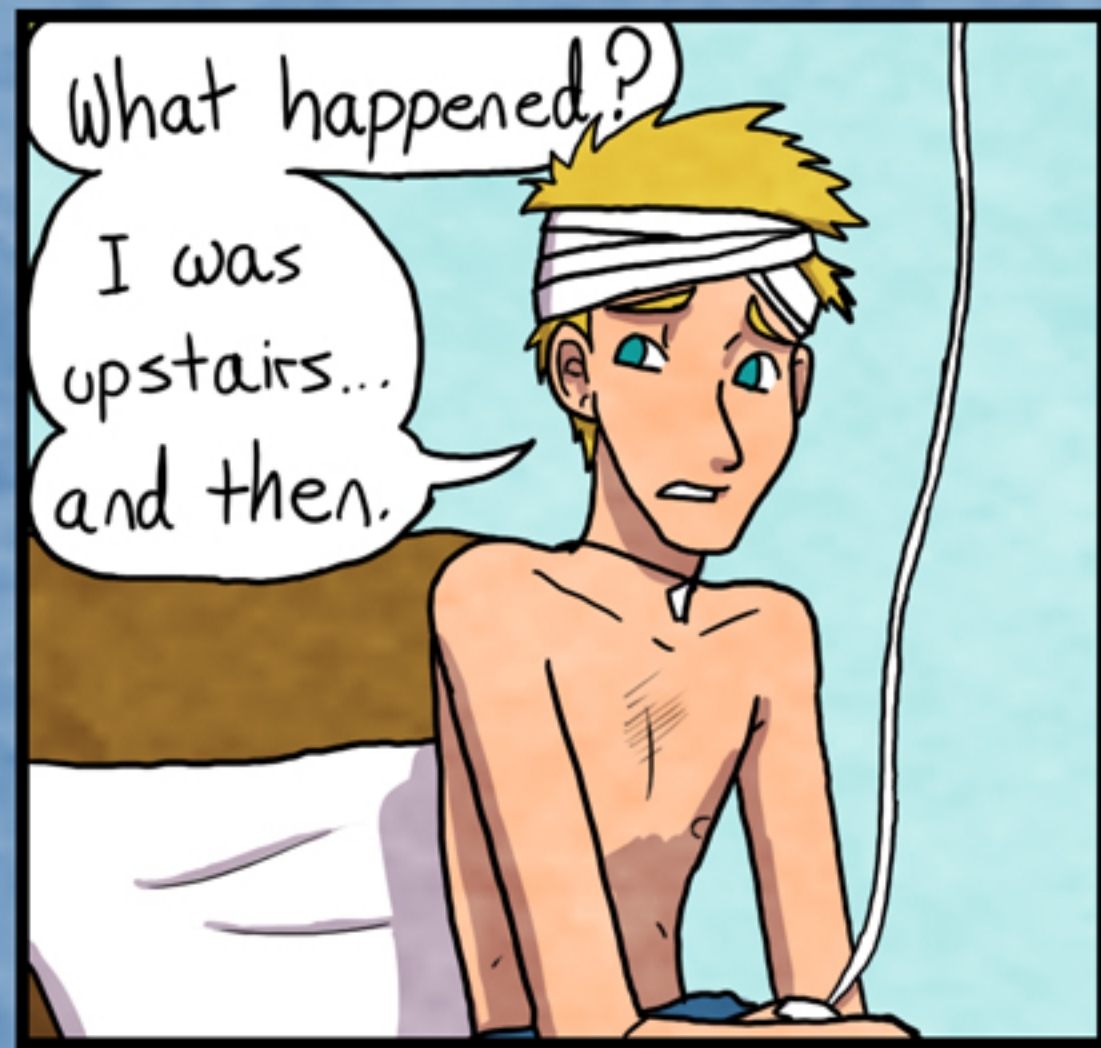




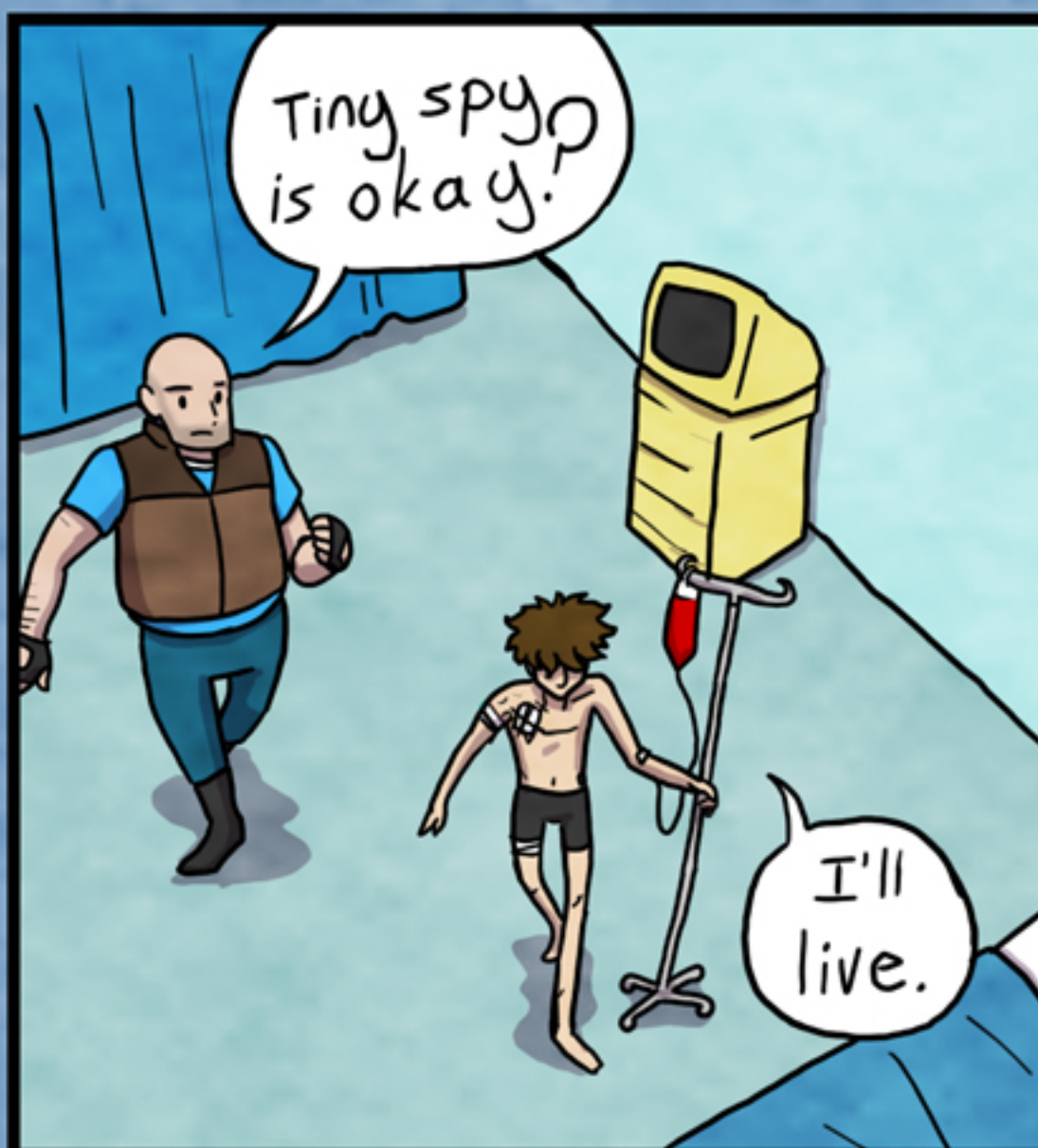
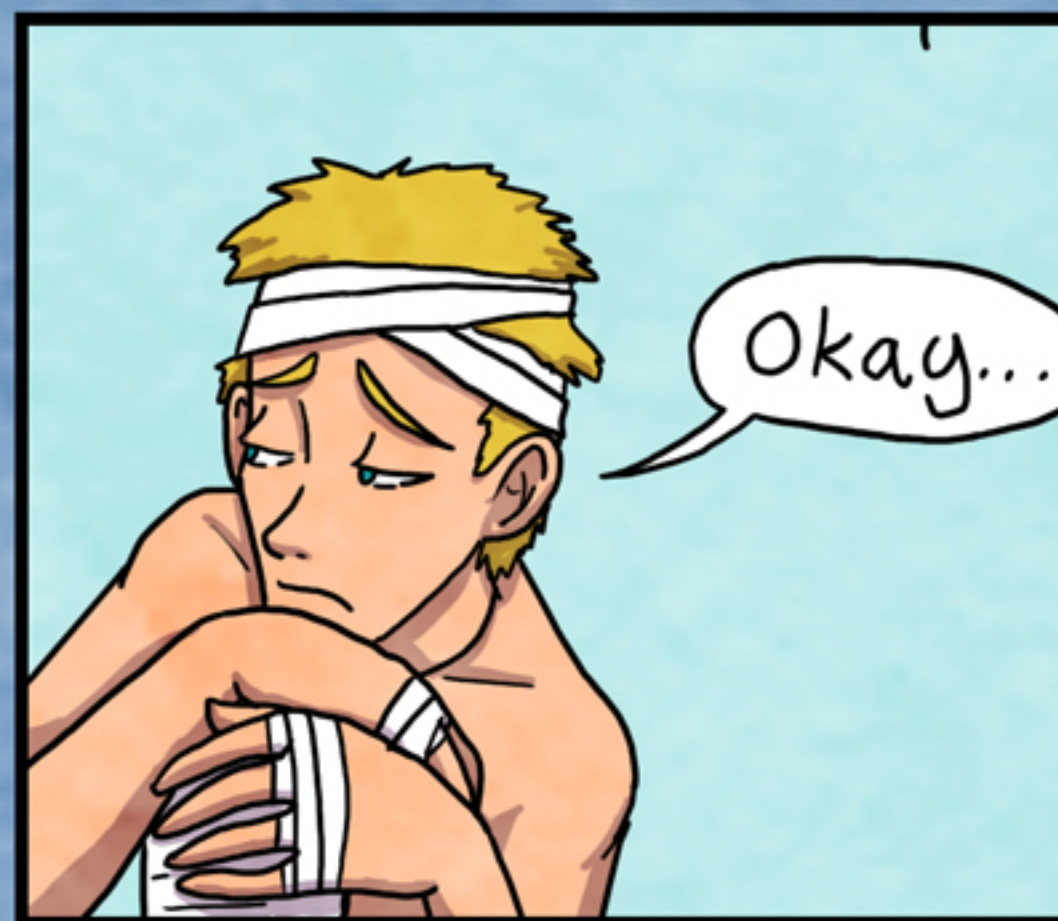
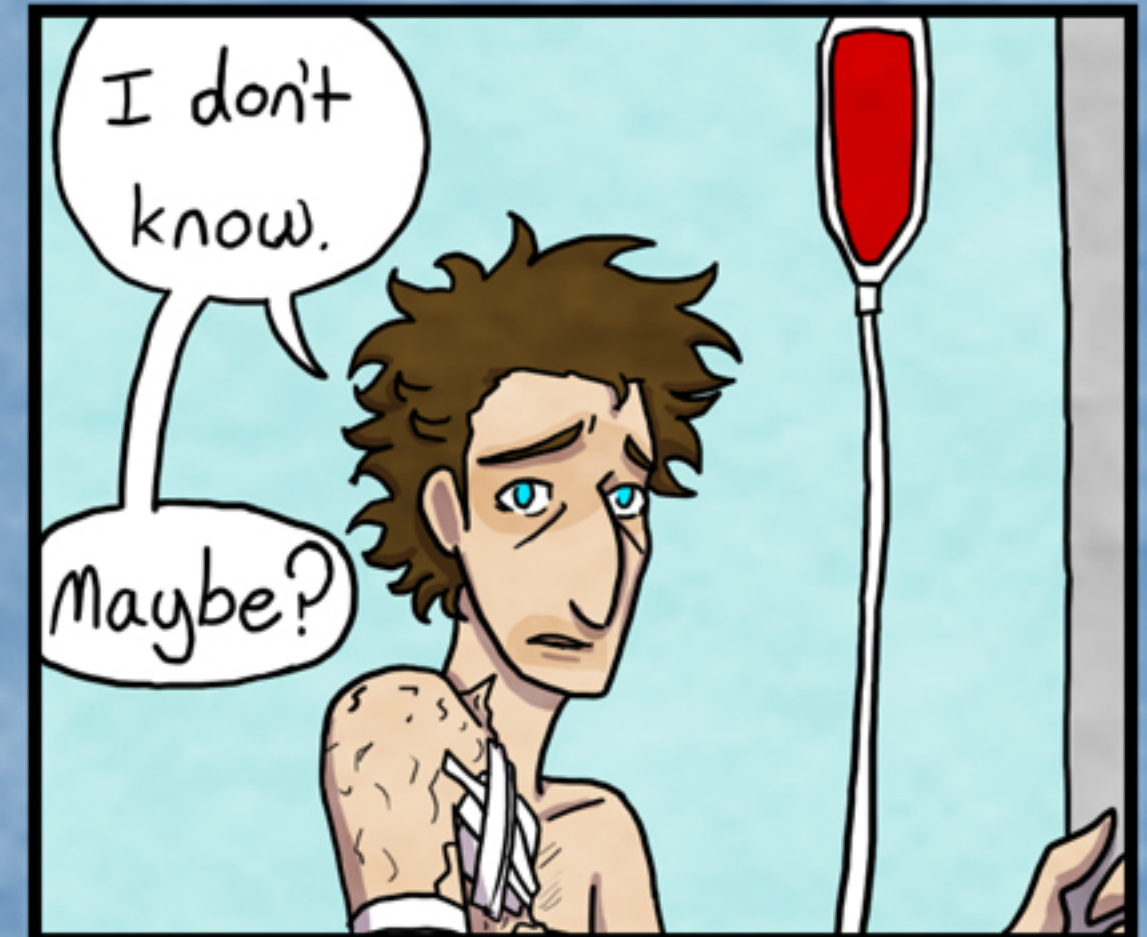
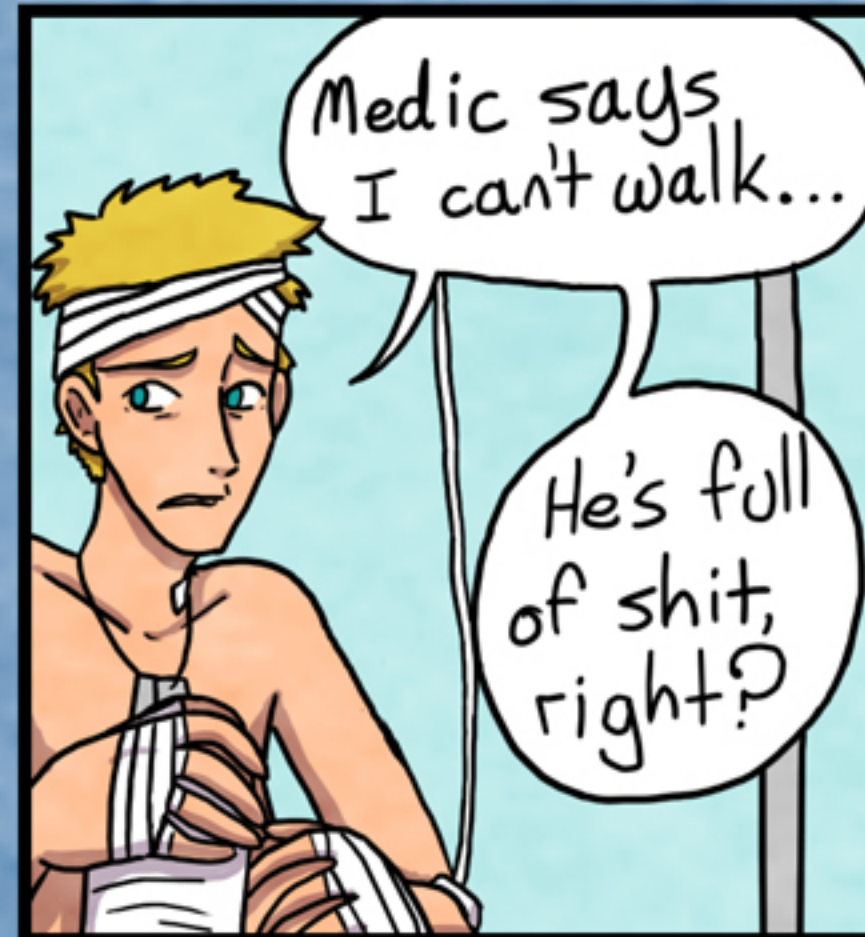
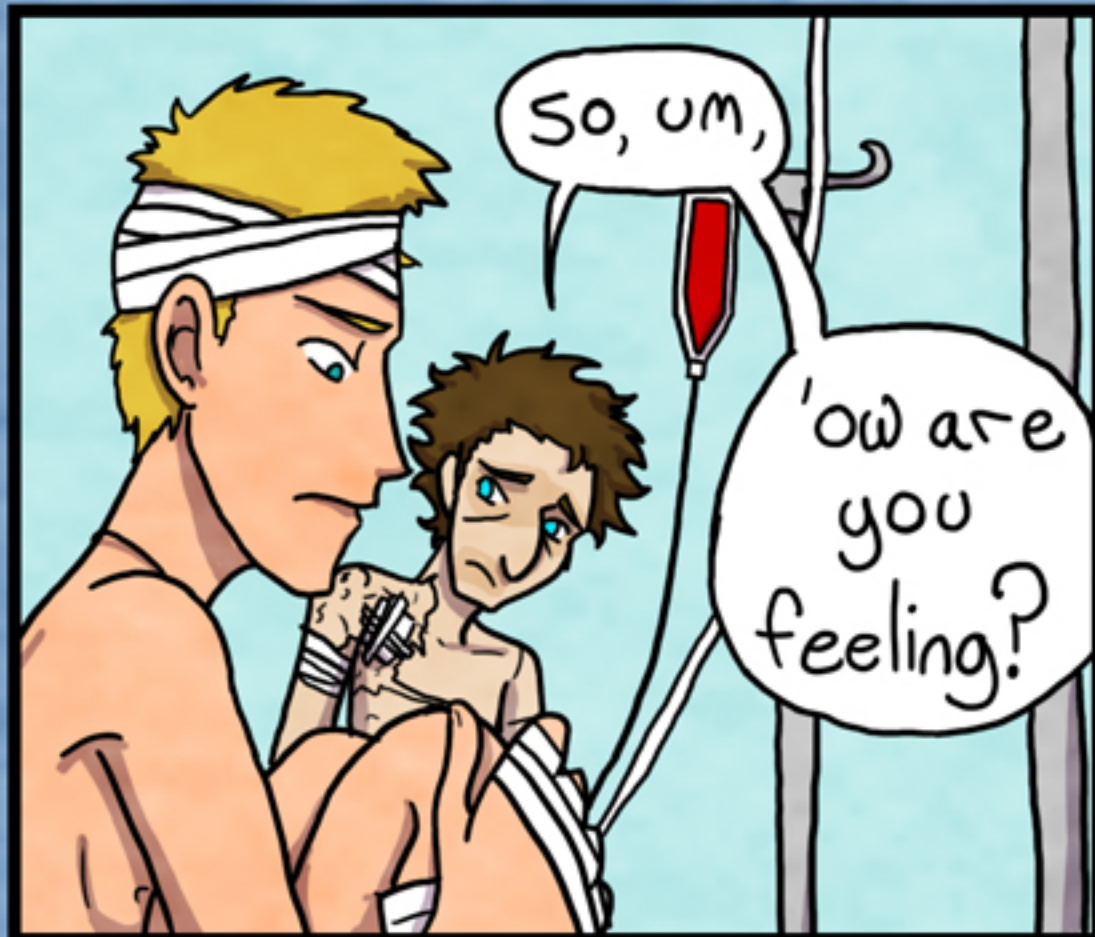
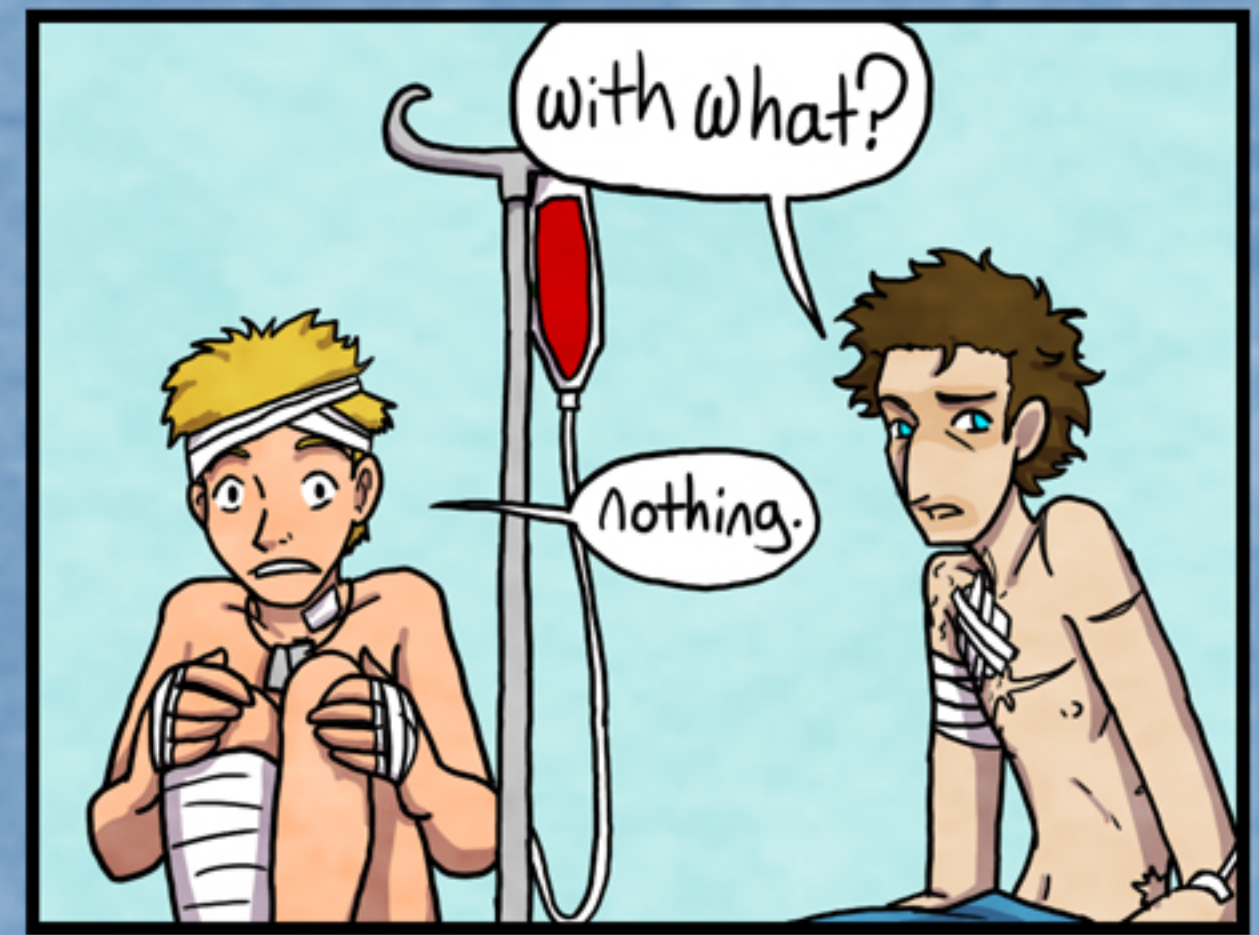
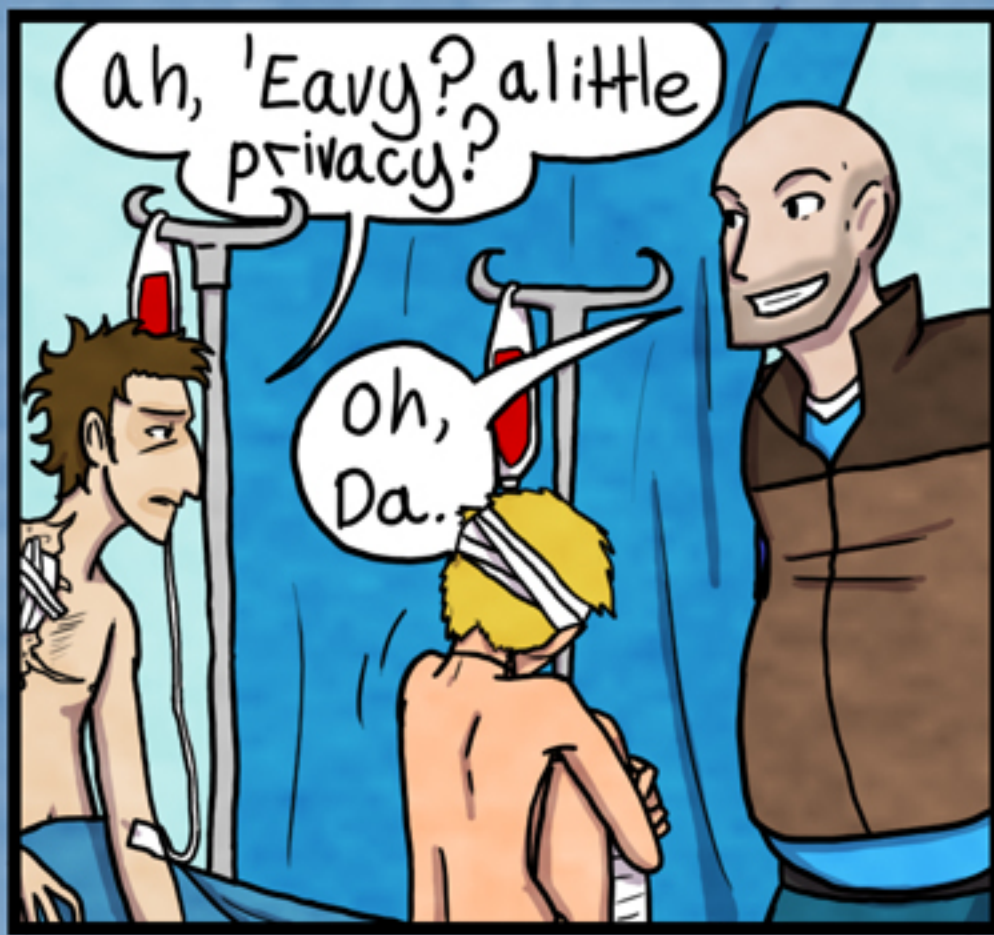












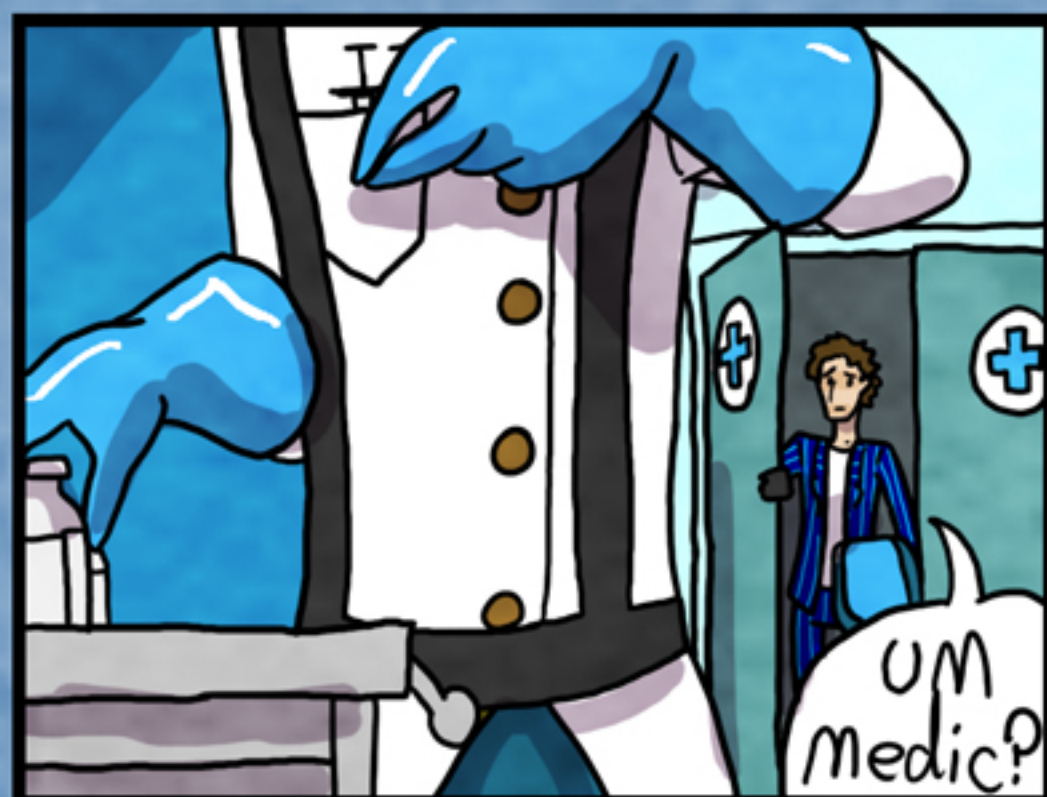




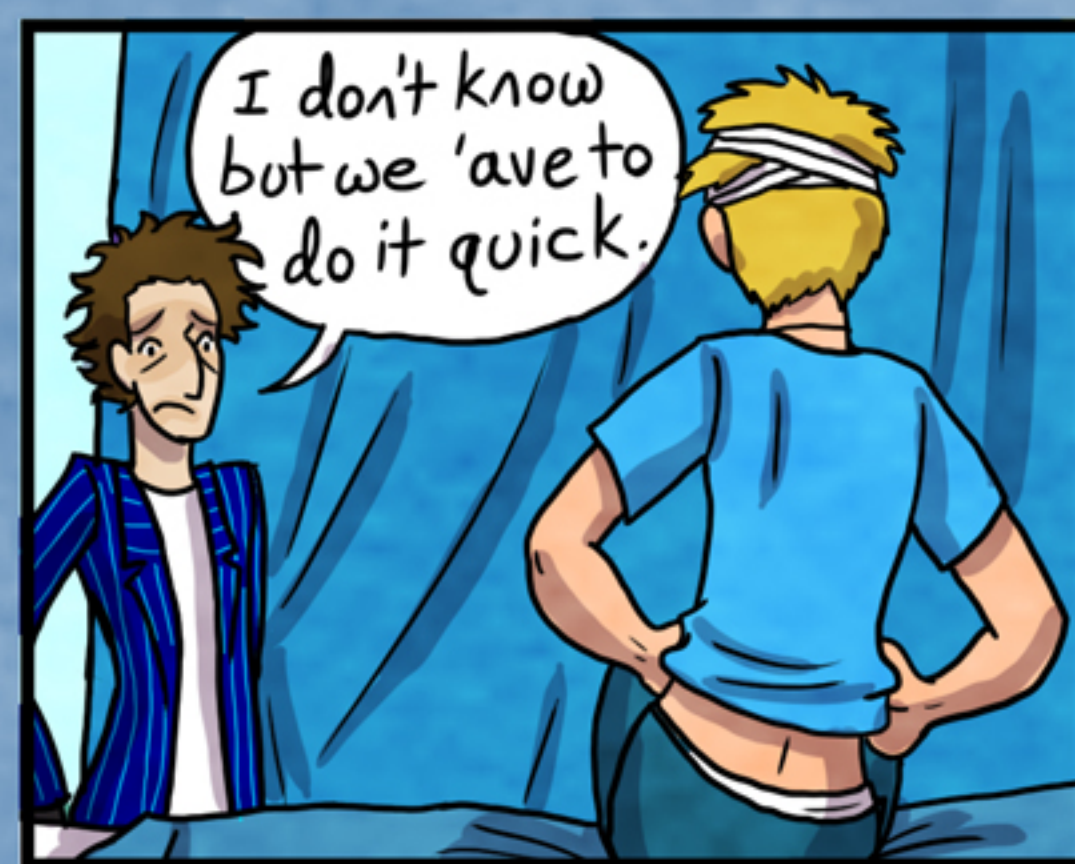
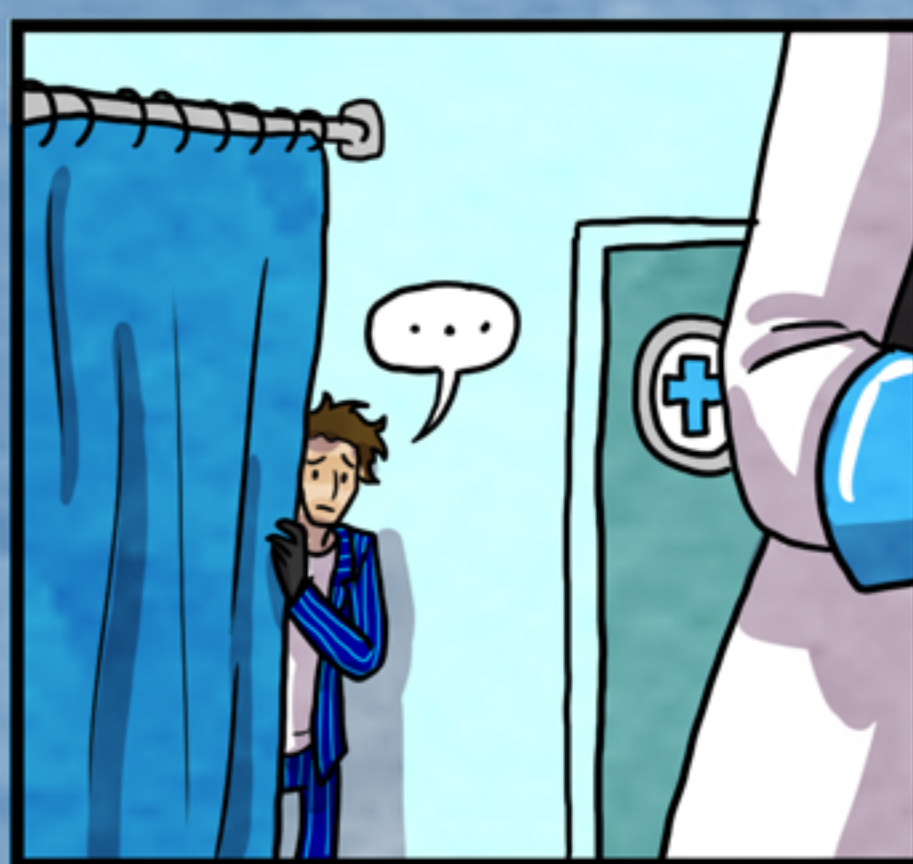
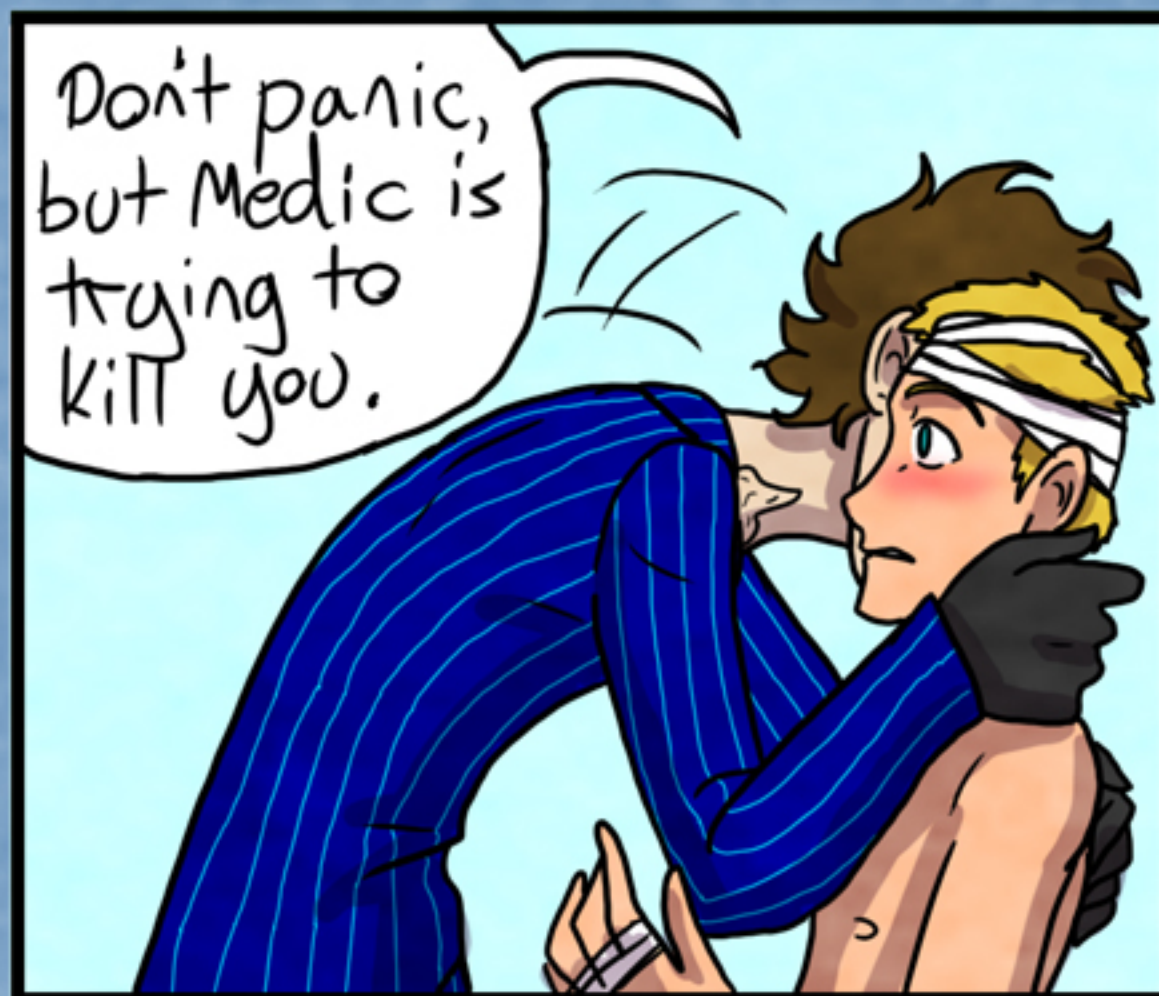




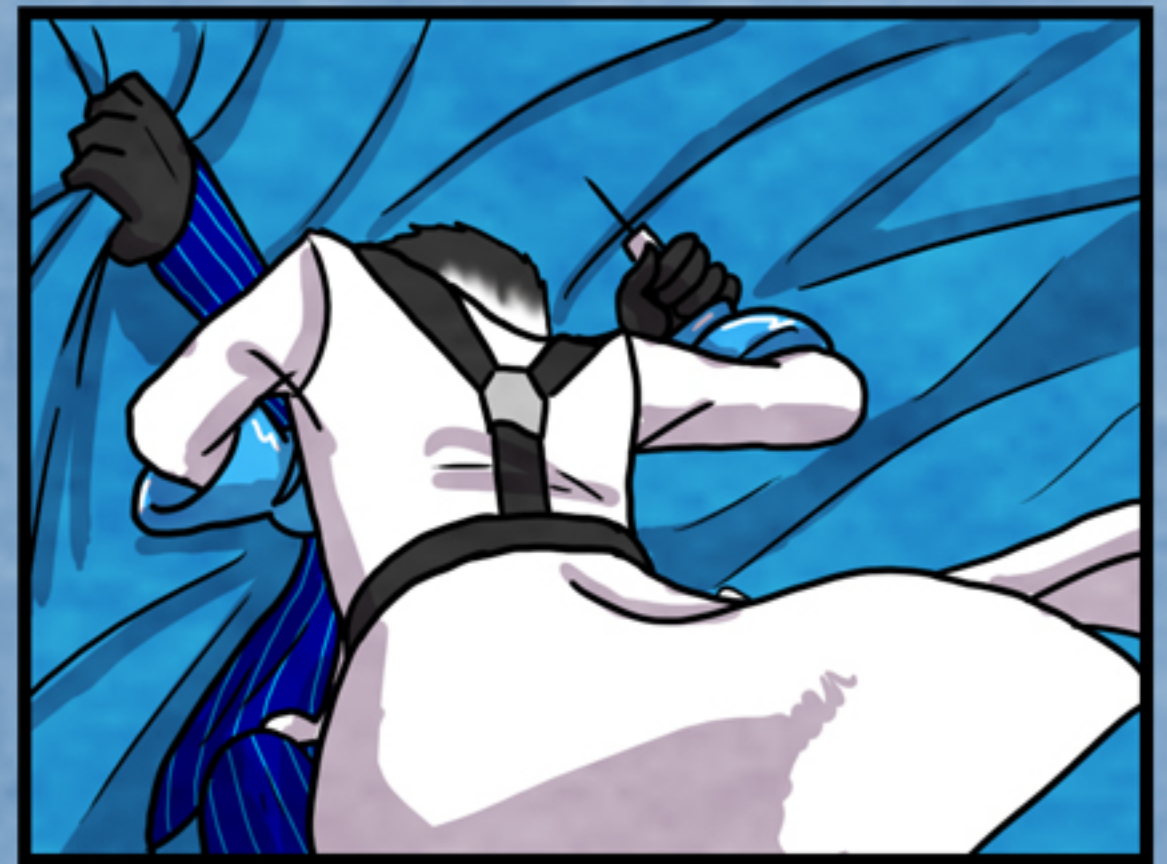








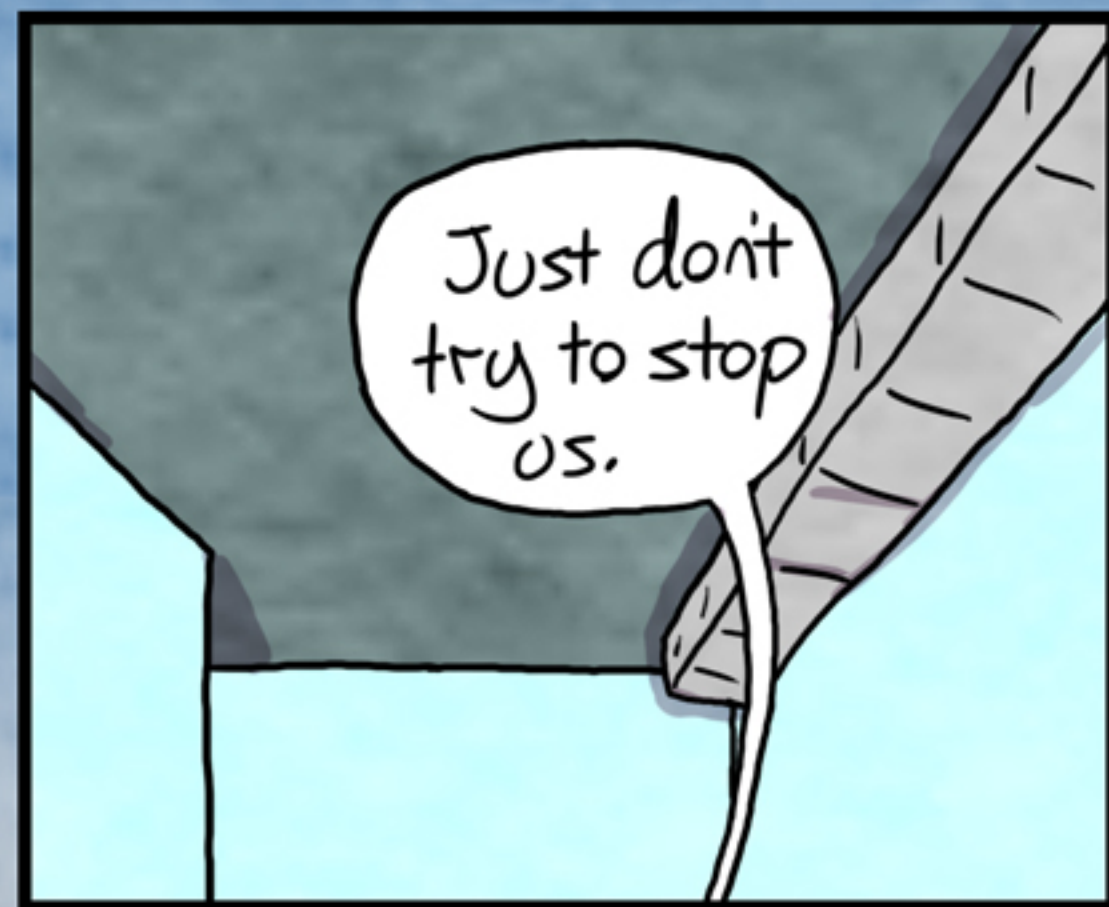












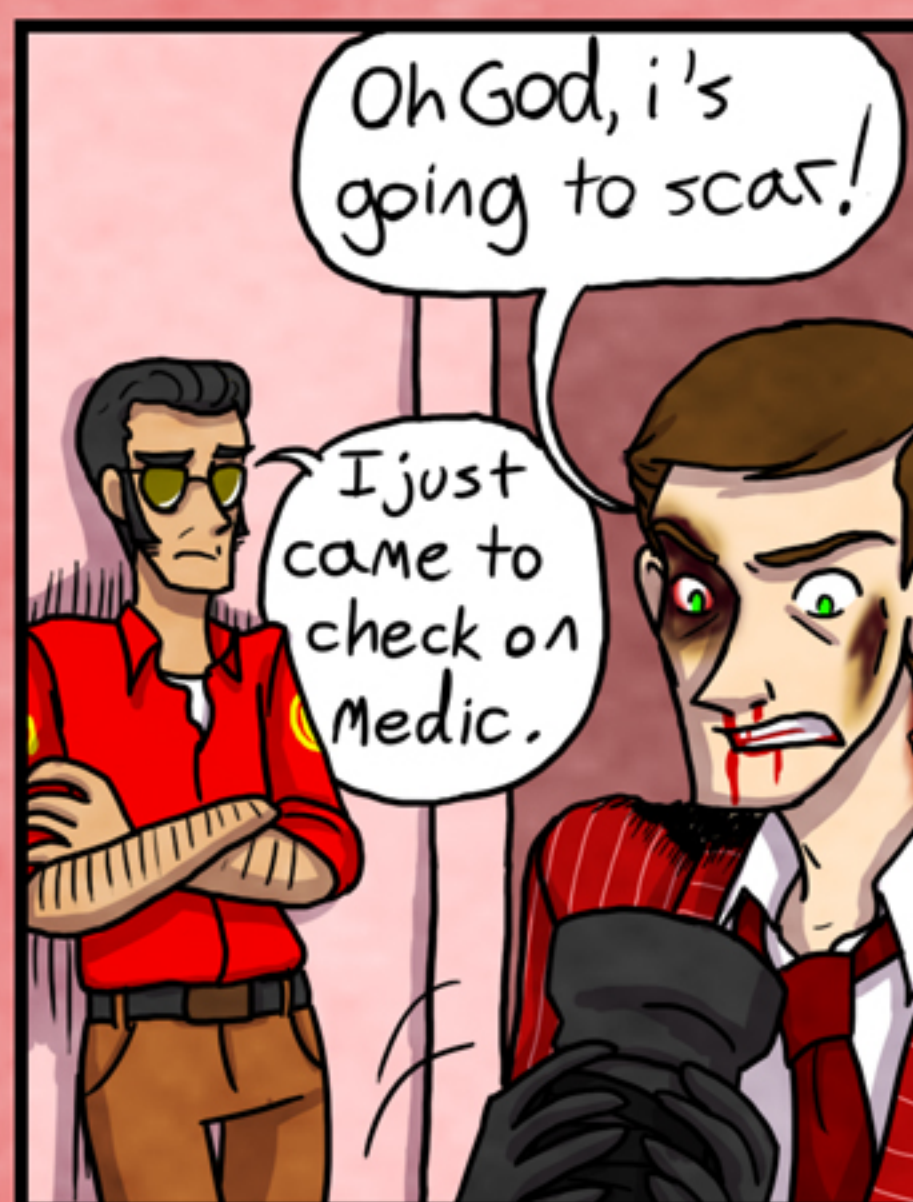
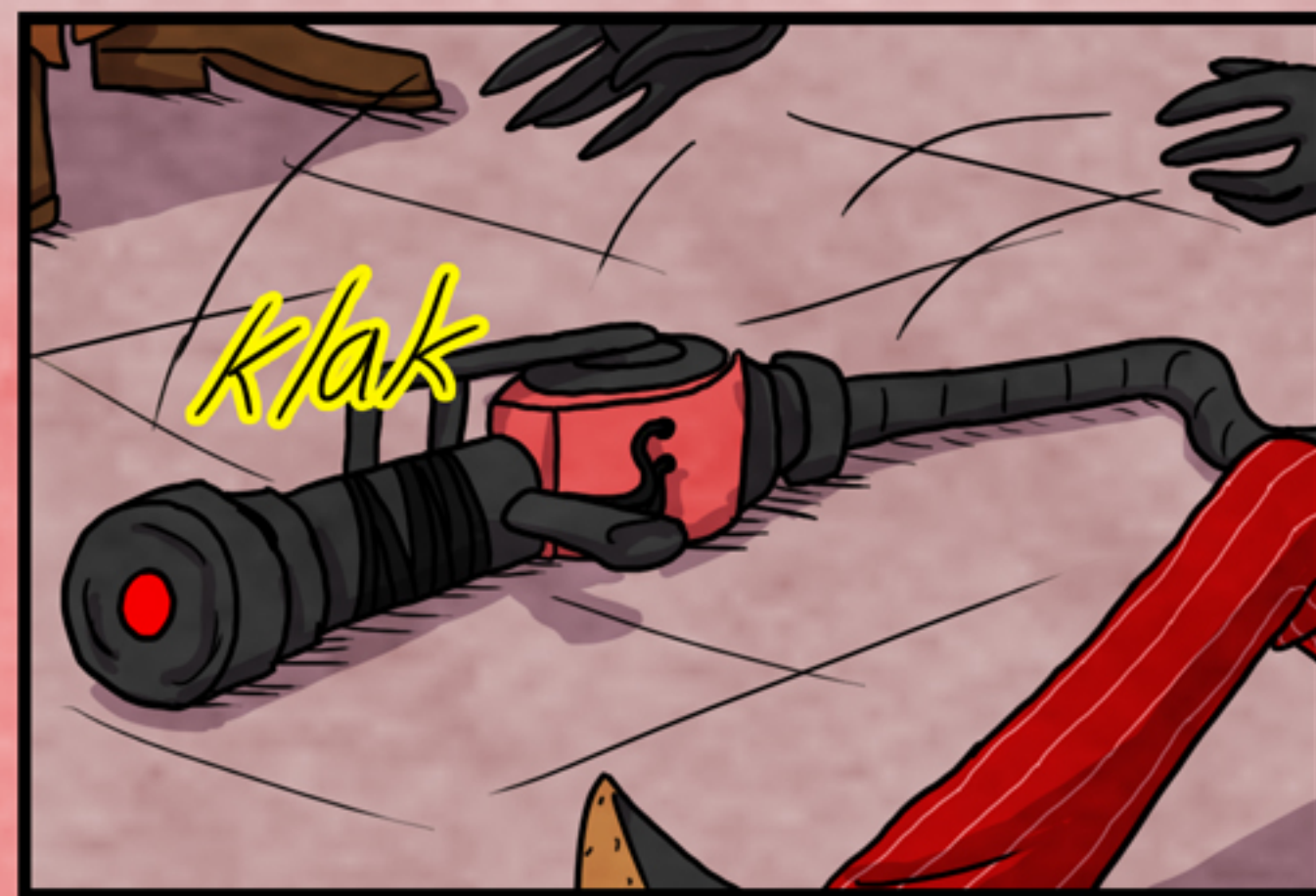
















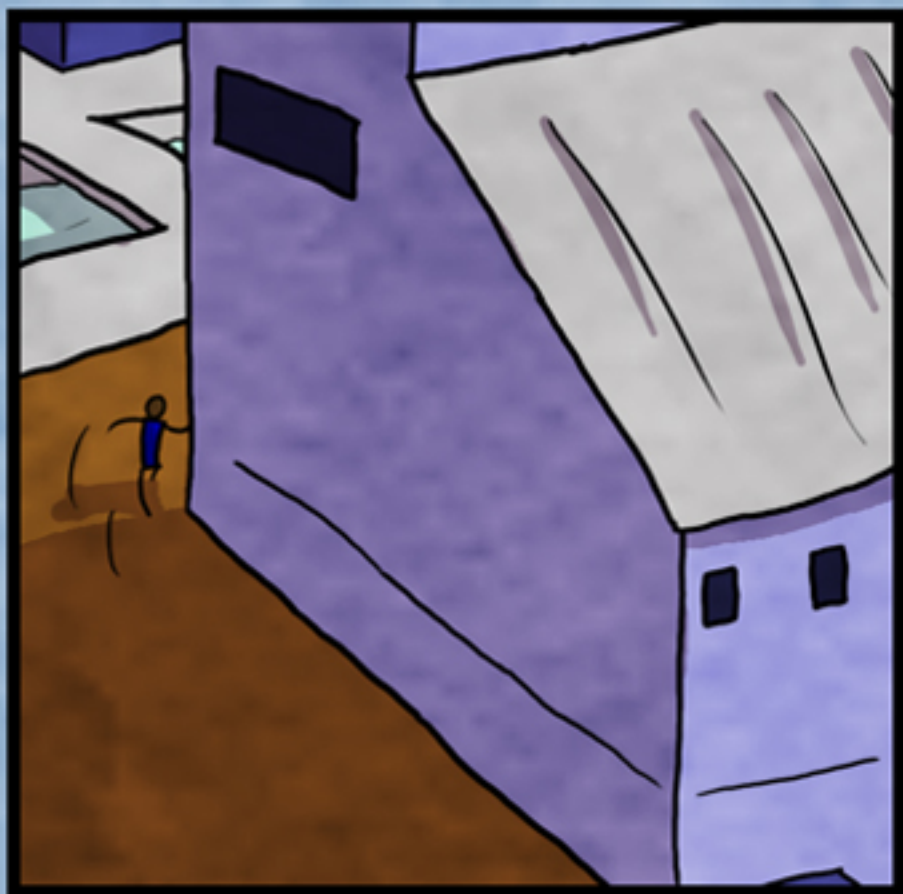




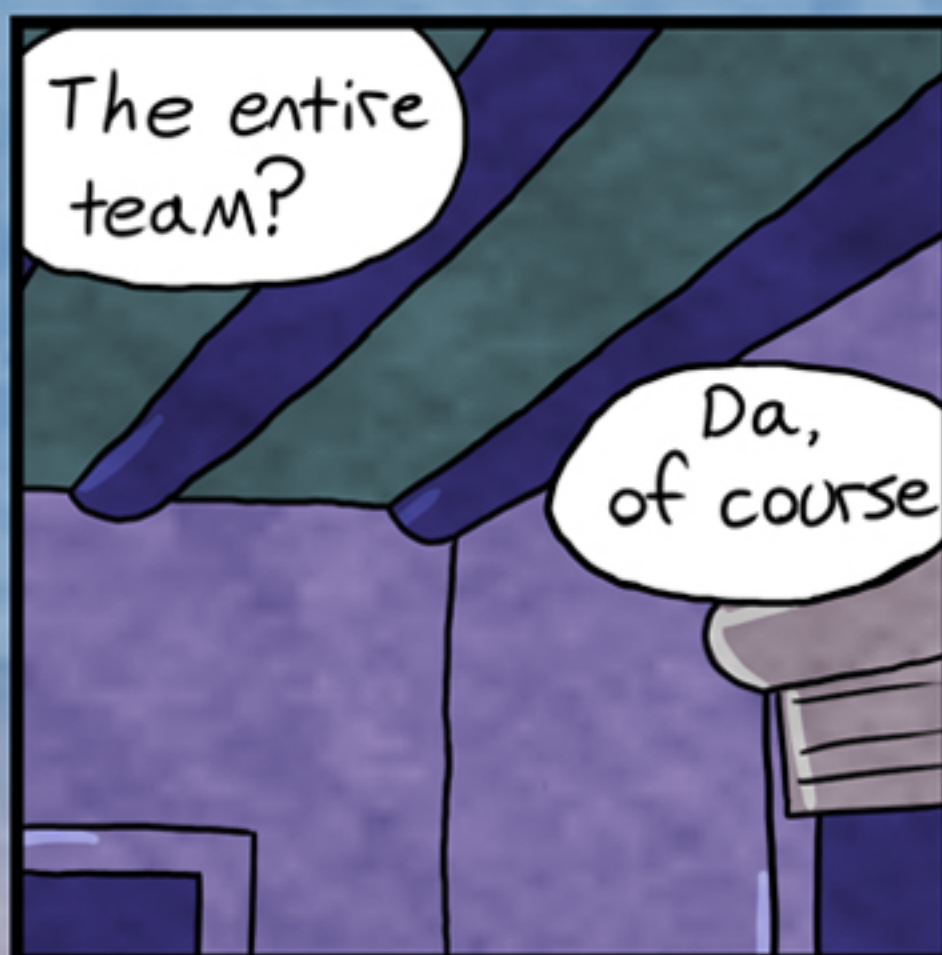




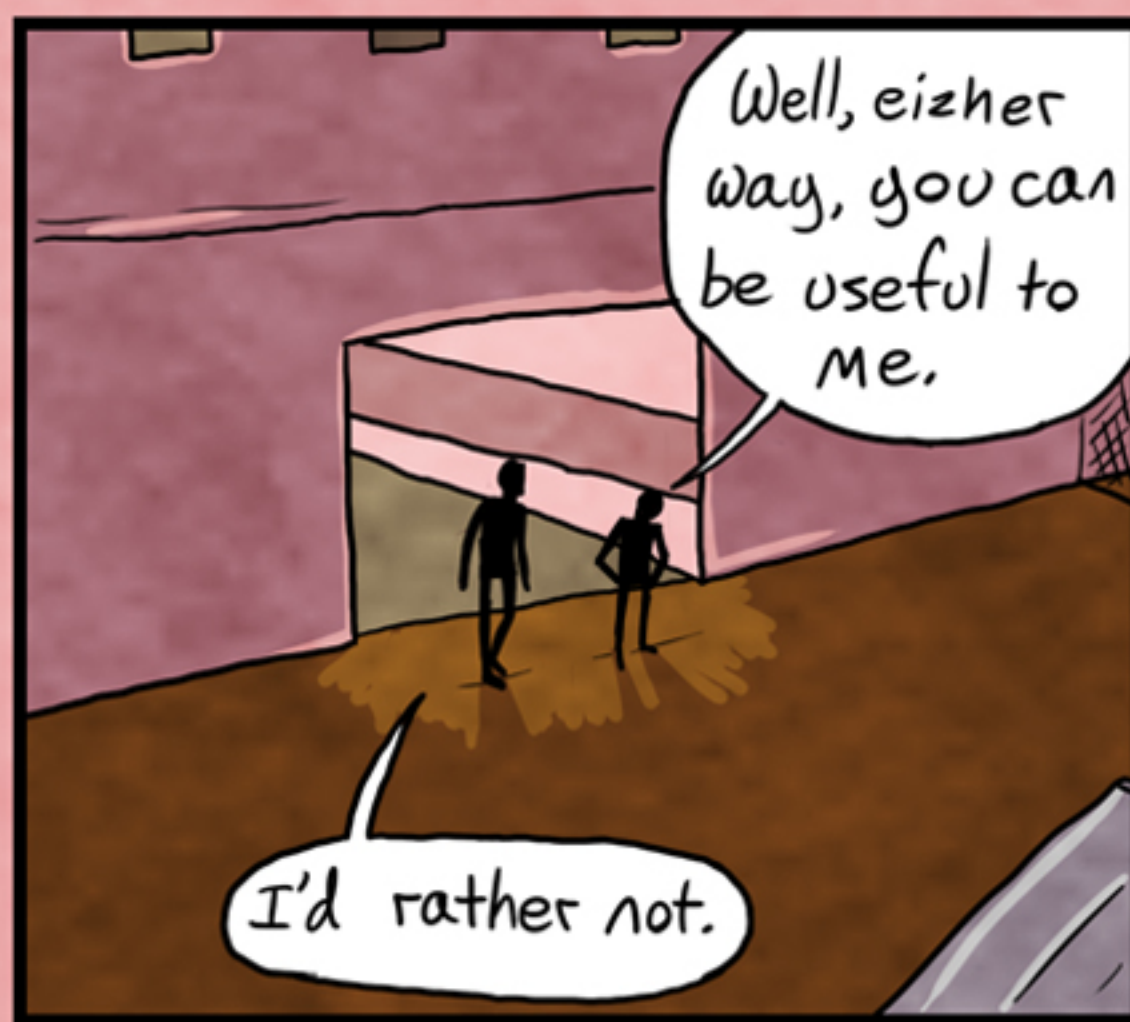




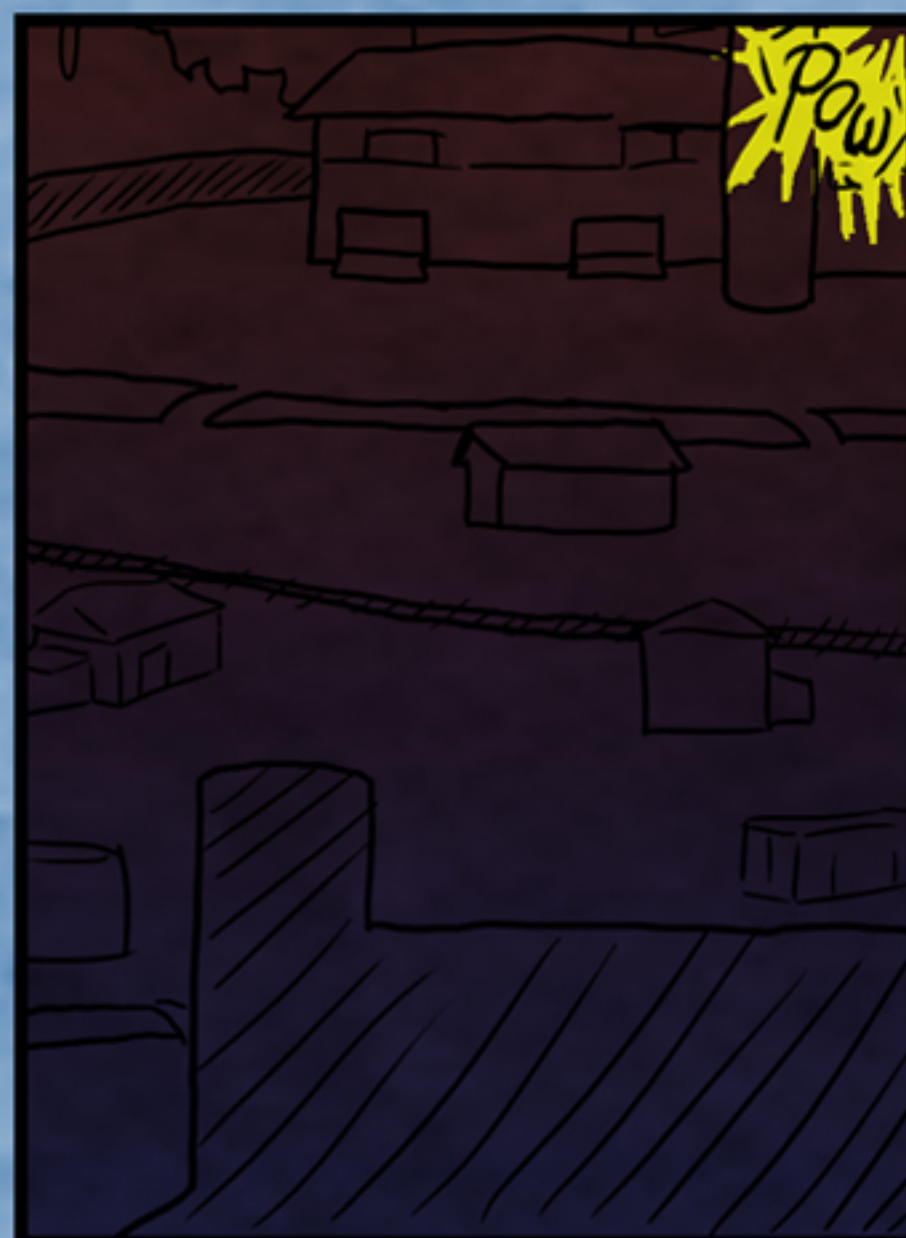




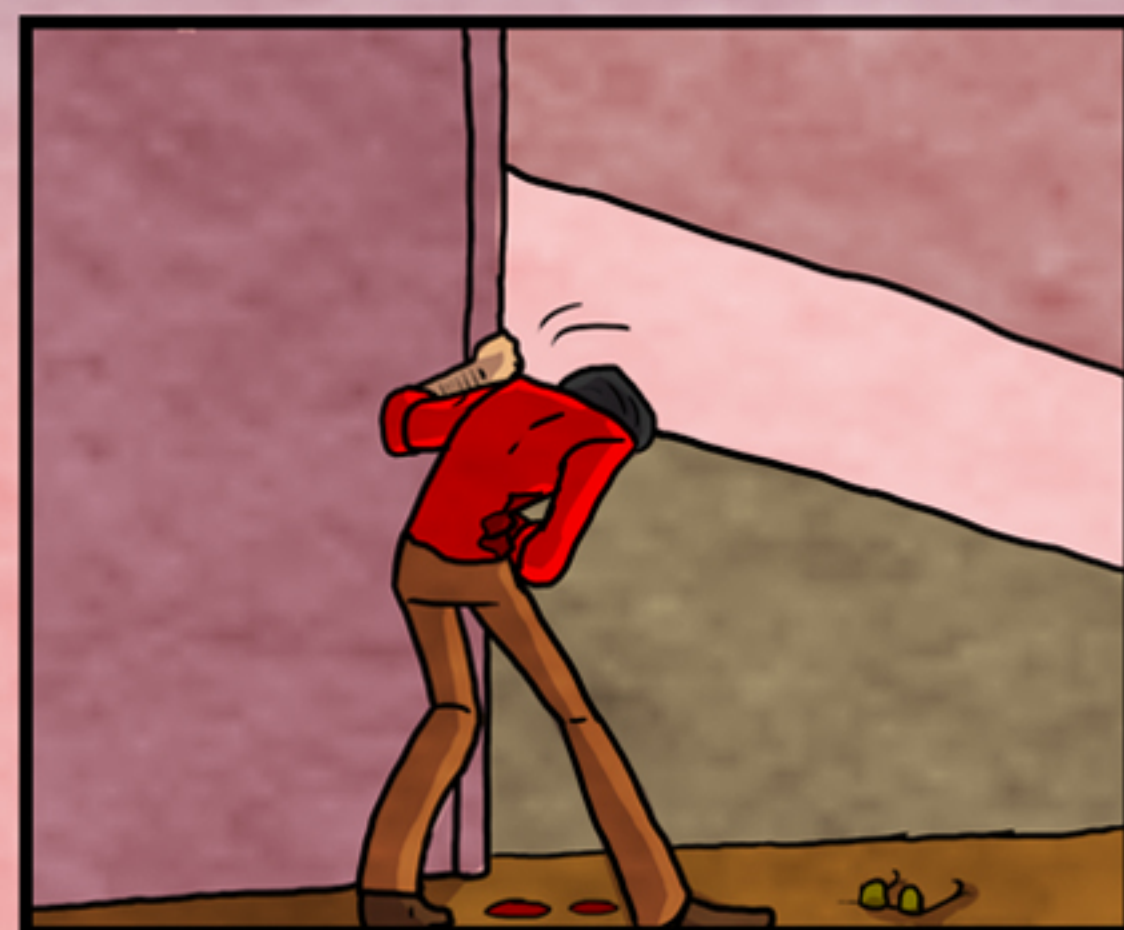
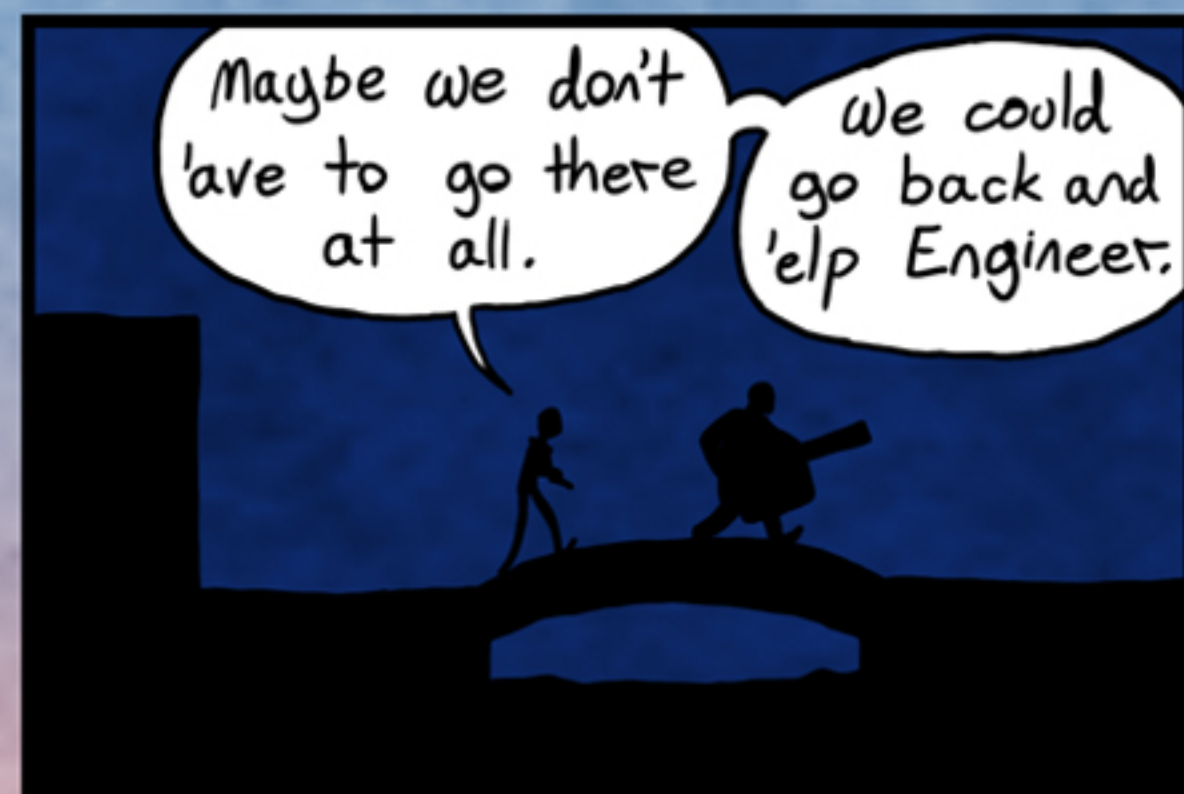




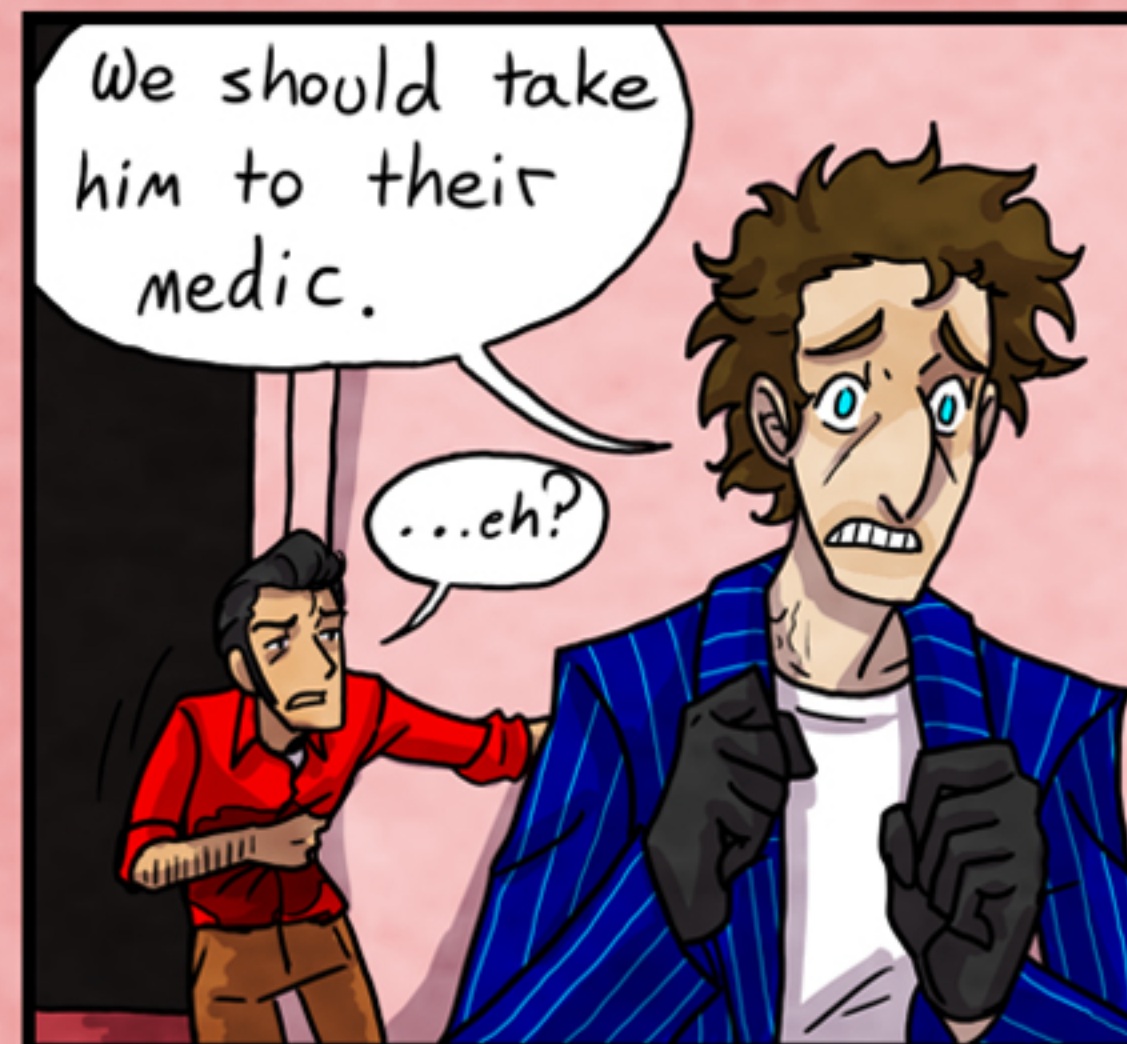




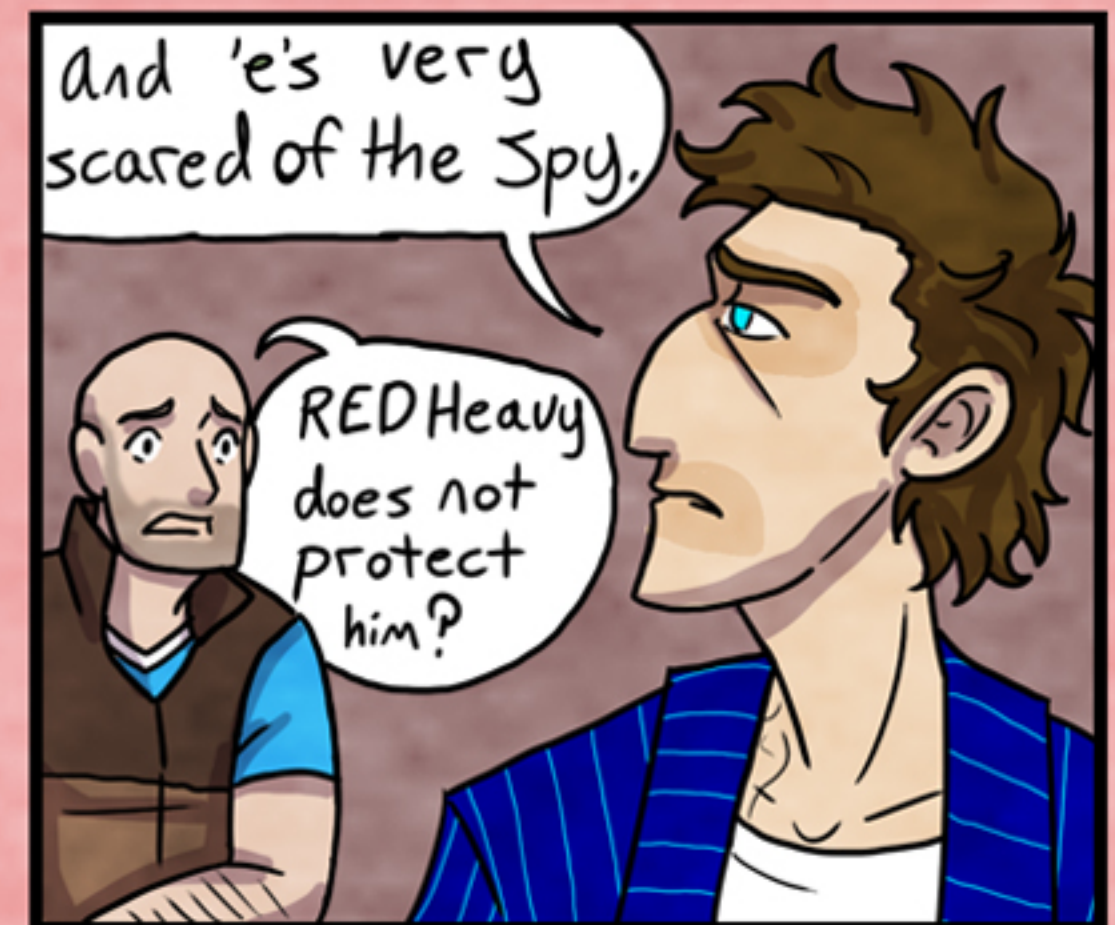
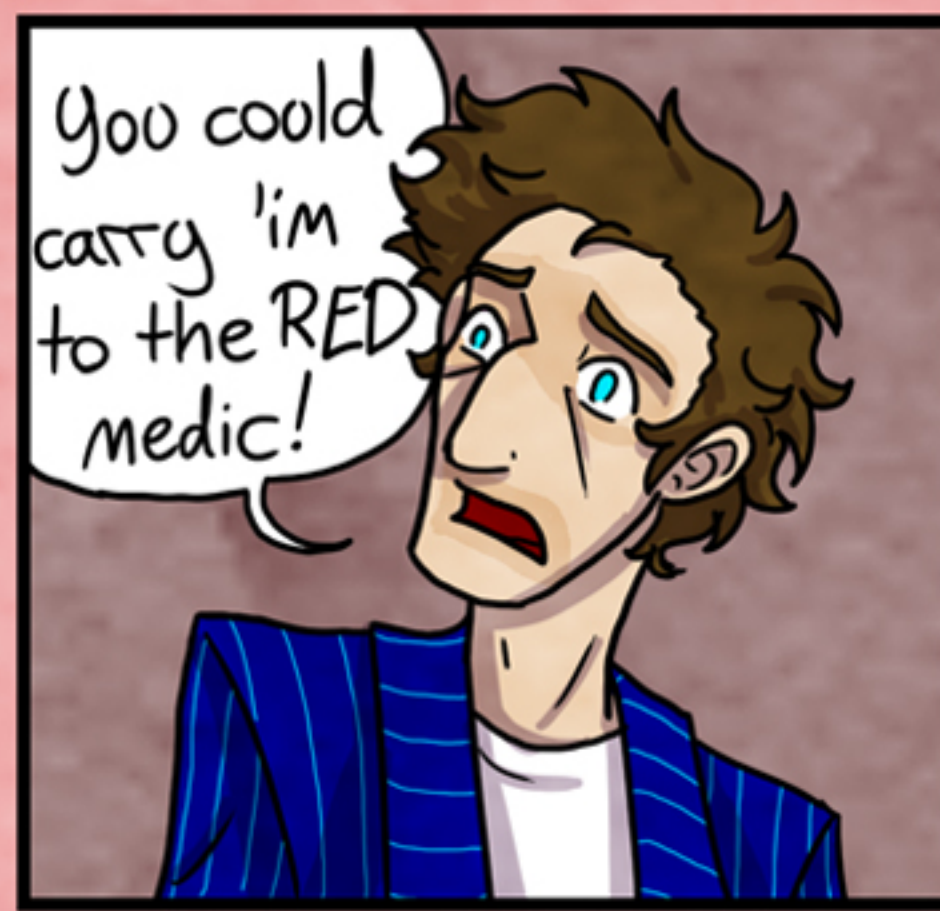
















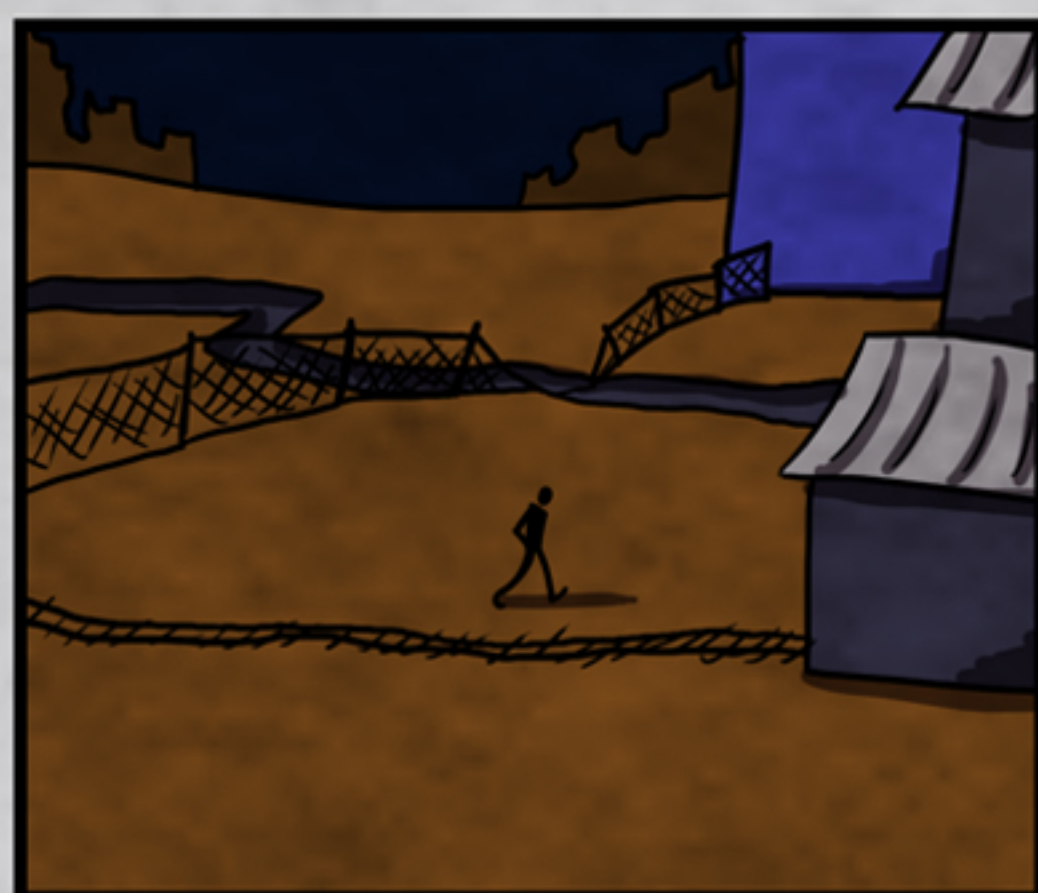




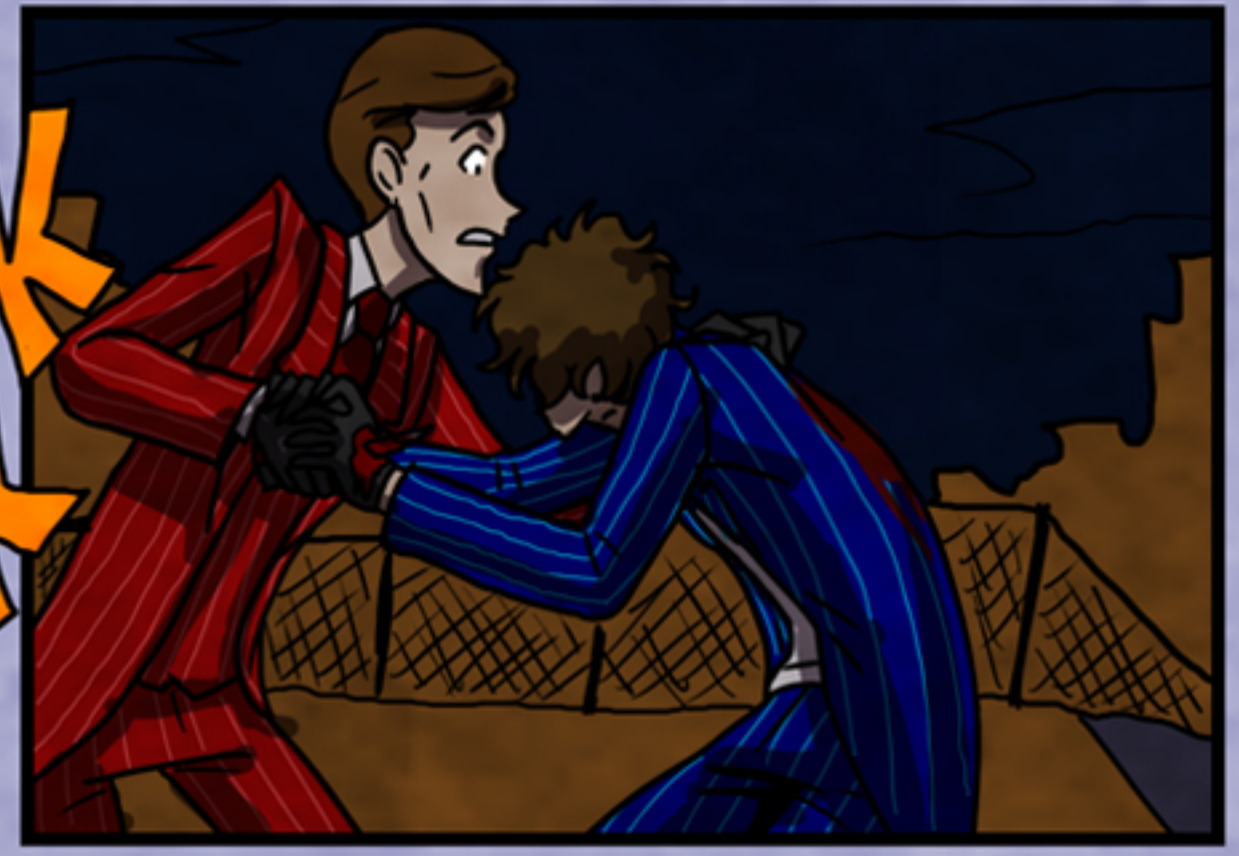
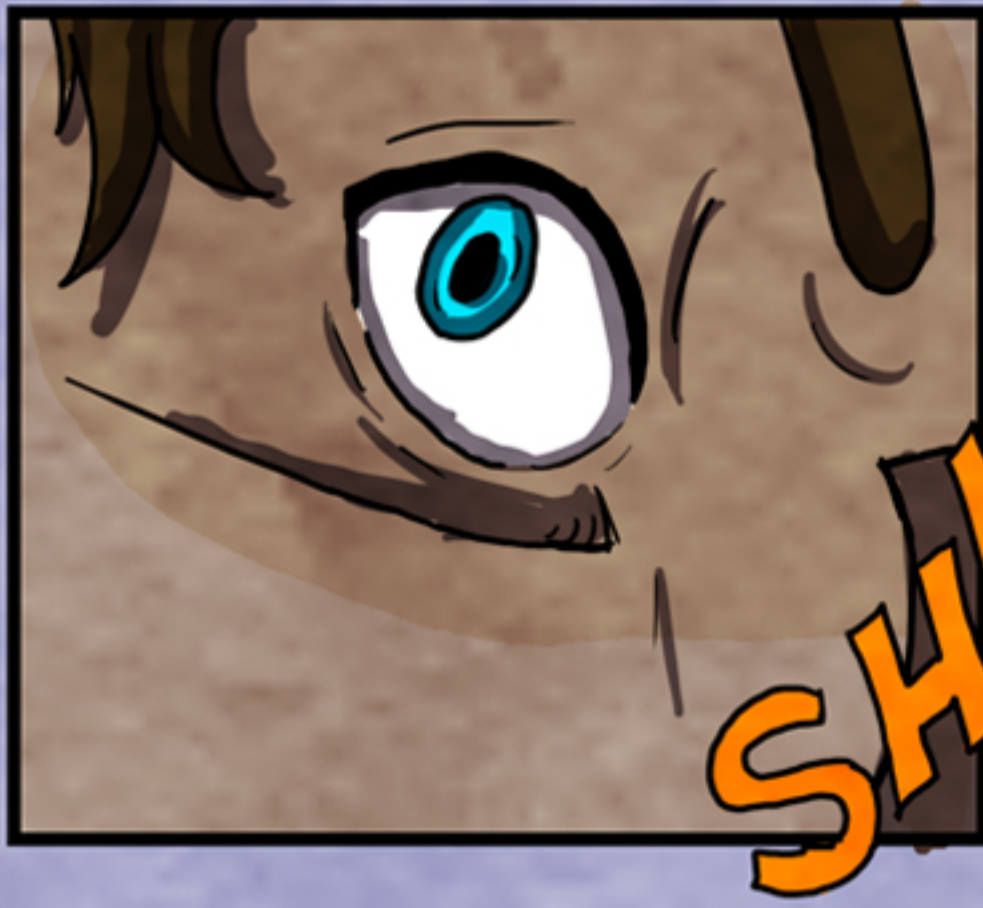




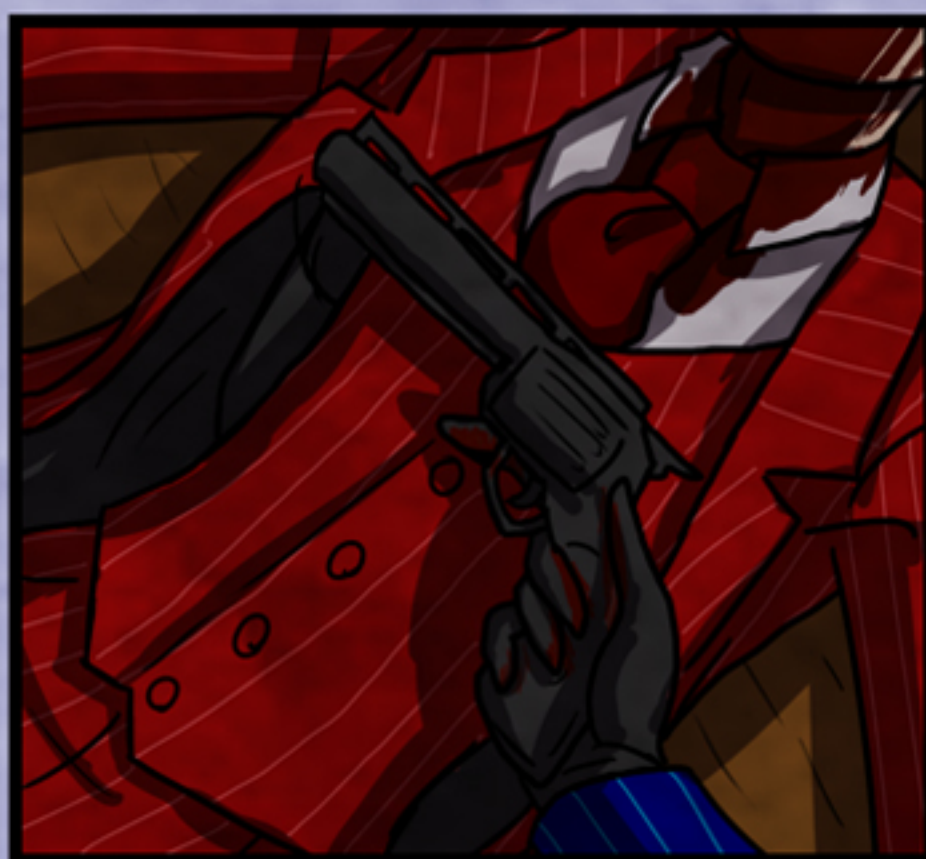




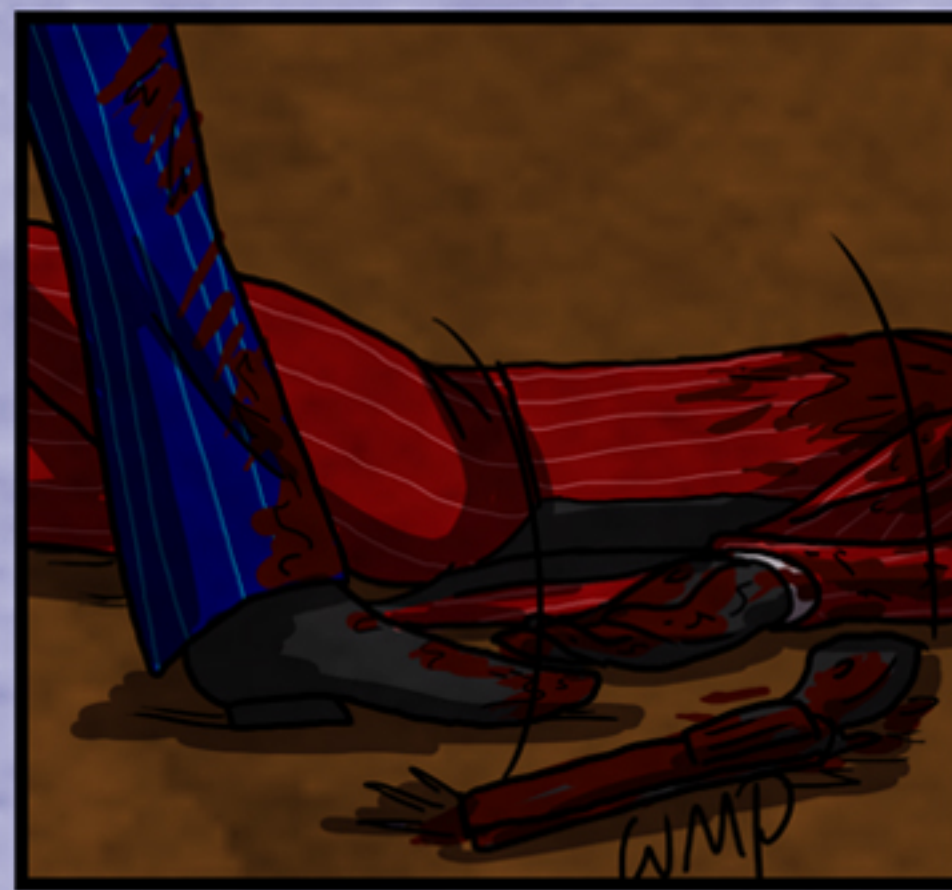
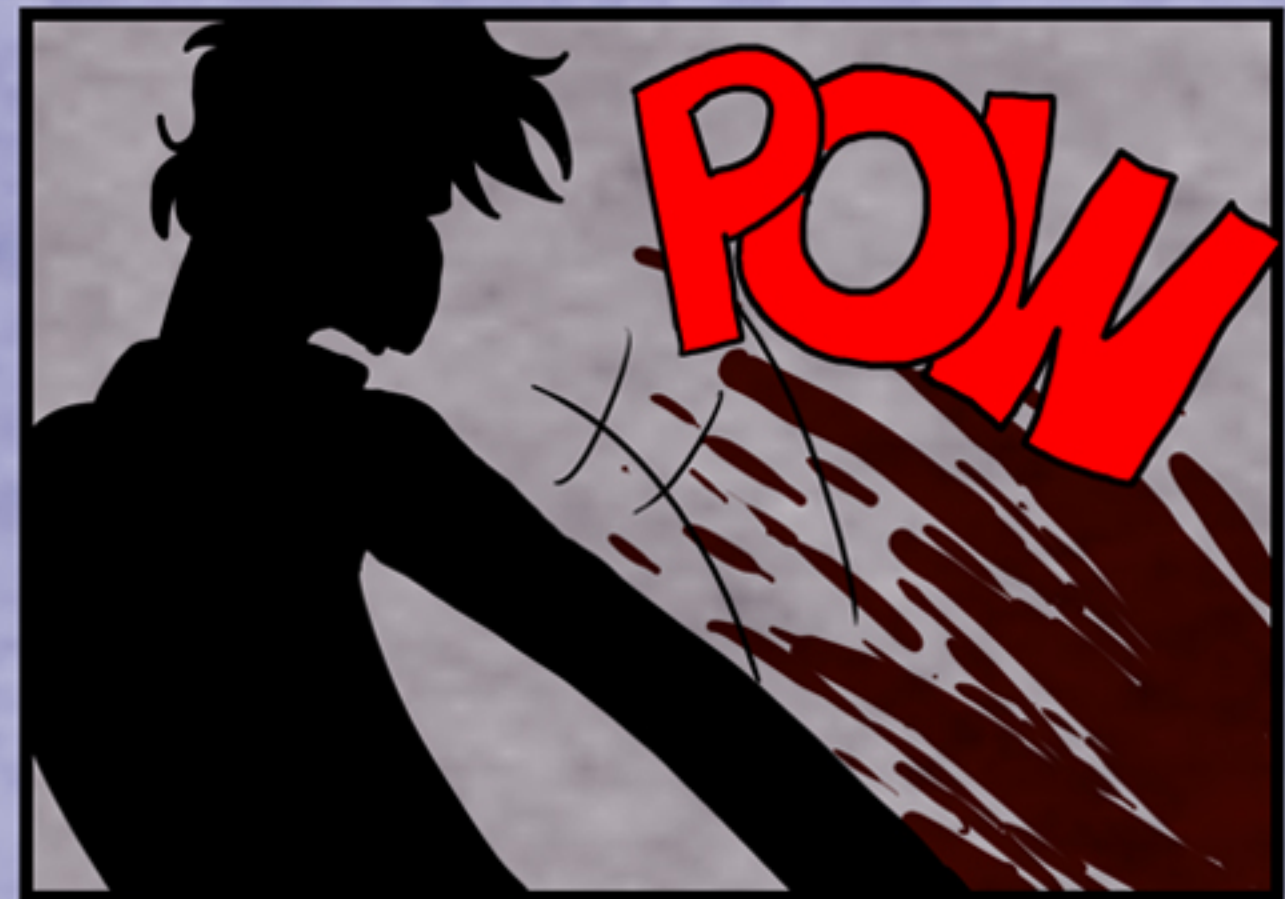




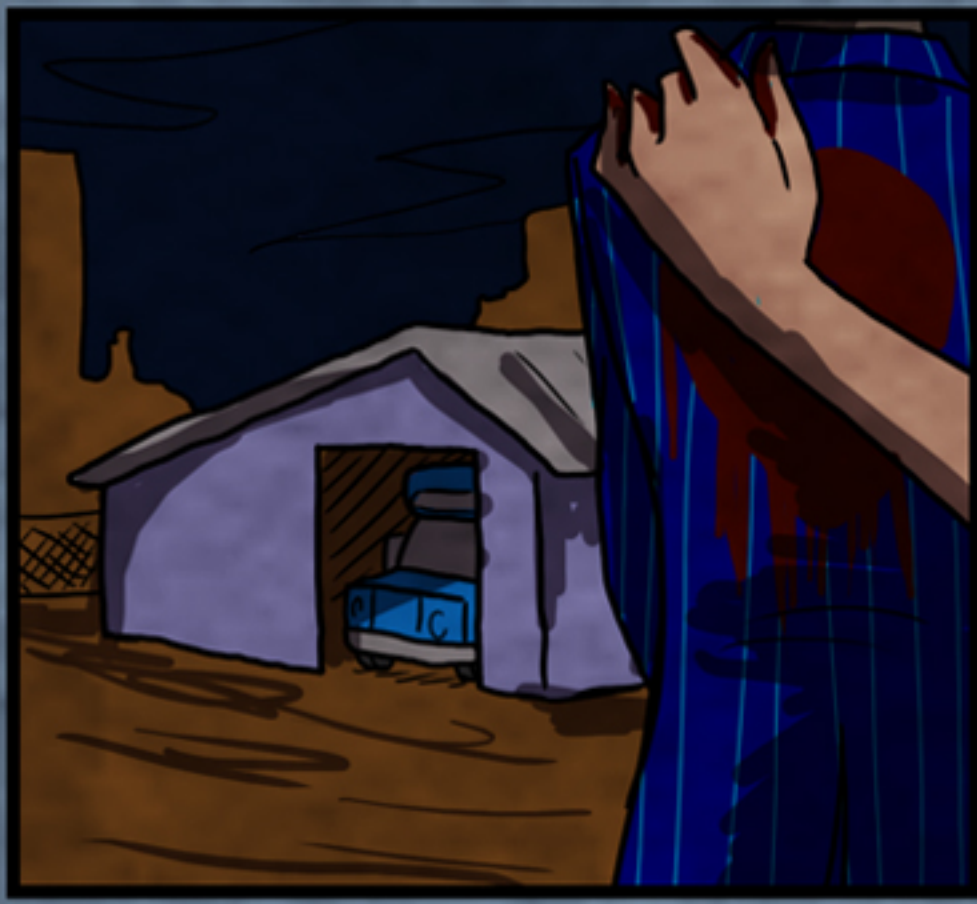




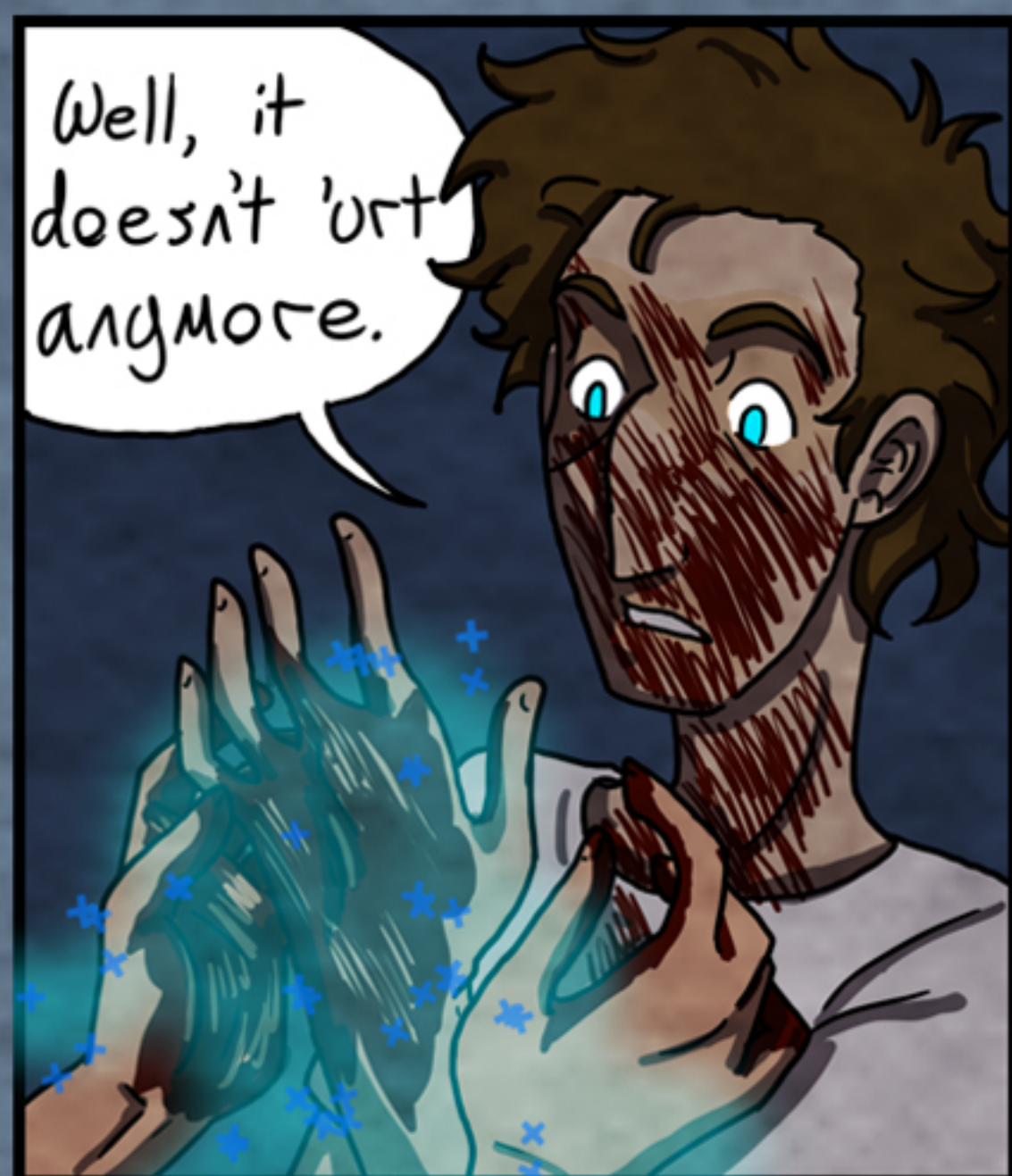
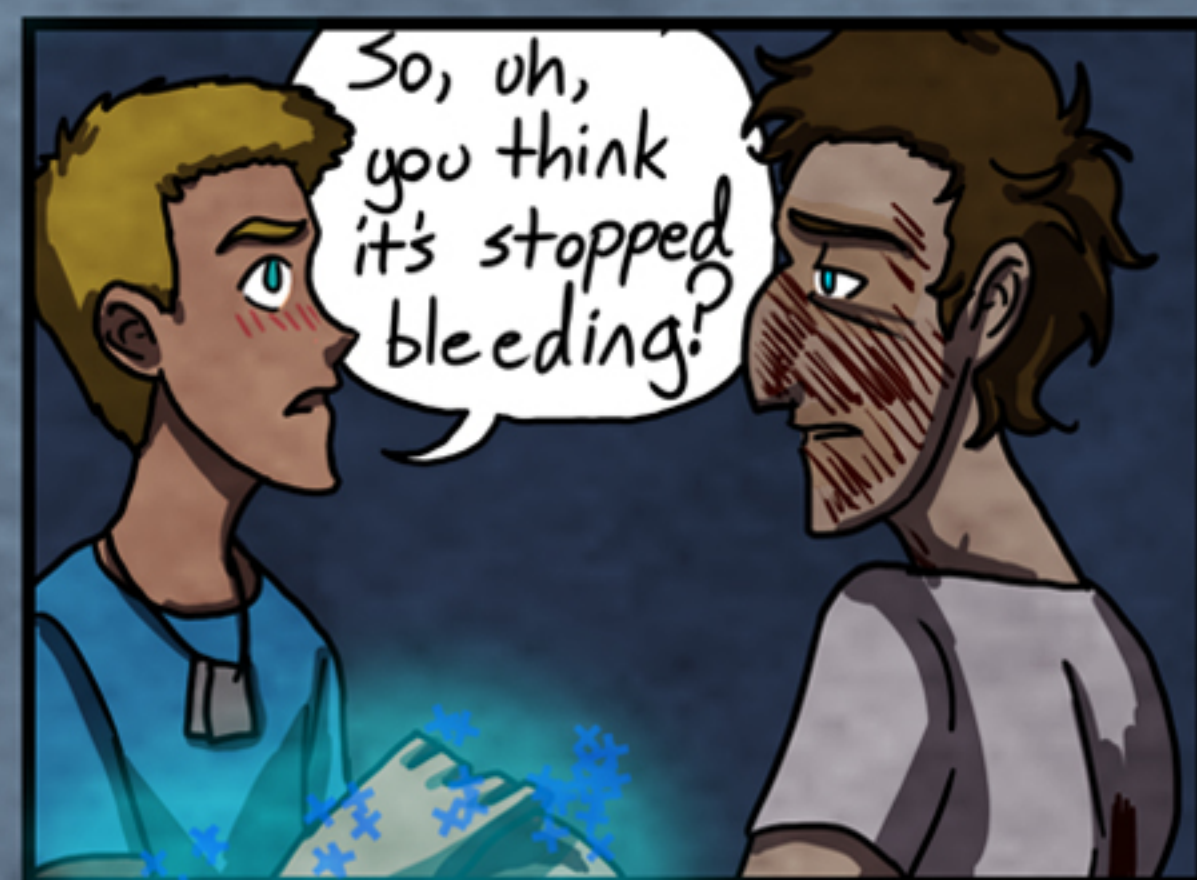
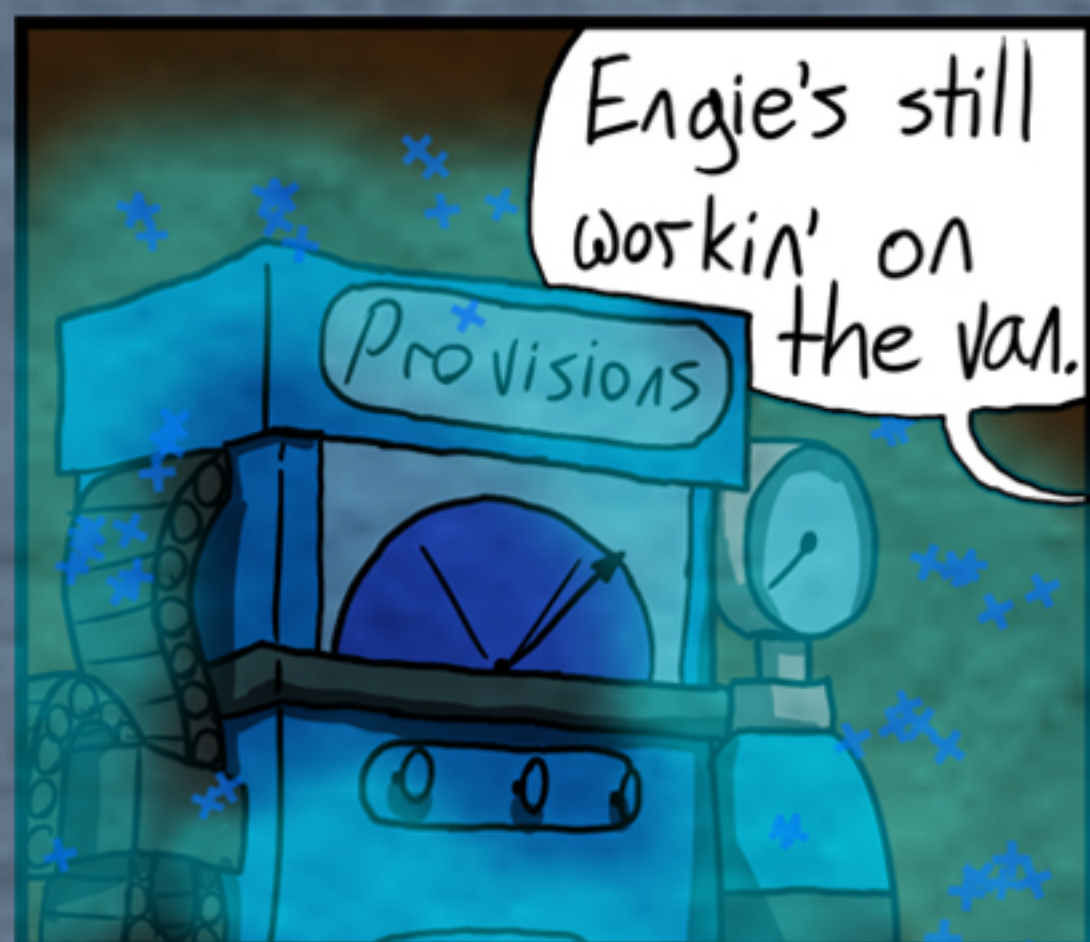




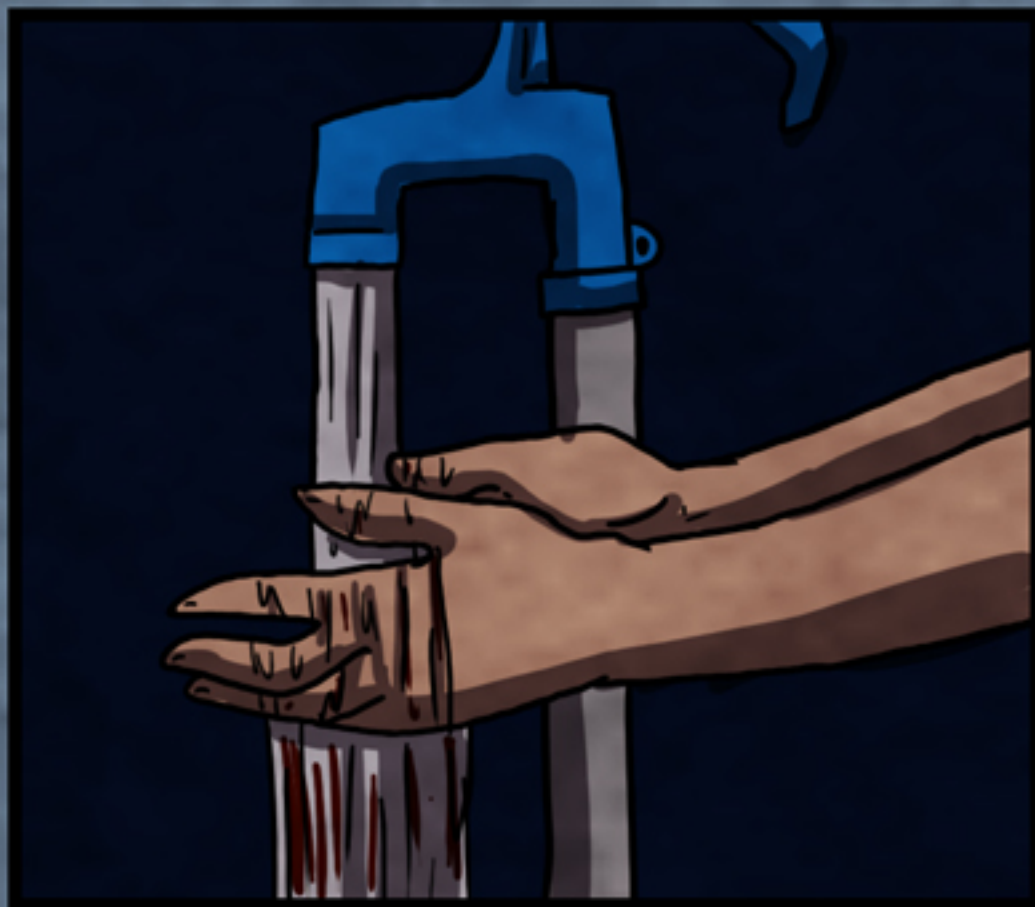




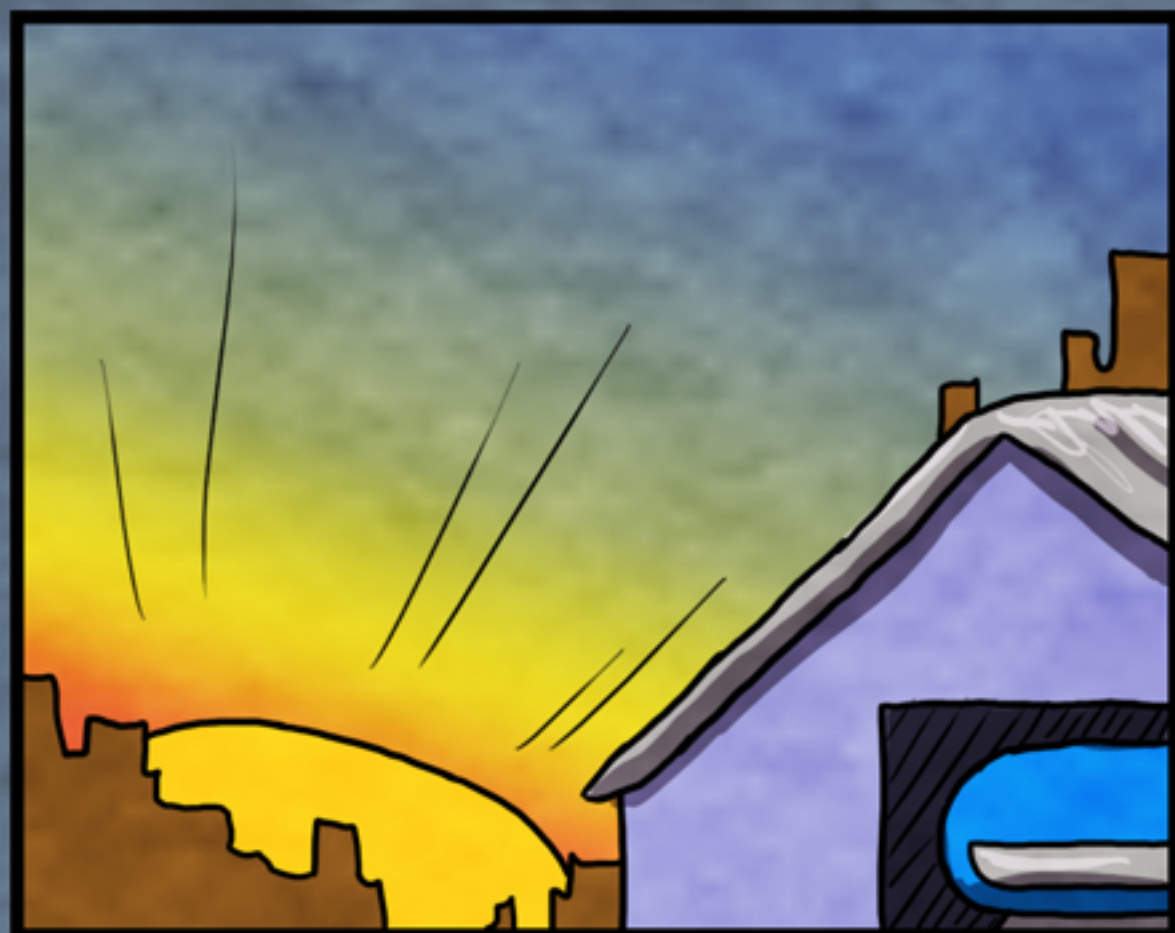








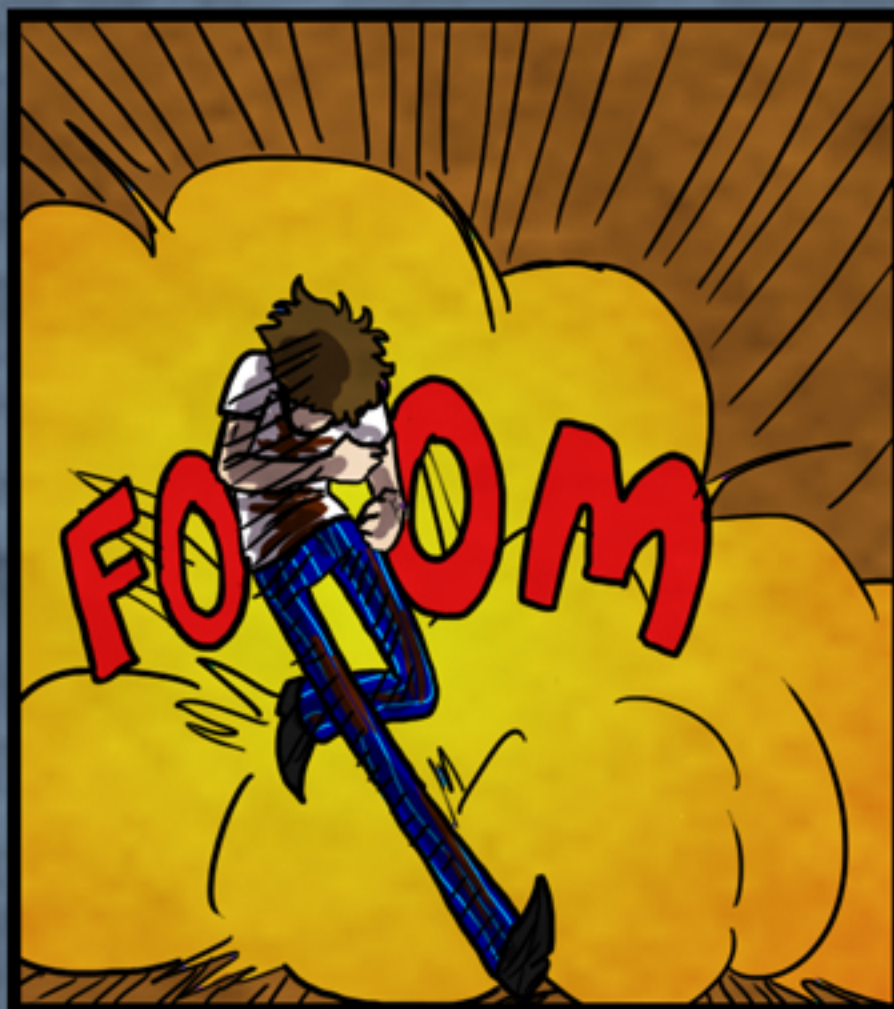




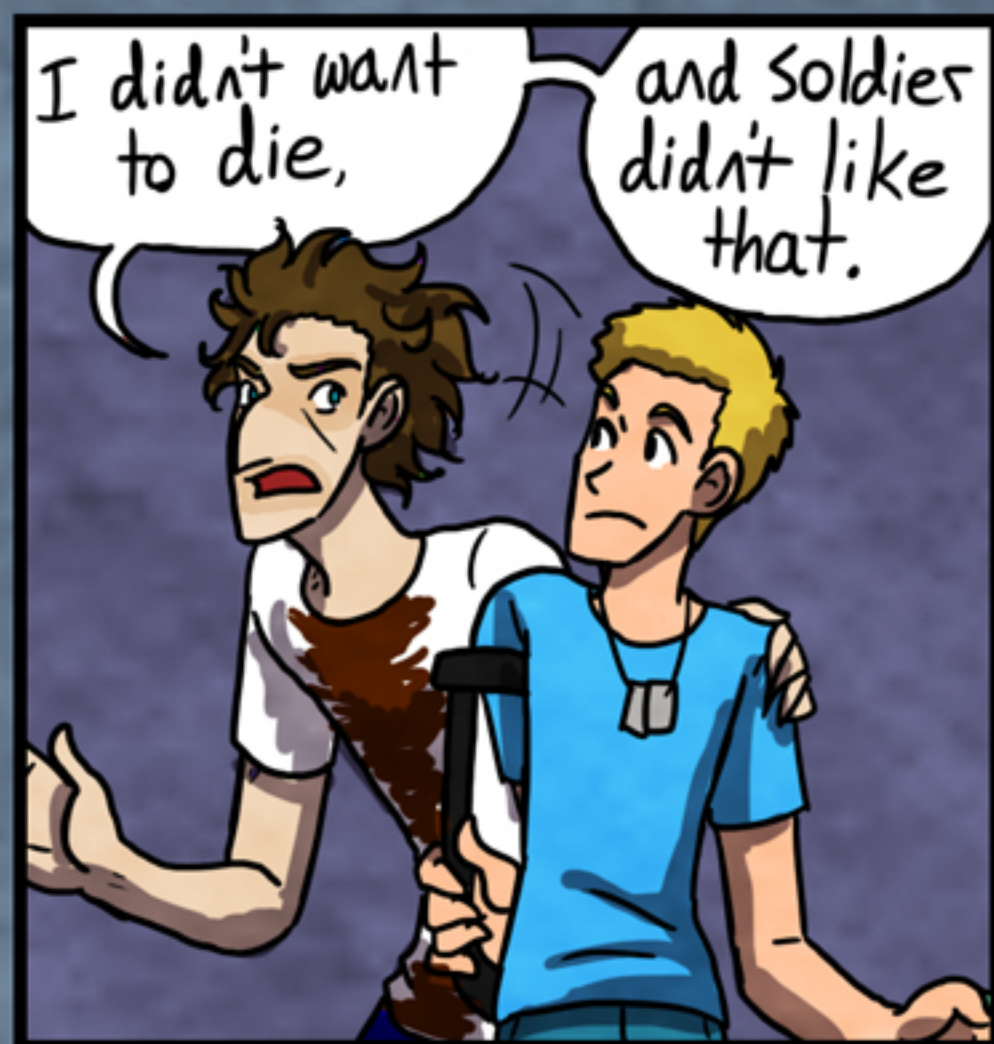




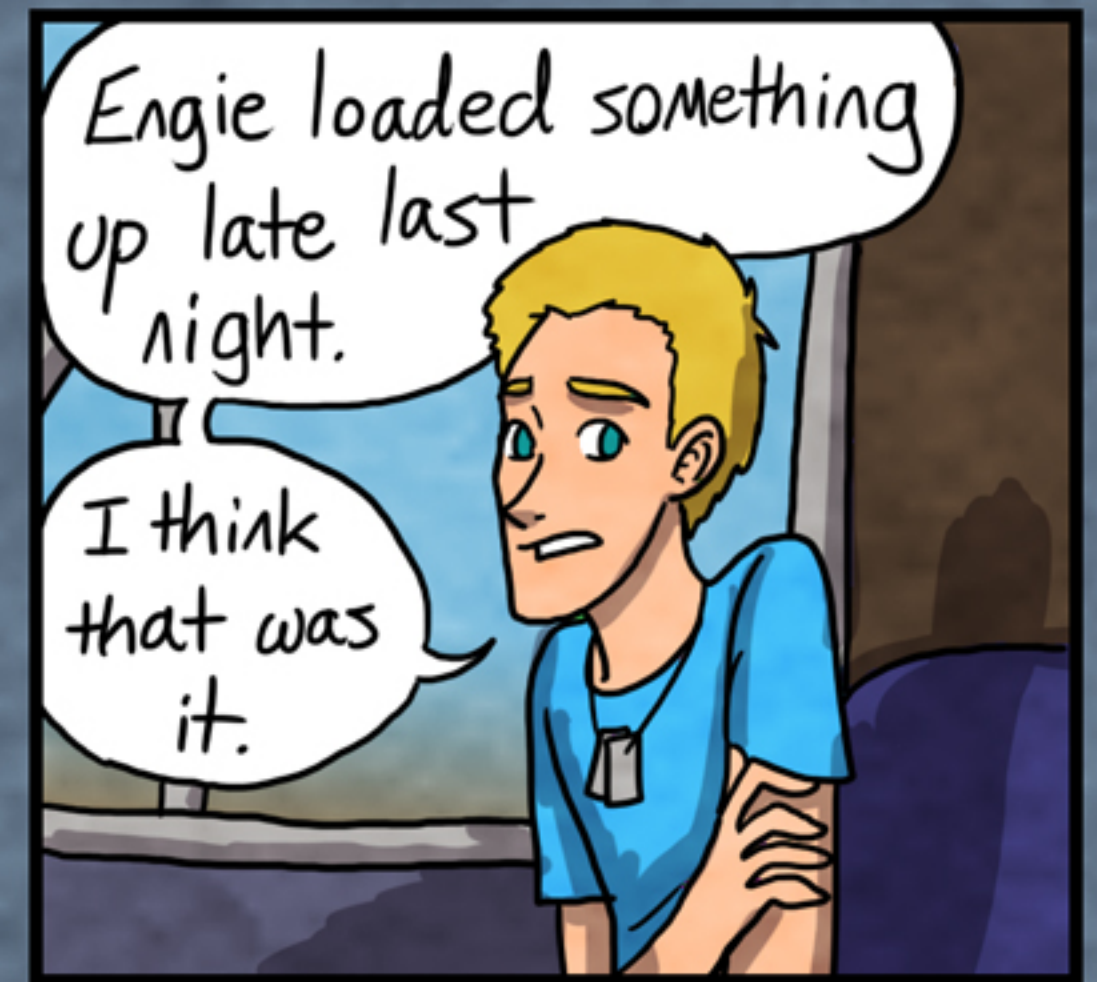
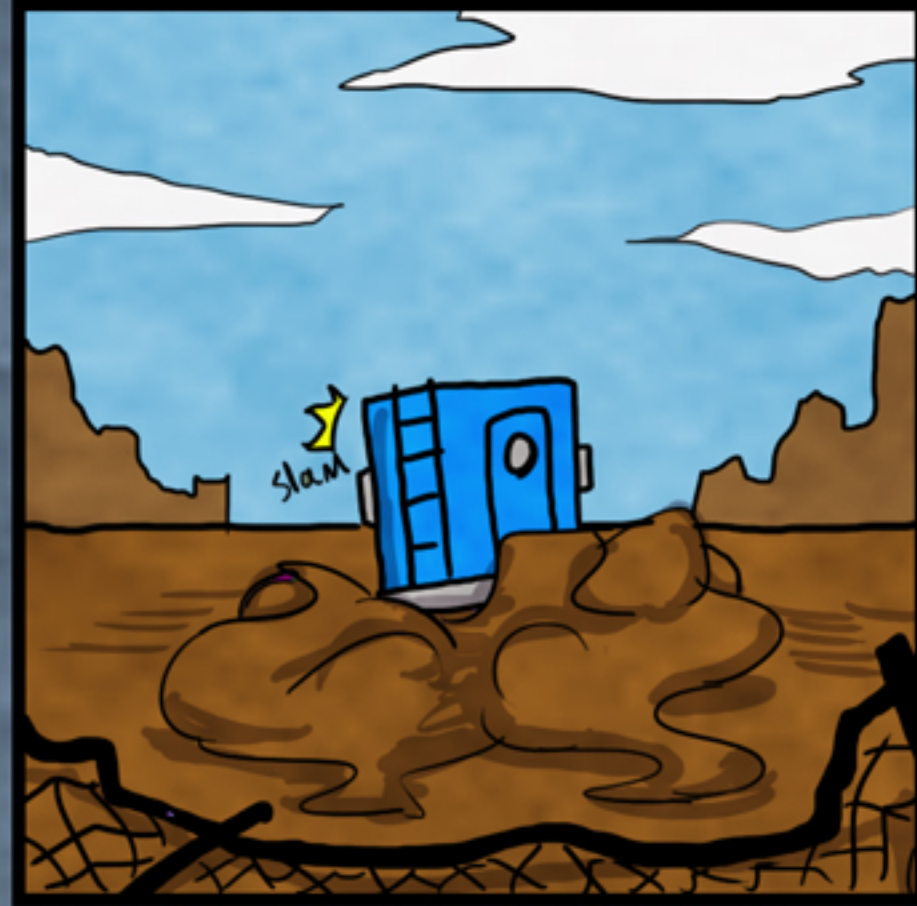
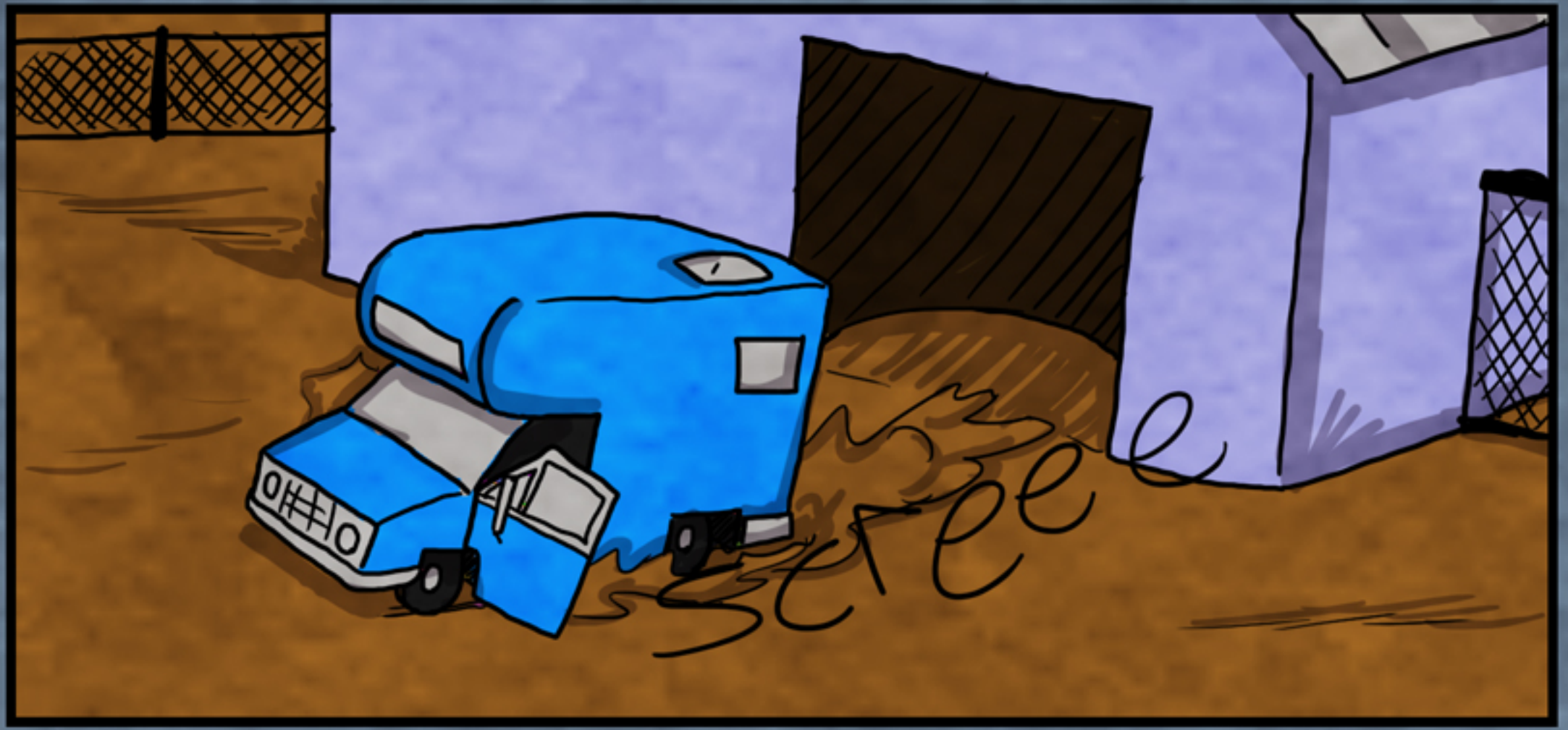
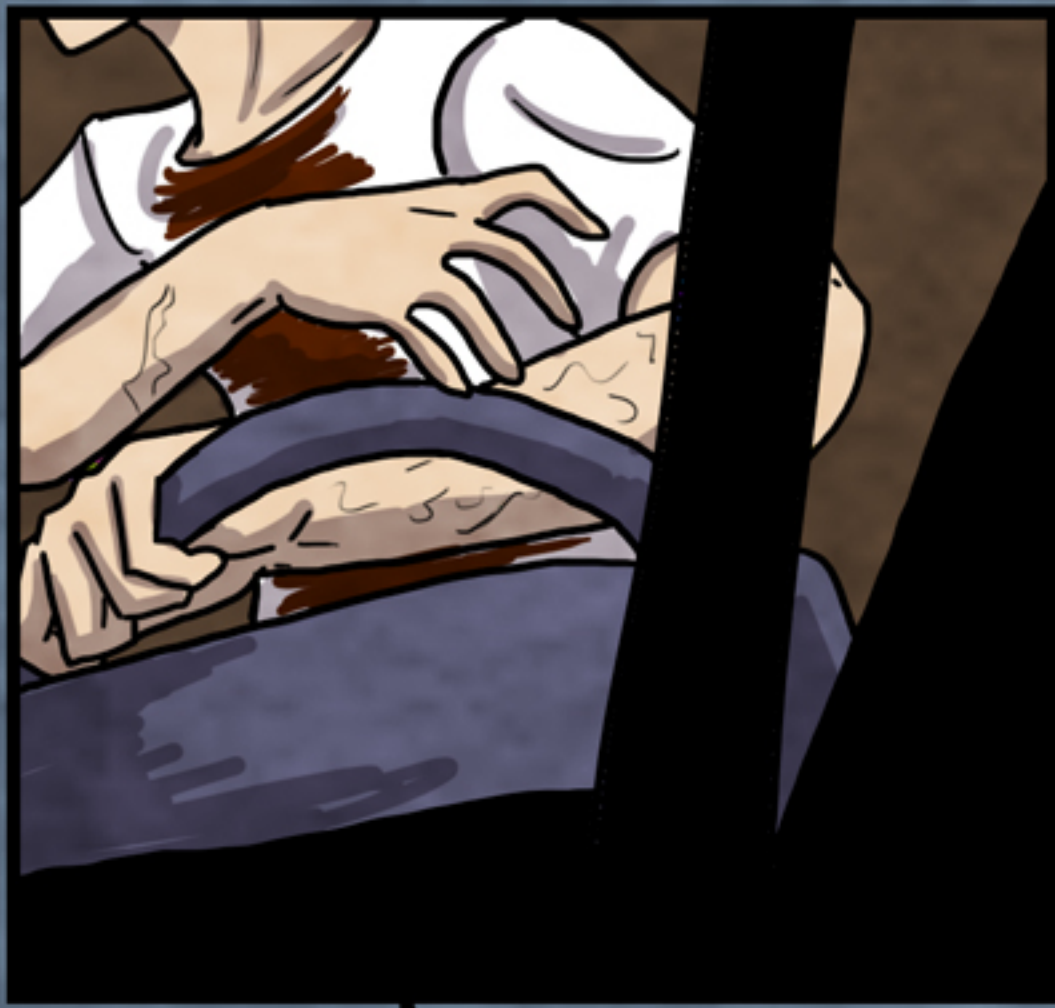




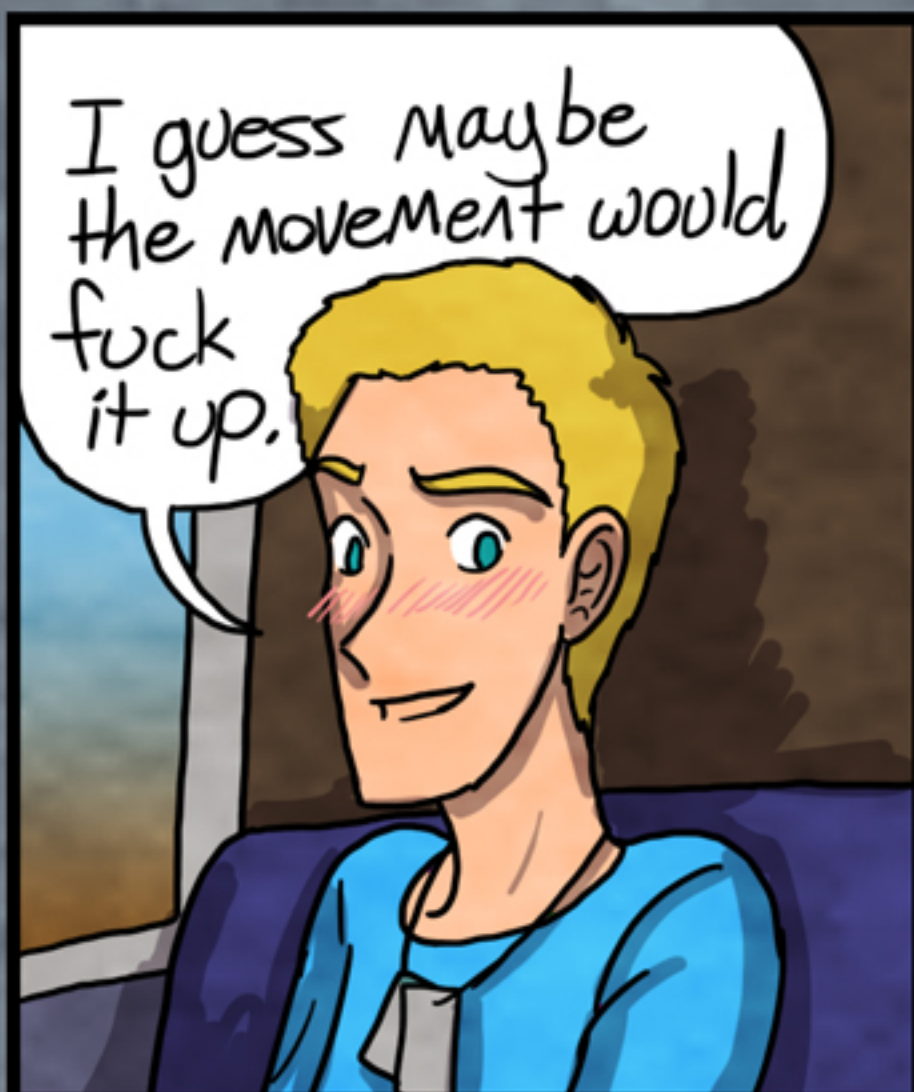




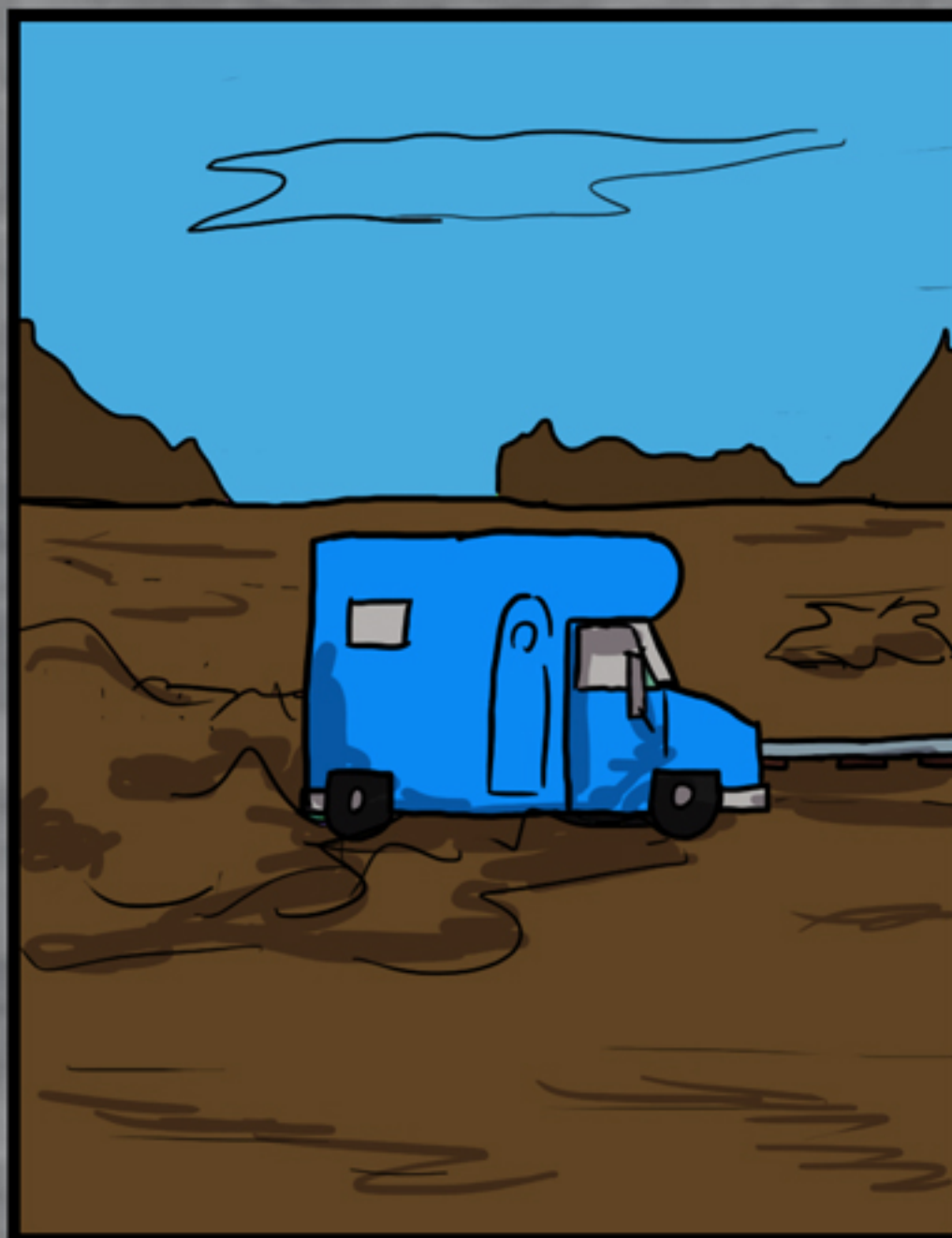
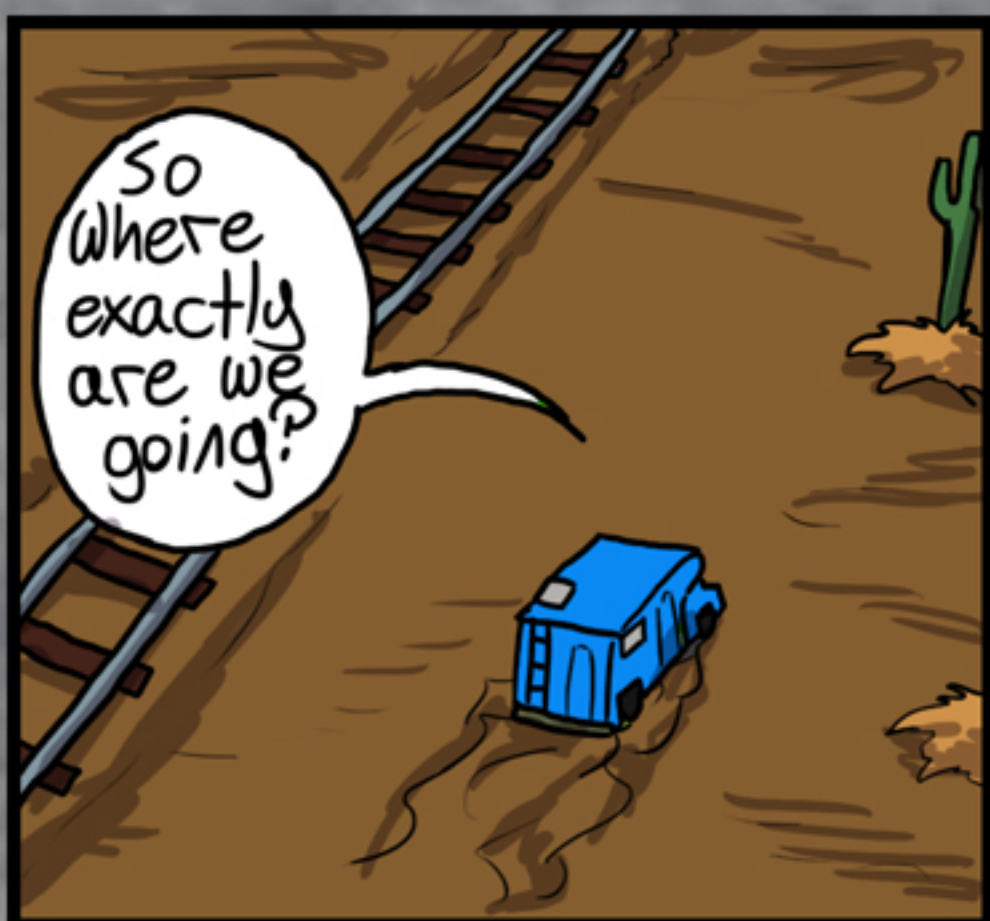




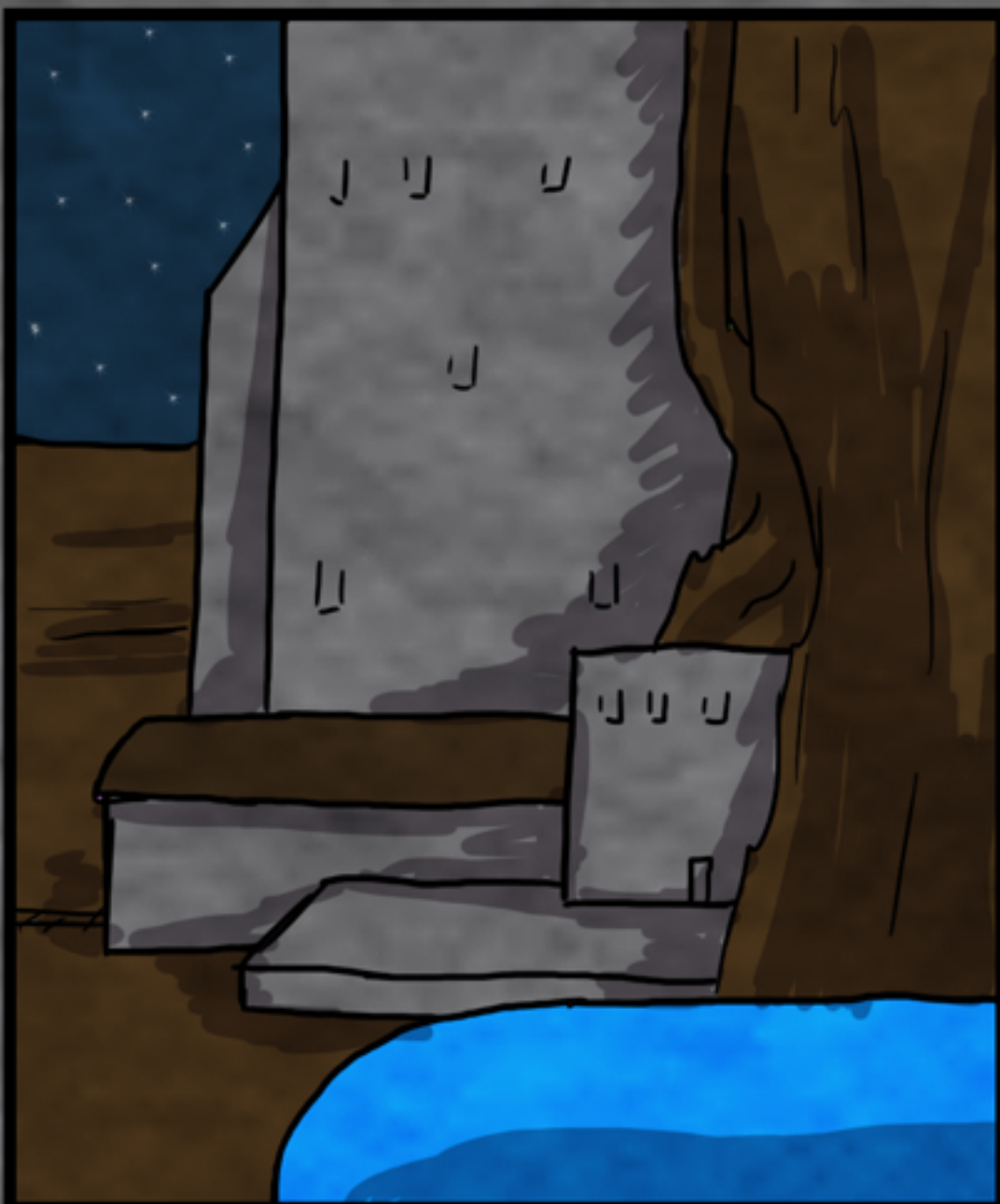
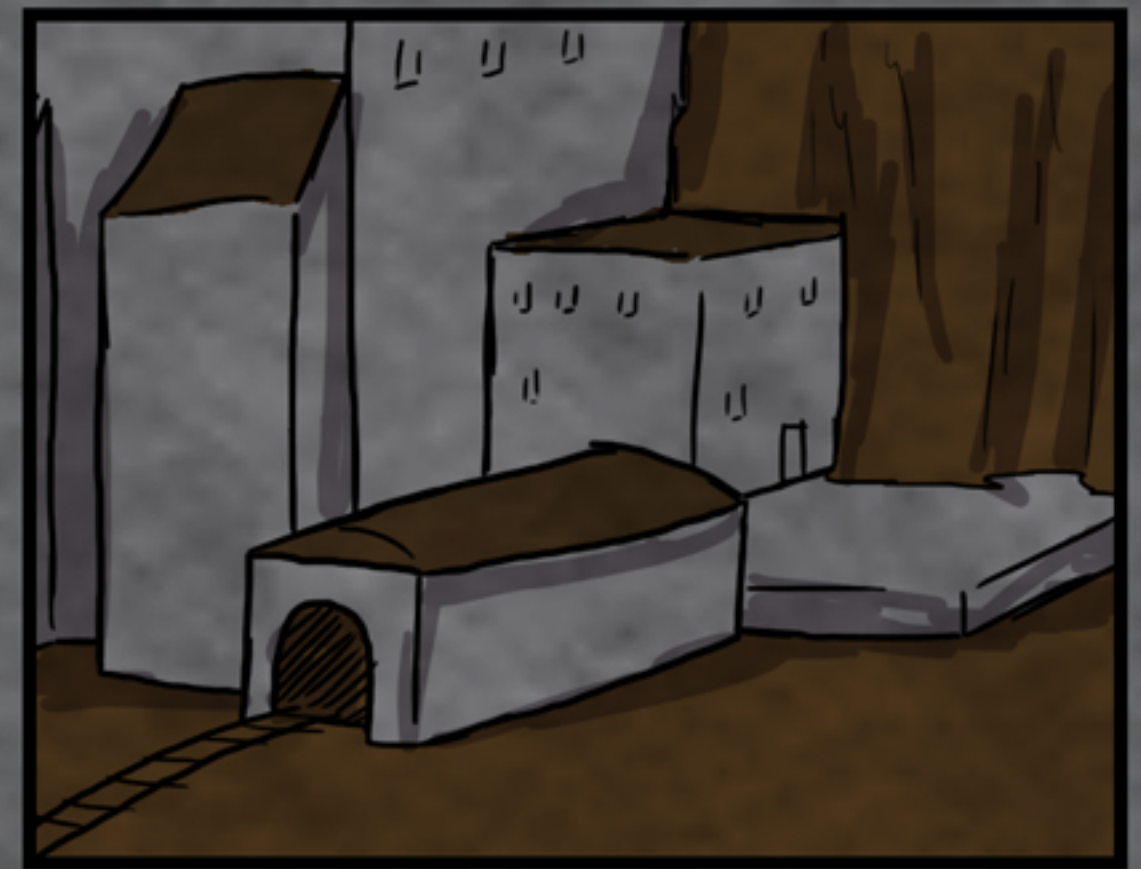
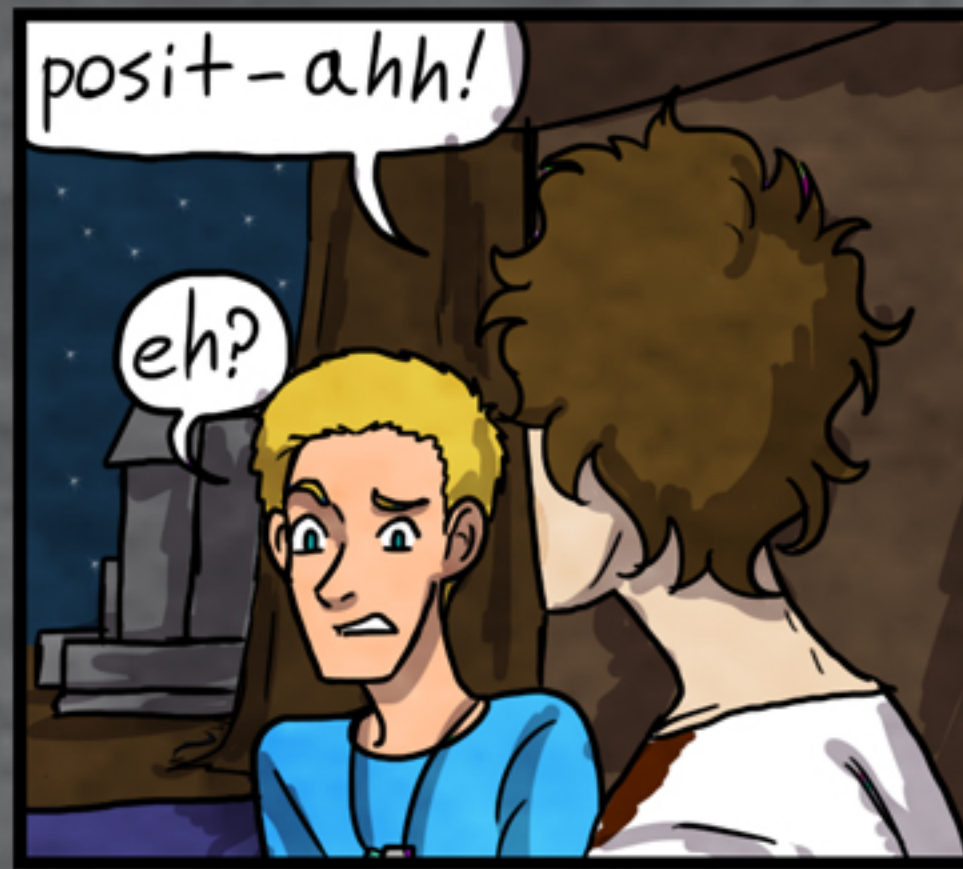
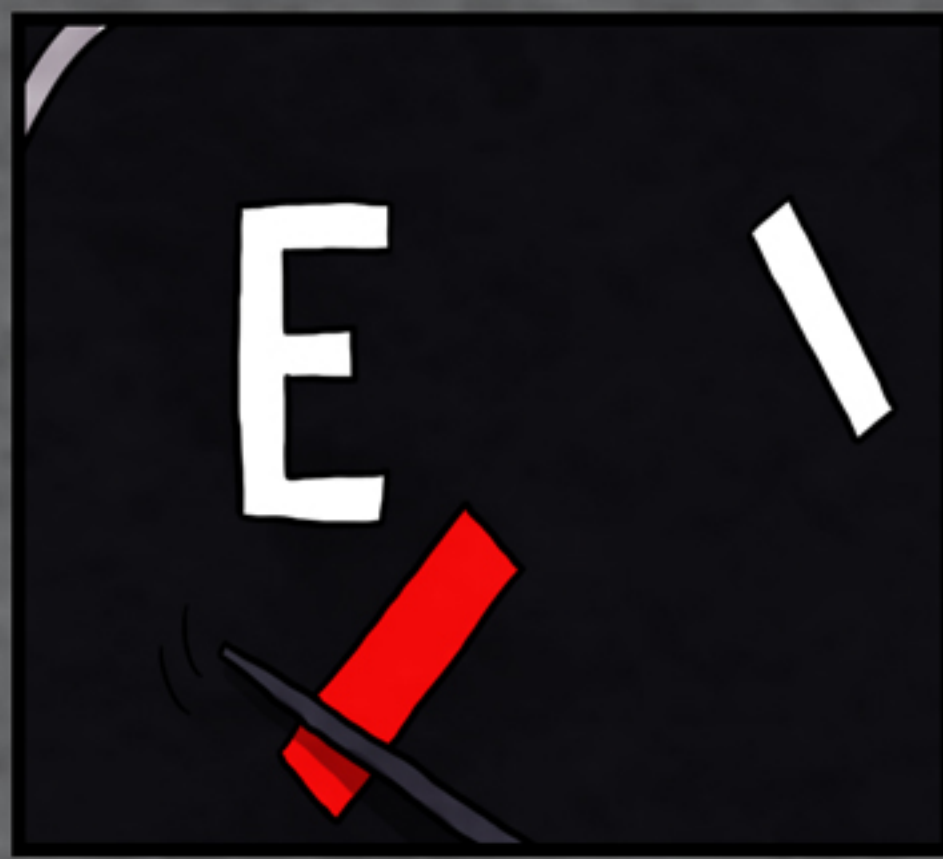




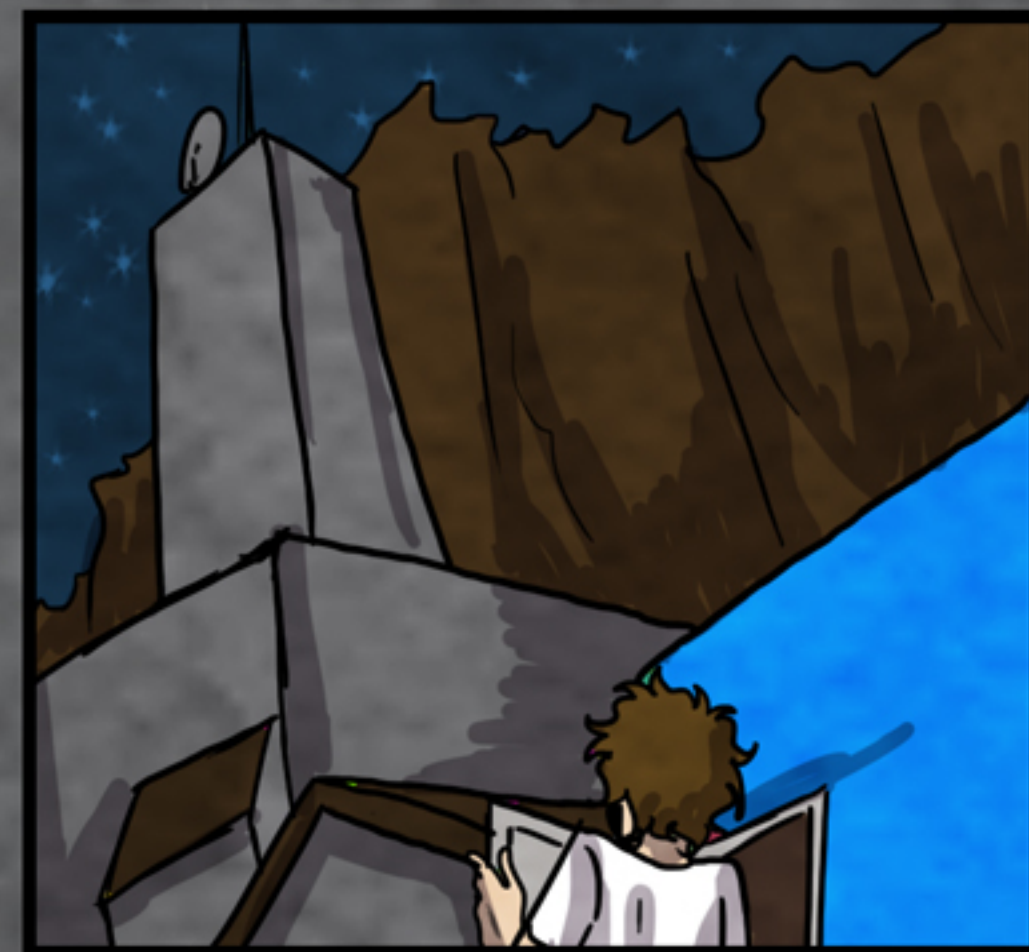




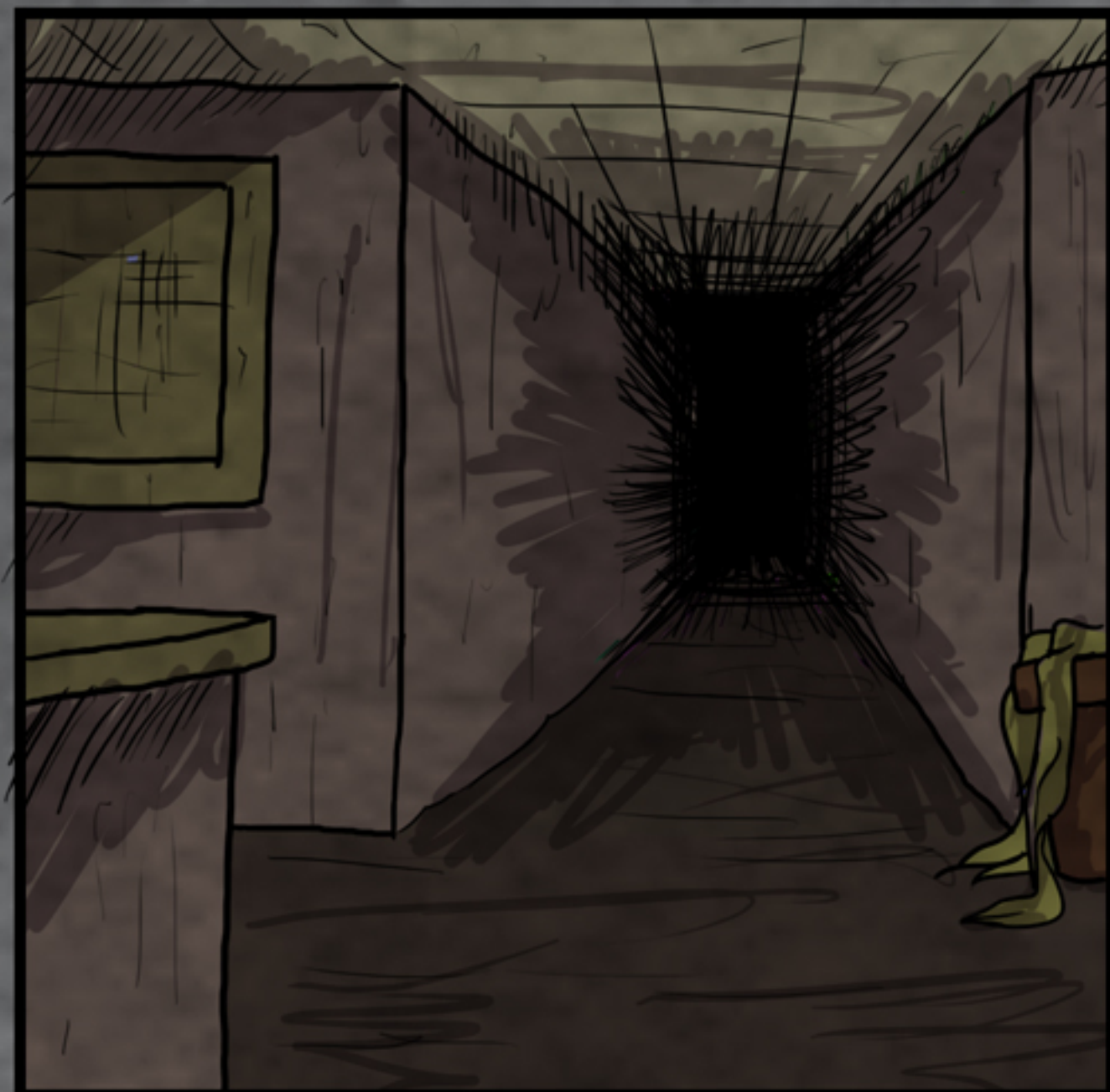




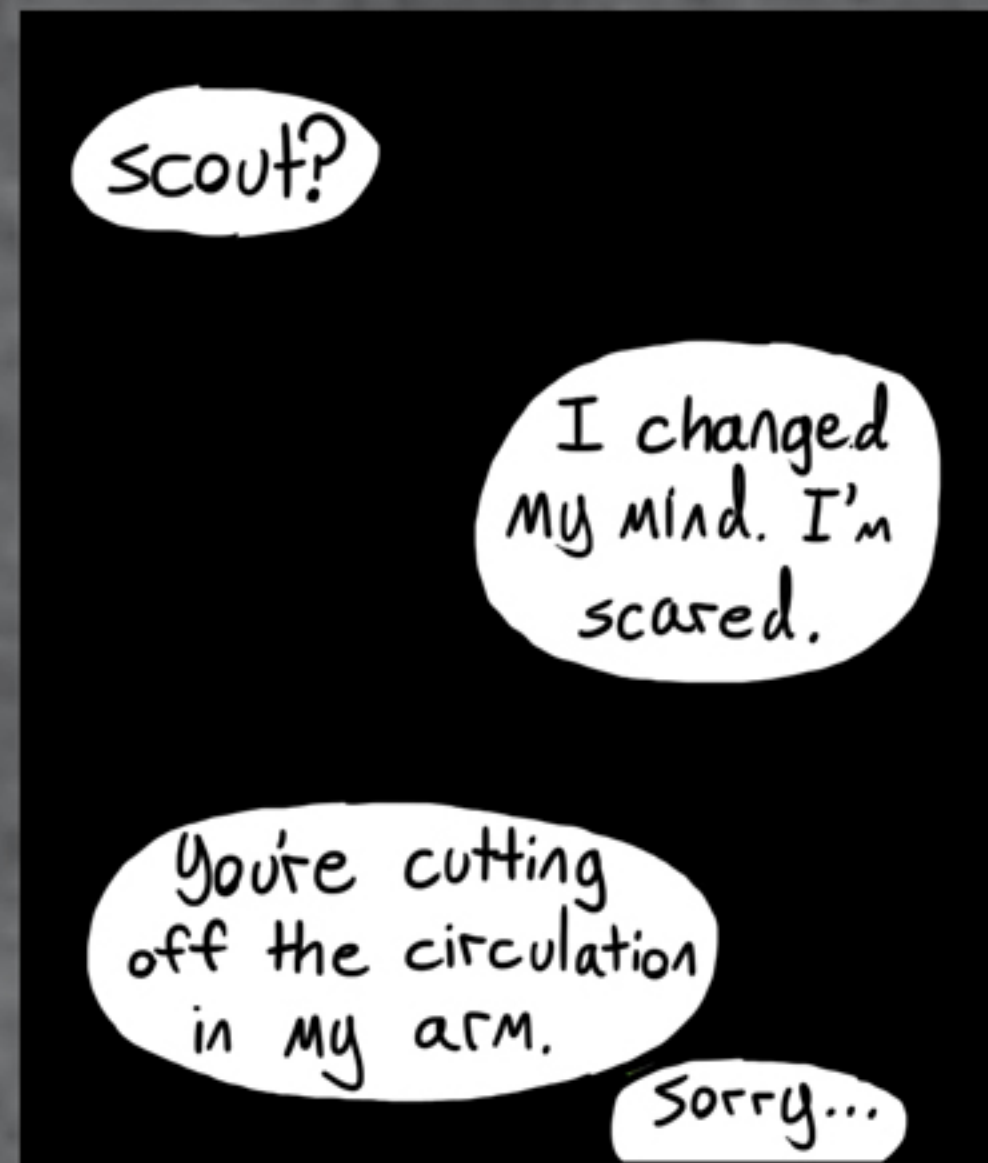
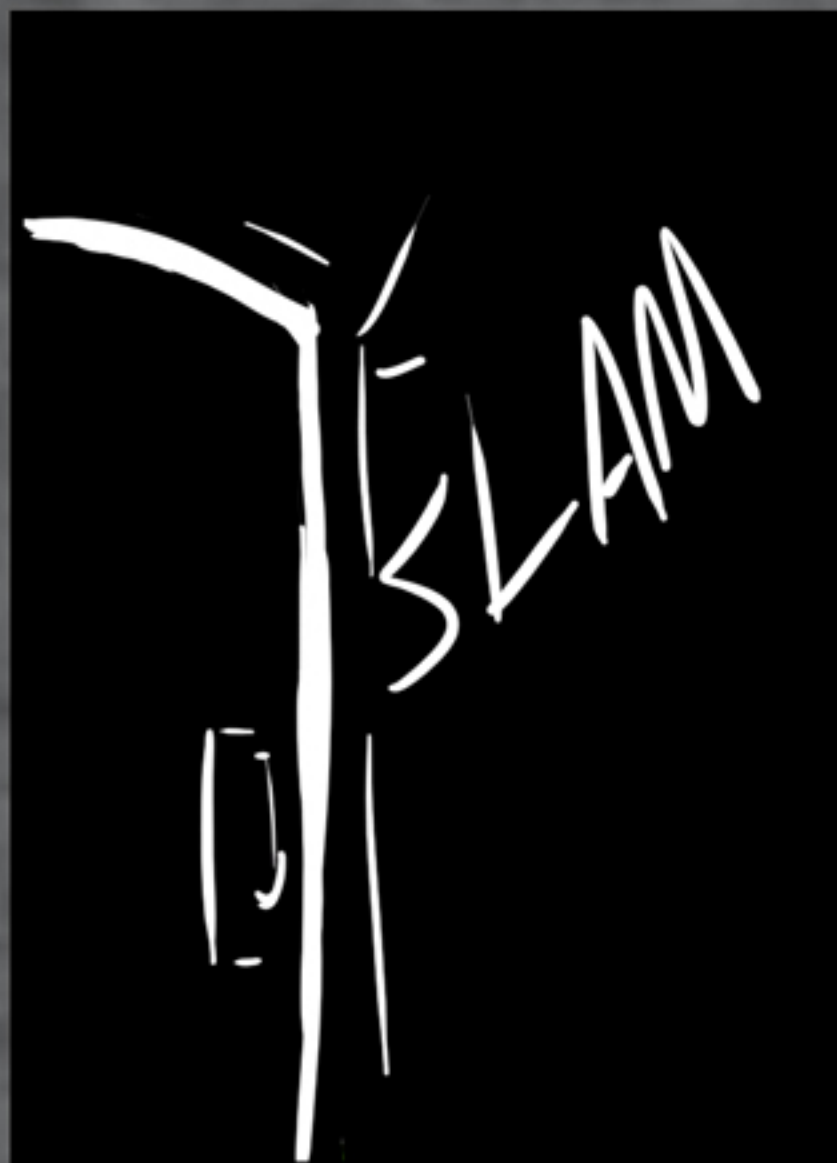




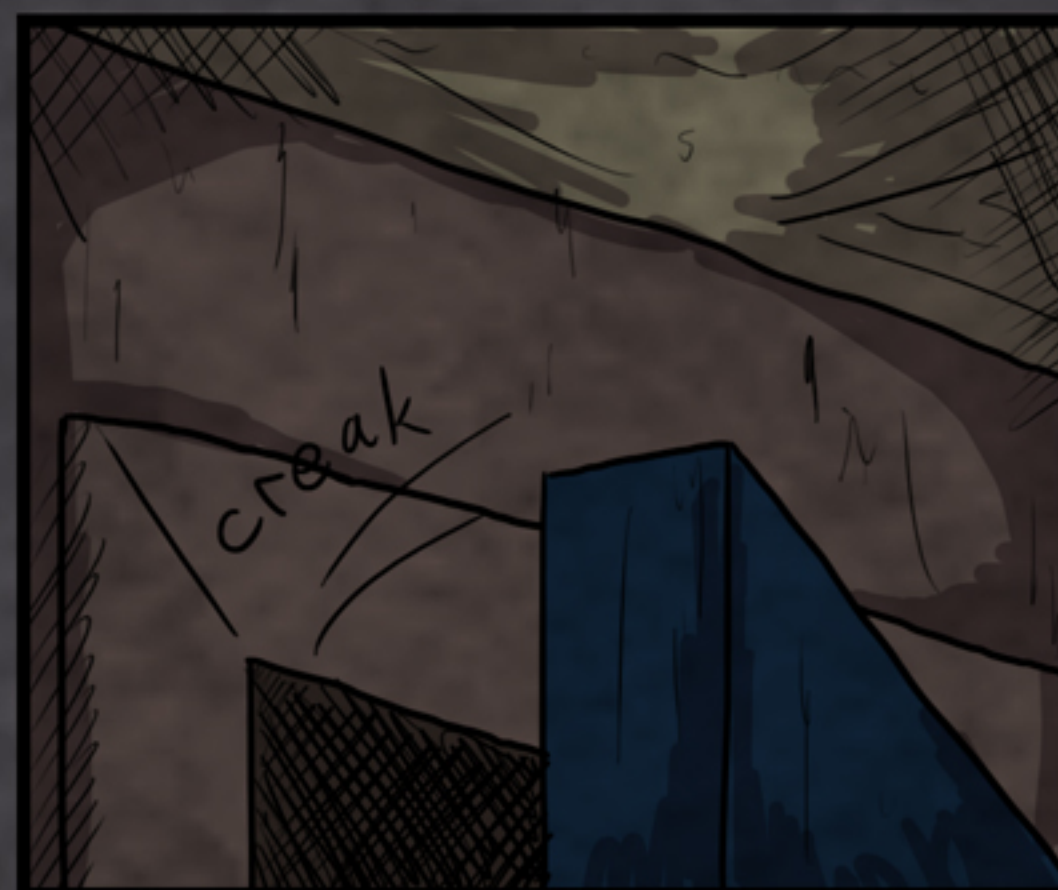
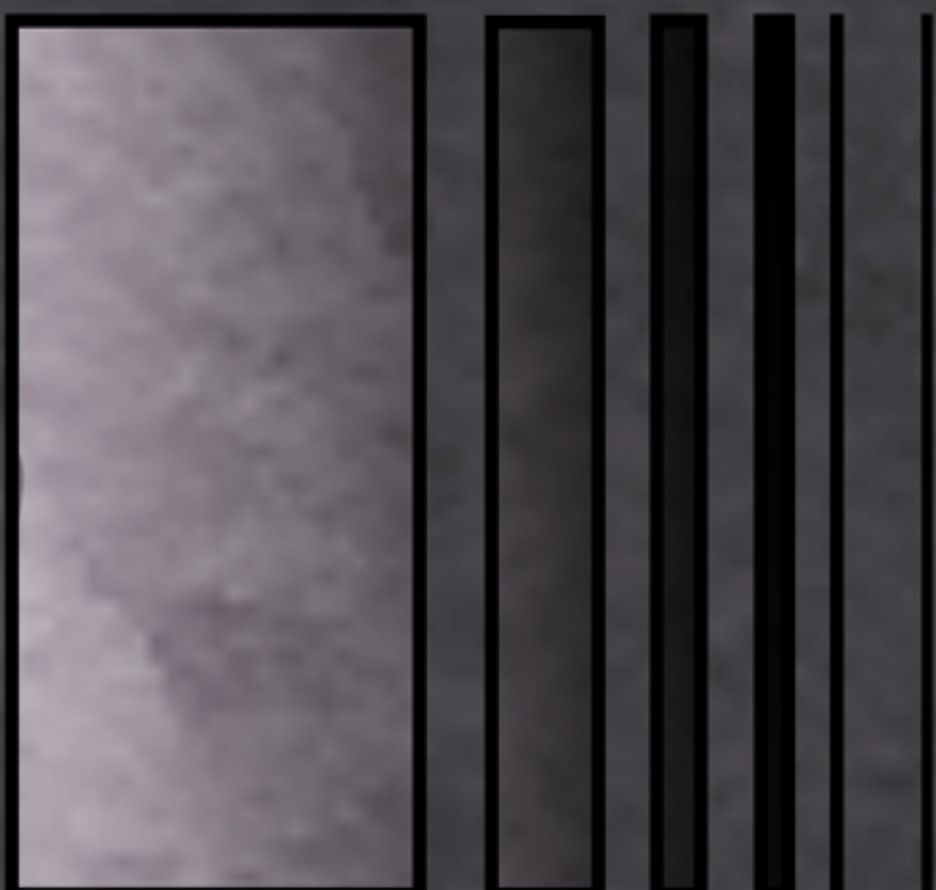
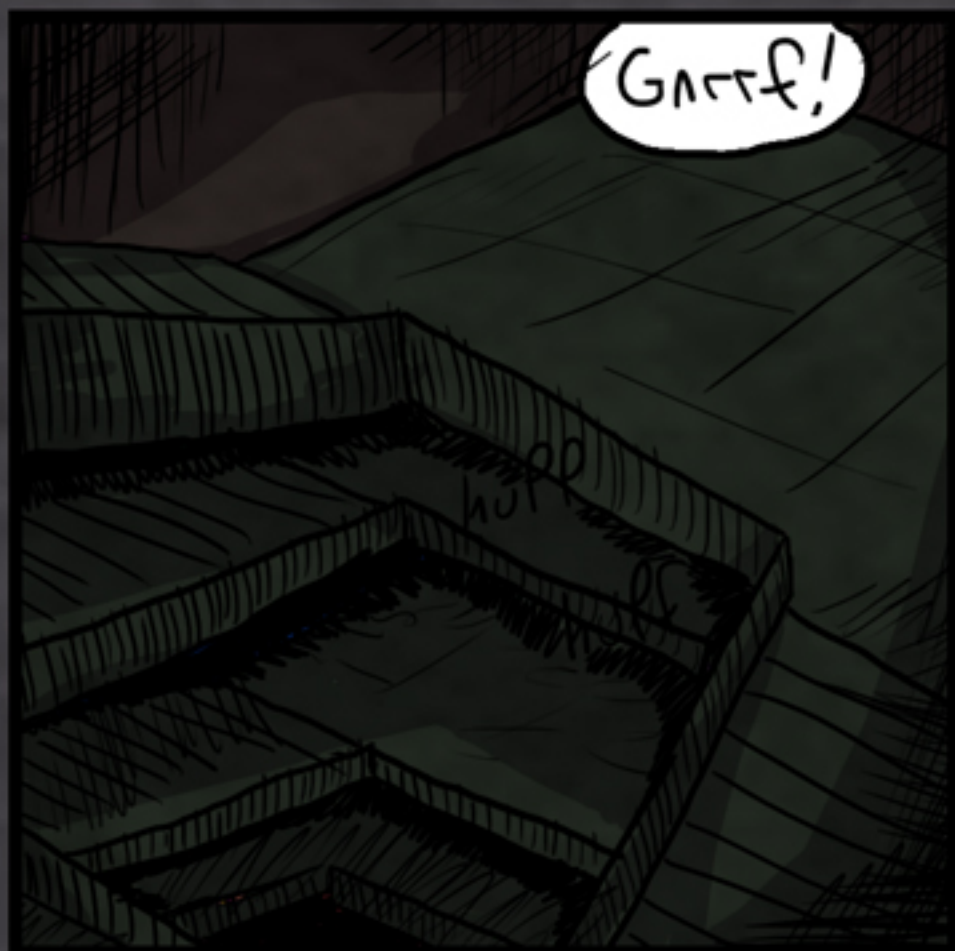




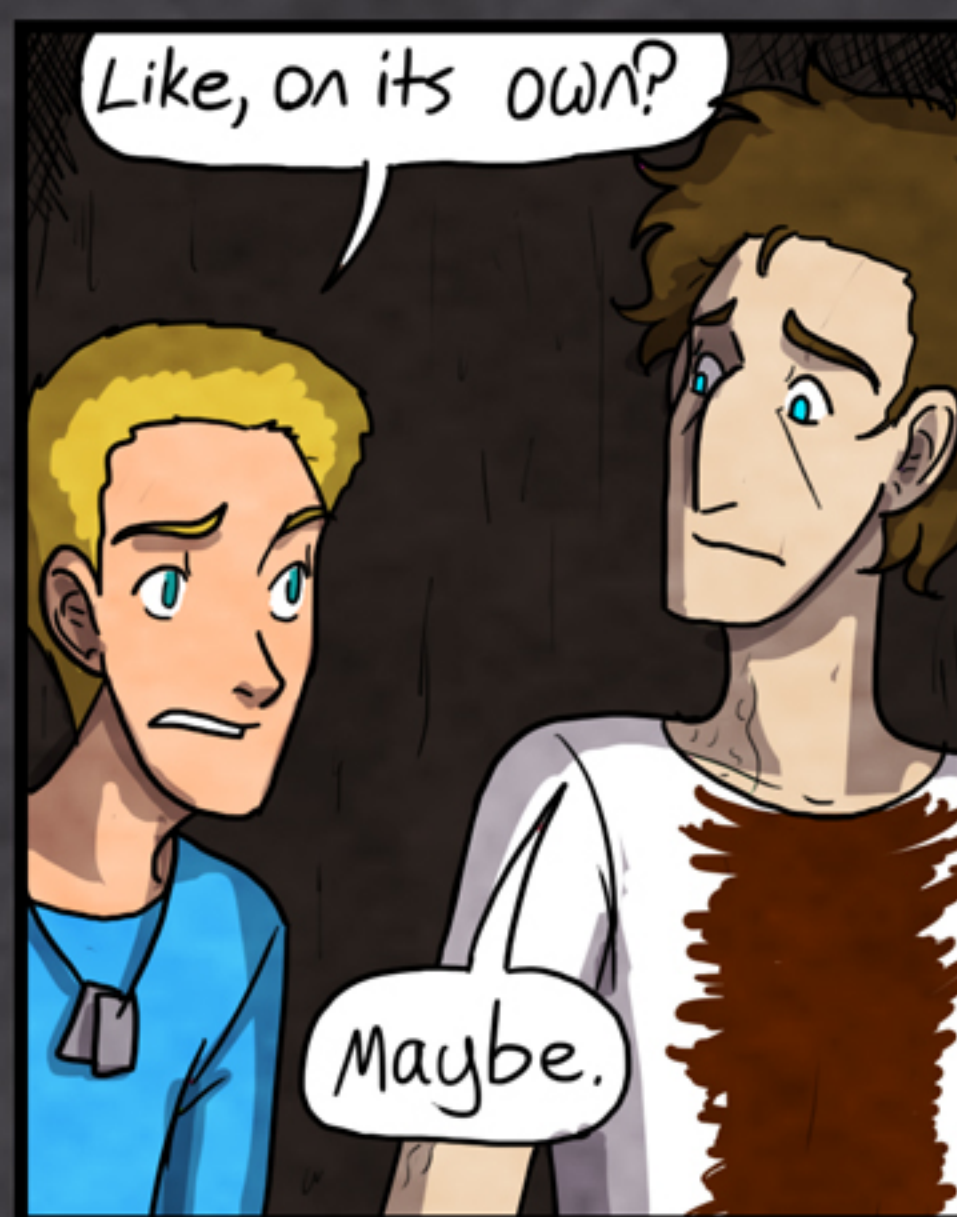
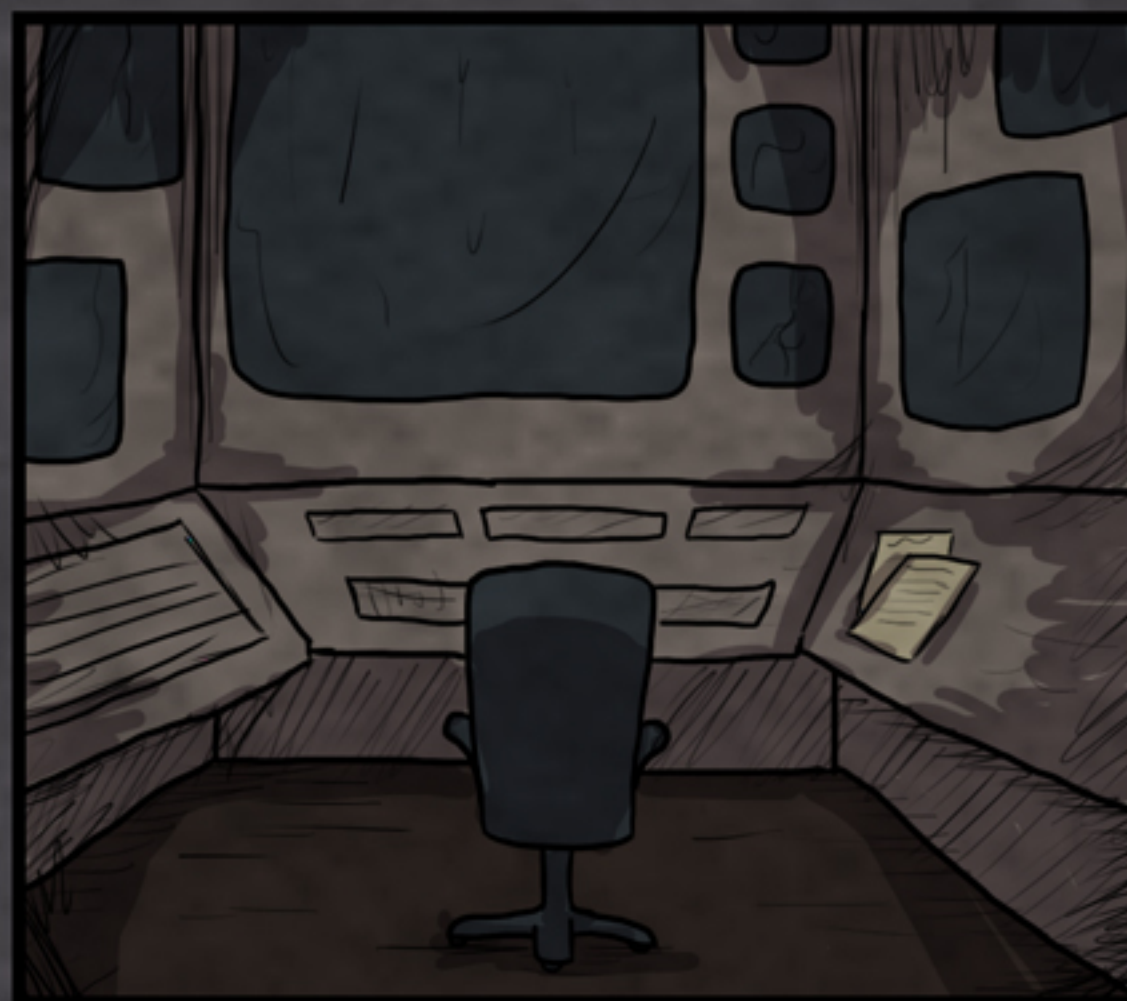
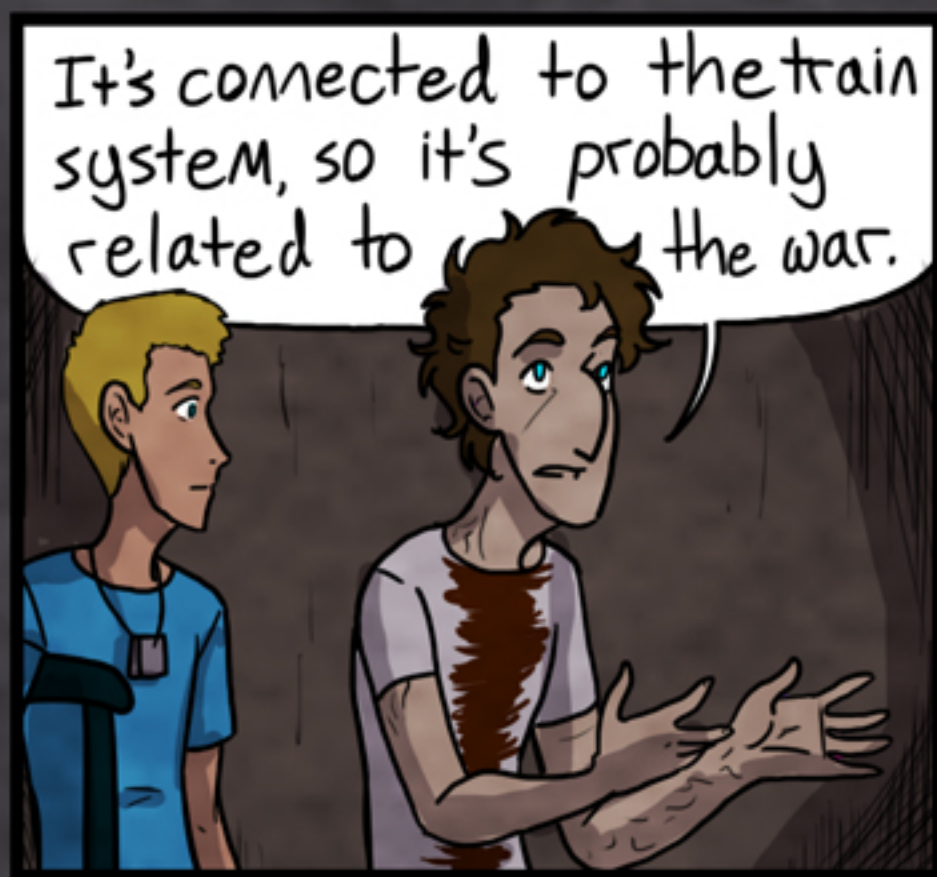




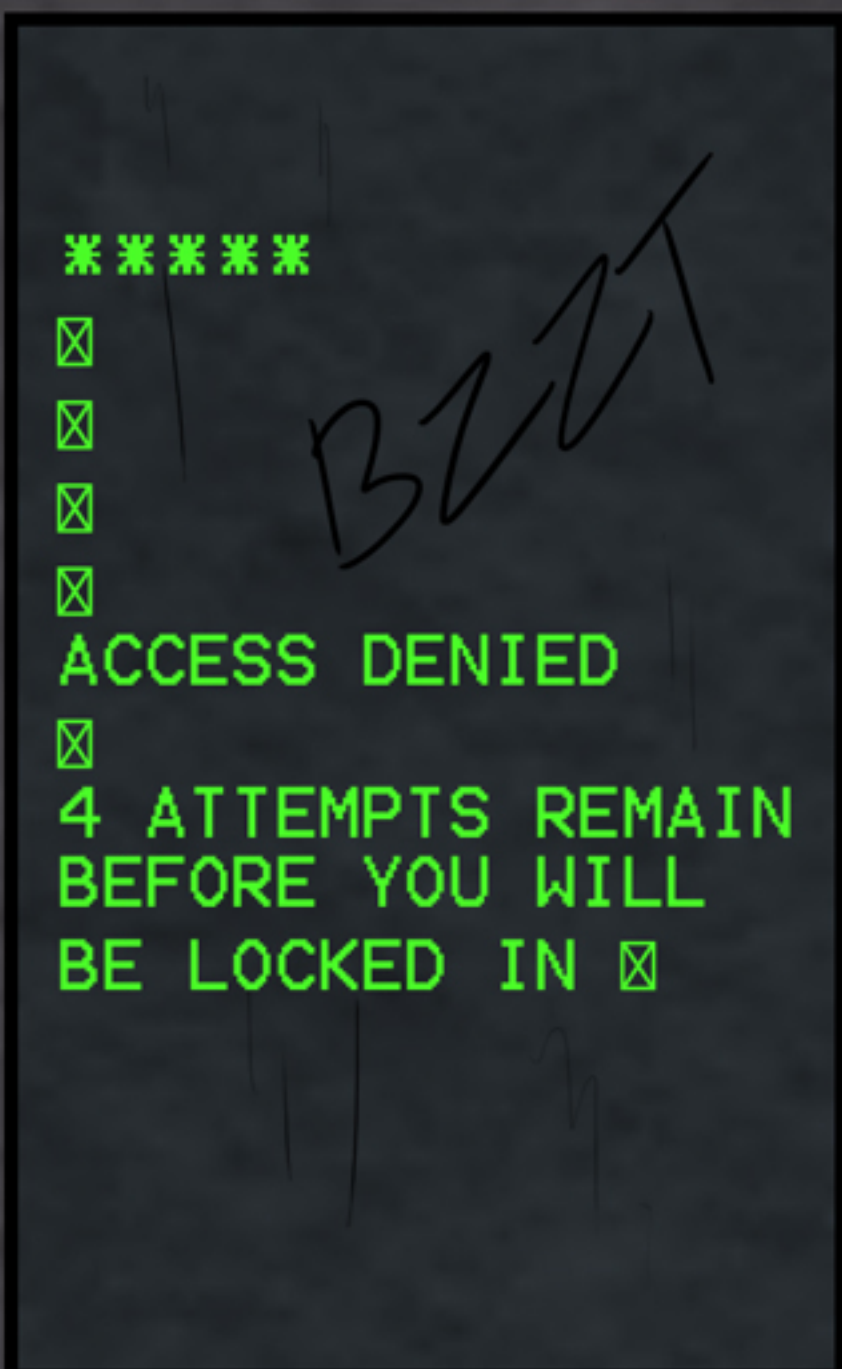




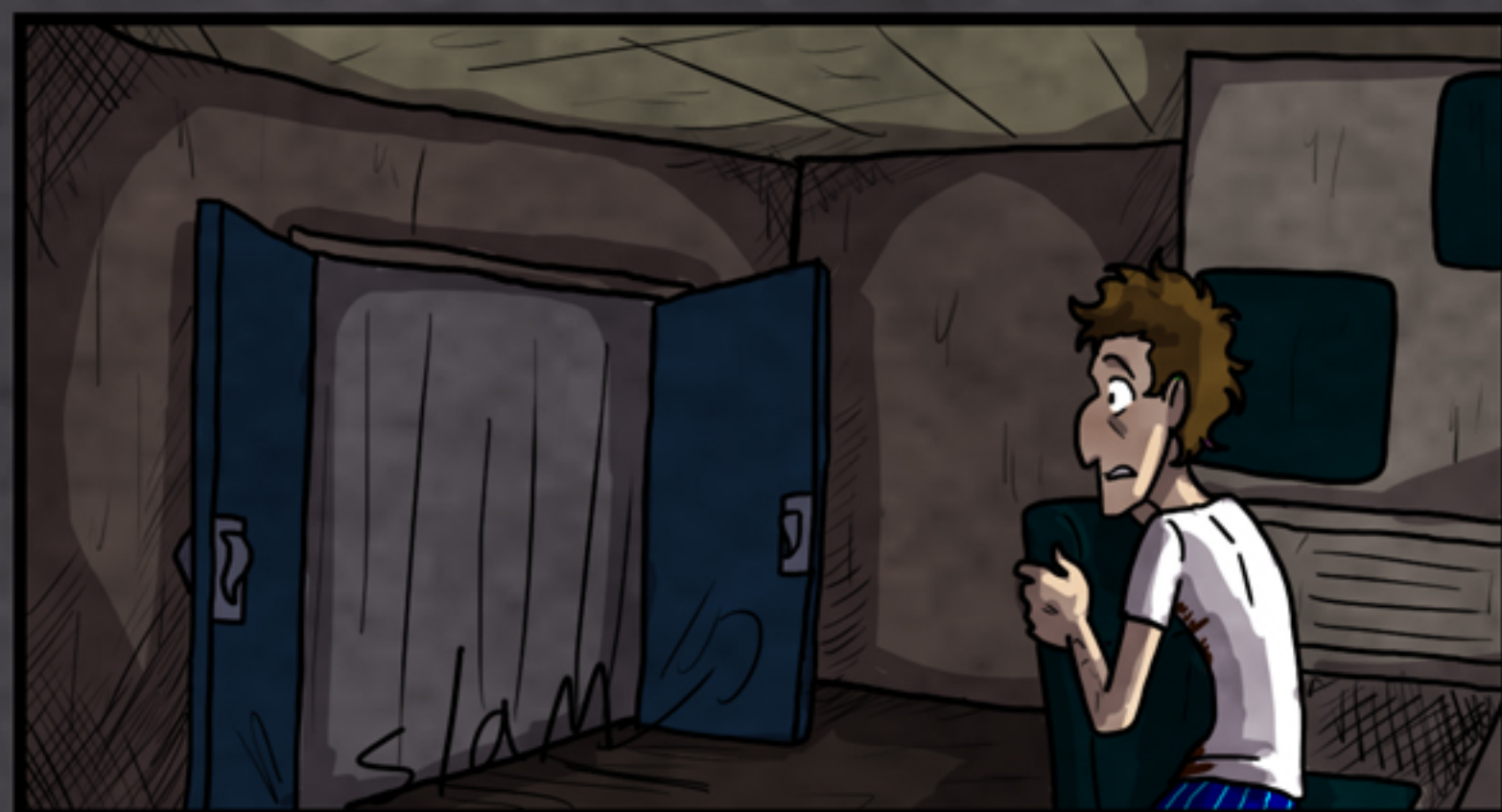
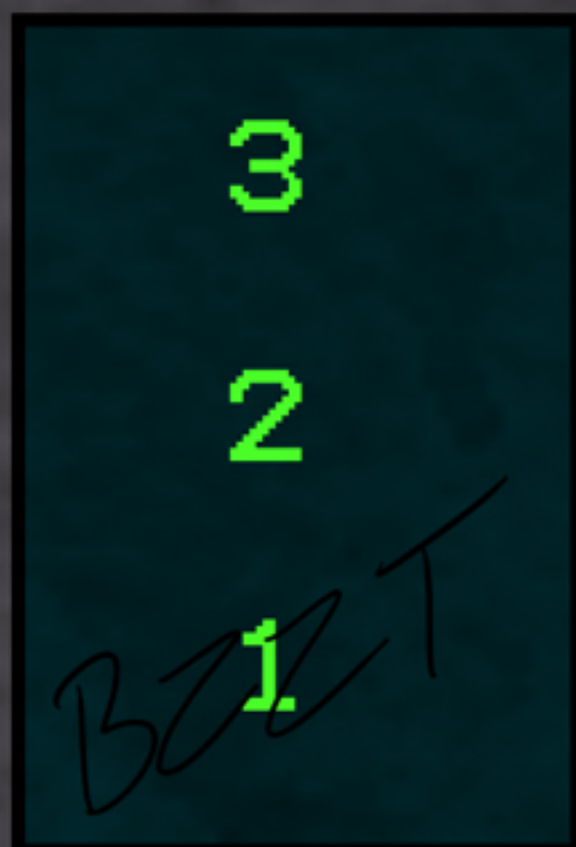
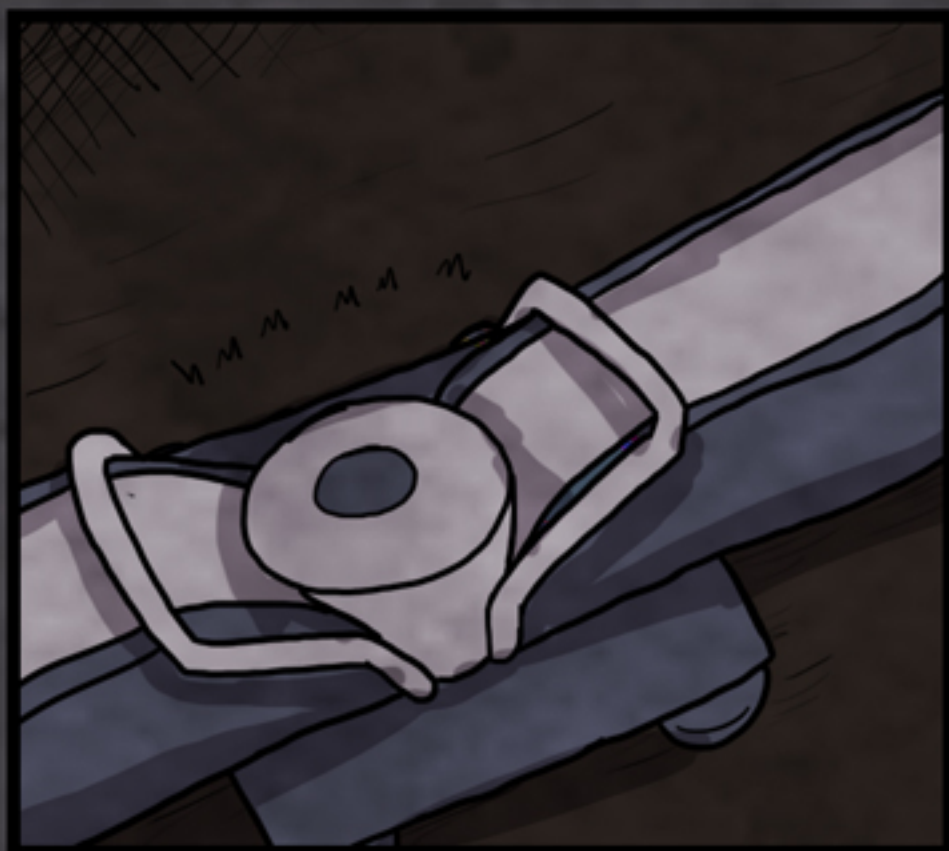




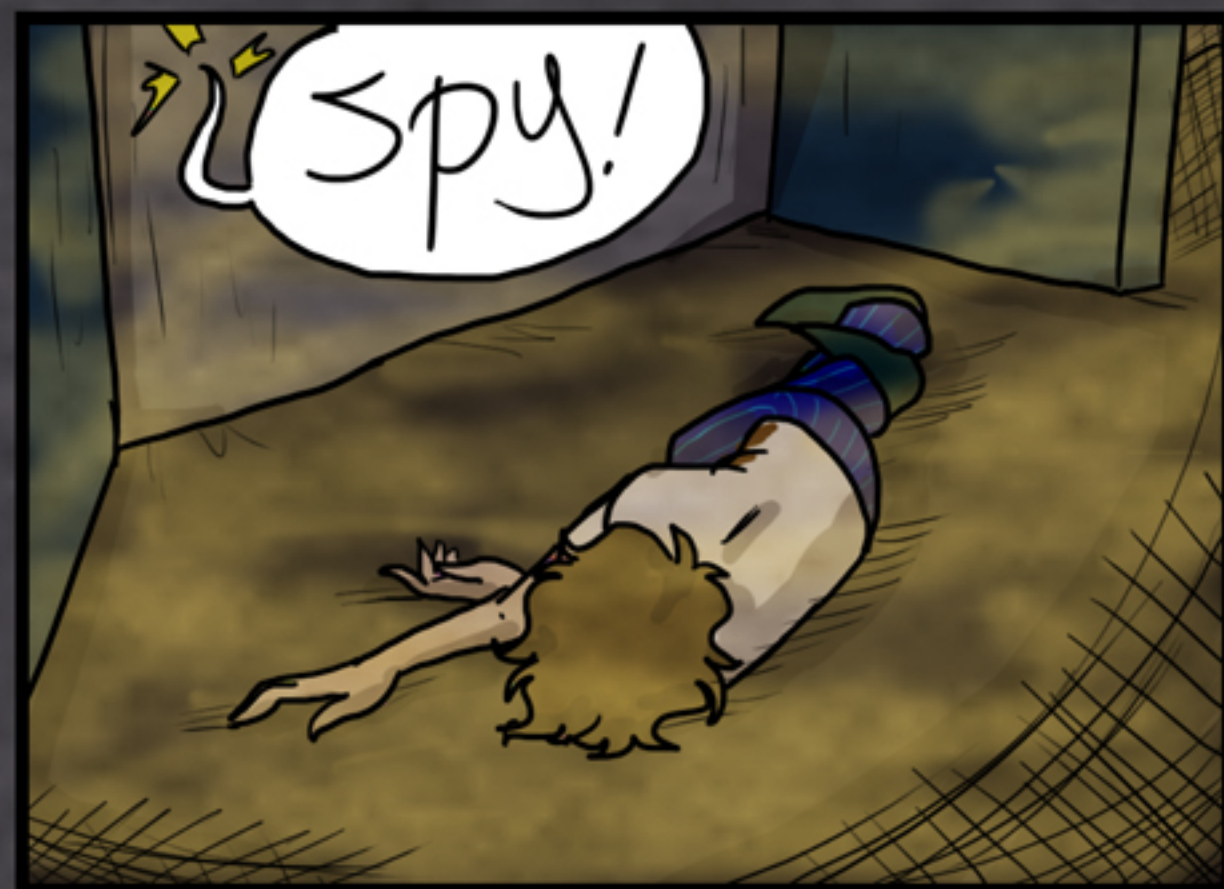




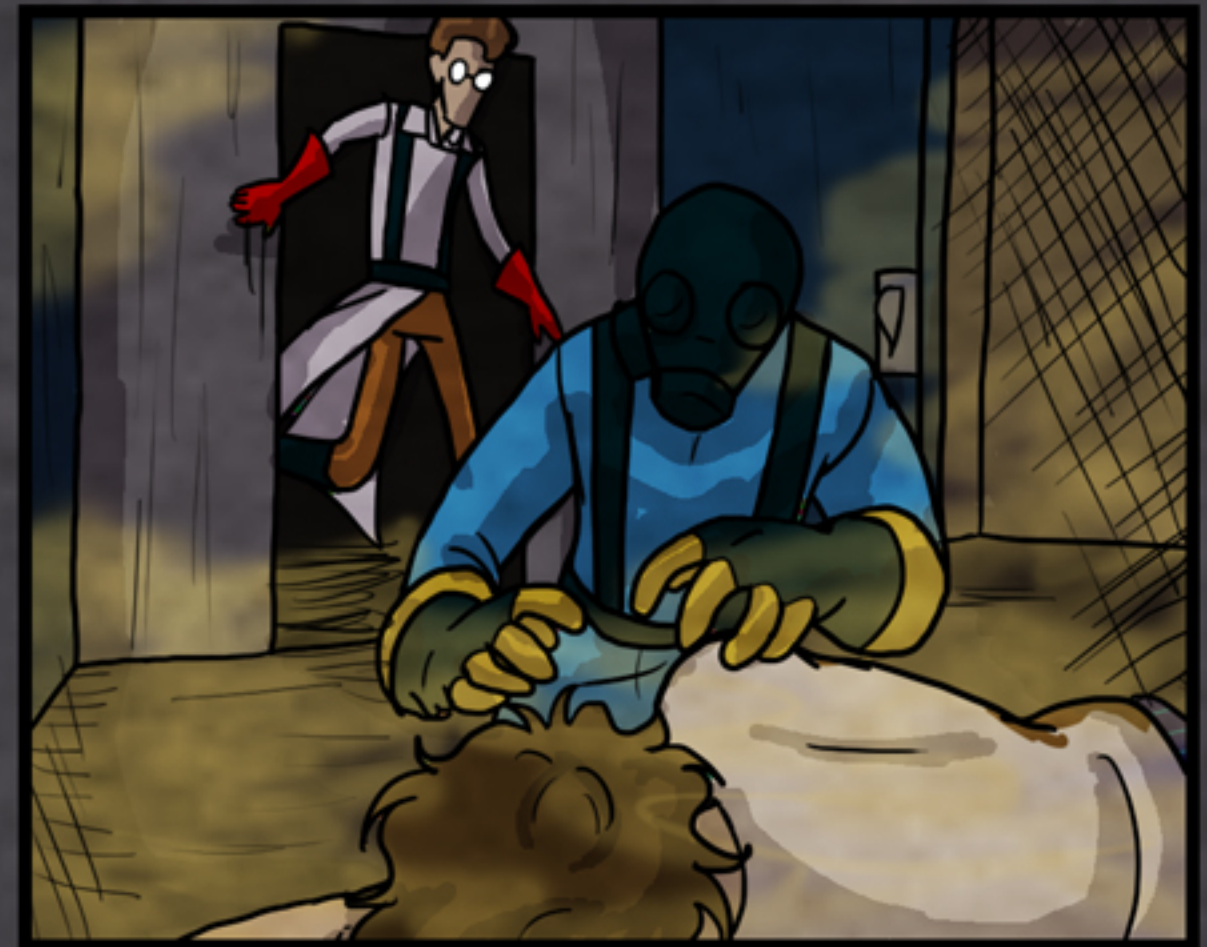
















Did I get into the computer system?

uh ... NO.



I 'ave to try again.

I do not think this is good idea.



No way! It already tried to kill you once.



What's so special about this machine?

Spy thinks it controls the train.



I guess something must regulate them.

I bet he's right.



Hey!

Don't encourage him to do dumb shit!



But I could 'jack a train.



We need to get out of 'ere some way don't we?

NOOO!



We found a parkin' garage.

It's got a few buses and stuff.



See? We don't need the train.



I just thought we might be able to learn more about the war.



Maybe it's better not to know.

Better than dying in any case.



